



# Dragons Whispered Your Name

Professor Steiner's  
**1937 Hobo Tour**

# Emil













# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Herr Steiner was not your average professor turn treasure hunter and no one would have mistaken him as being the role model for Hollywood's Indiana Jones but, what is (now) lost to history was that he was far more famous in his days

## BEFORE THE WAR

He was an aging product of the Victorian Age of Privilege and Class Rank that he had been born into in the waning days of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and still, he still wore the same threadbare tweed jacket in













# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

1917 as he had worn when  
I first met him in Paris.\*

\*A rather long story would be  
needed to explain as to how or  
why a young German Professor  
would be freely roaming the wild  
streets of the grotos of Paris in  
the middle of a World War and as  
such, I will leave that for  
another day and time to explain  
all that.

He was sort of short man that  
(at first glance) looked to  
be much proper but, a rather  
sheepish gentleman and came  
across as a soft-spoken  
professor that better fit













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## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

in at the reading rooms of  
the Natural History Museum...  
rather than drinking hard  
here in a downtrodden, dive  
bar far from what you would  
imagine was much better  
match for a man of his status  
over at any of the numerous  
more proper, downtown  
gentleman's clubs of Paris.

### STILL, HERE HE WAS?

We were drawn to him (much as  
we had been to Seine) with  
his wild stories weaved out  
from behind his half empty  
bottle of imported American  
Whiskey (one of his few more  
noted social weaknesses) and



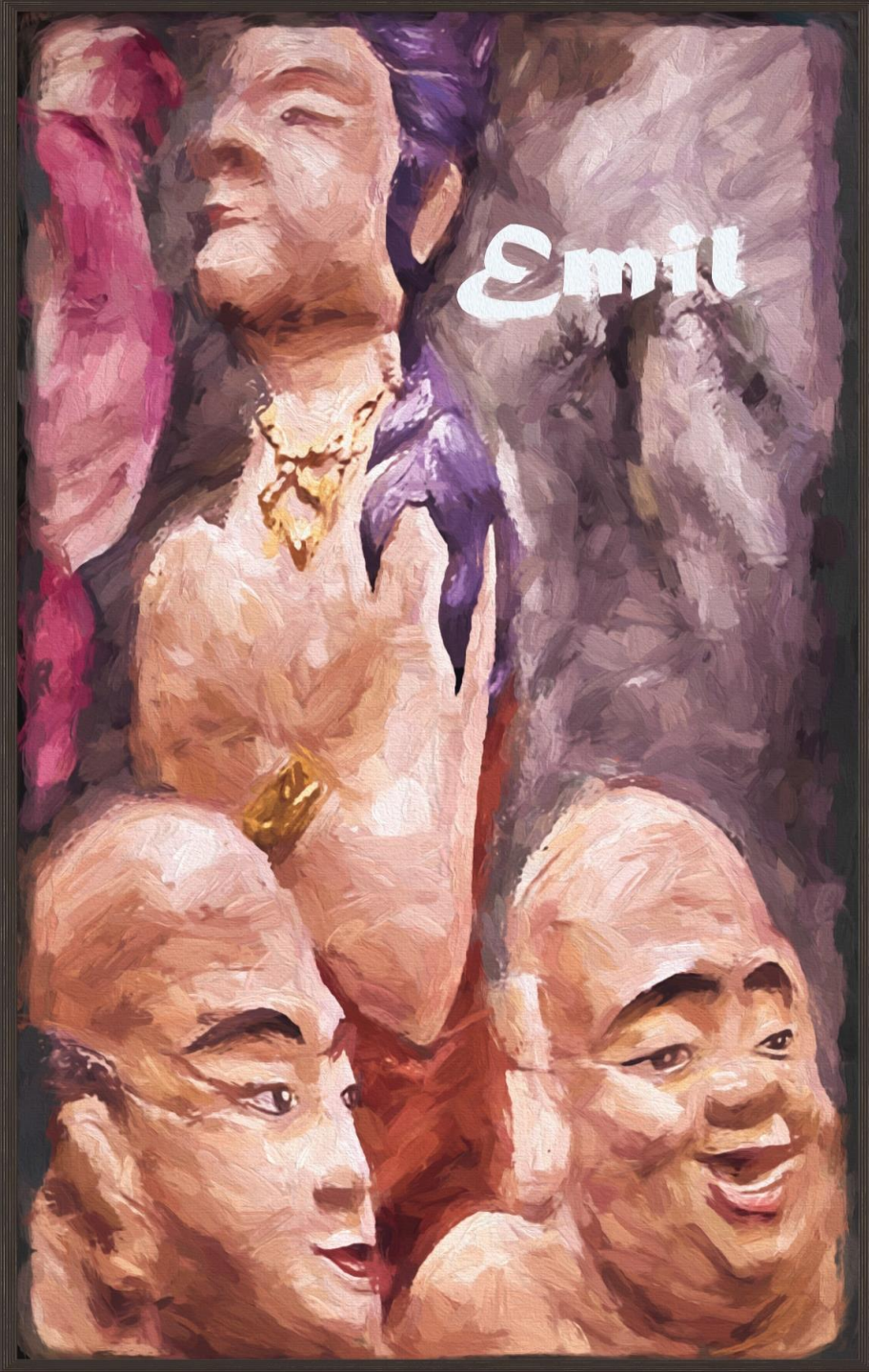


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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

by the (at the time) more important fact that he was freely willing to share that American whiskey with his listening audience...Nice guy! With our time in Paris being cut rather rudely short by **FRENCH CONSTABLES** being upset that we had made a separate peace with the German Nation and that we lived semi-high profile in our one-room apartment in the back street slums of Paris. Seems that they looked upon us as we were unacceptable role models for those who still foolishly haunted the



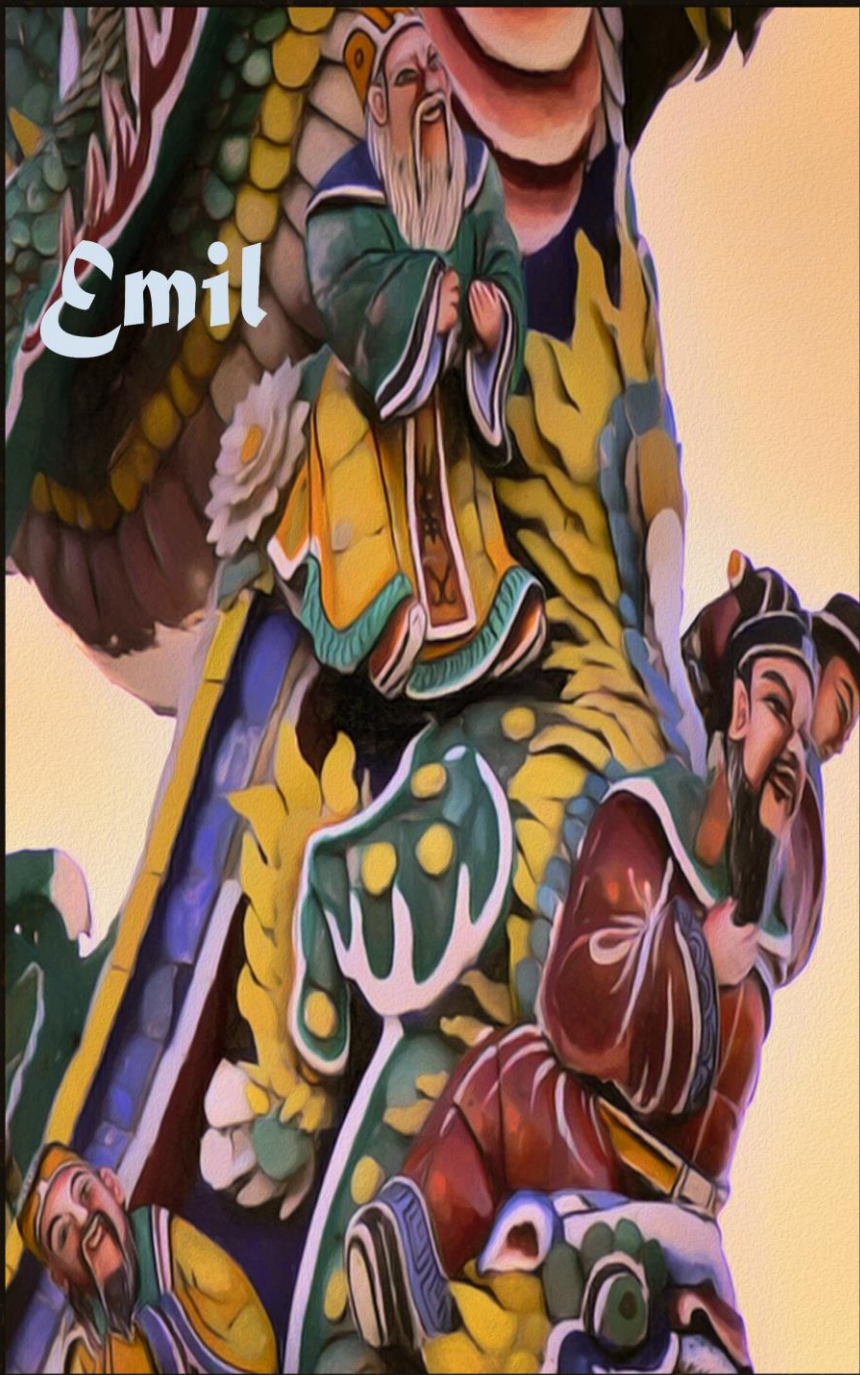


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## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

ragged trenches at the edge of the Great Industrialized Slaughter of Humanity. On a moonless night in 1917 with the French Military Police just half-a-heartbeat behind our brilliant escape from Paris; we lost contact with the (then) young professor and for many a year, our paths never brought us back together although, I did read in the newspapers and magazines quite often of some of his less than fully, academically approved expeditions and other stories of grand adventure out in the



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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

far wilds of the earth in which (many times) the story usually centered around our professor friend and/or some of the less than gentlemanly crowd that he seemed to so freely associate himself.

Then again, he was our adopted drinking buddy back in Paris...so, where am I to raise judgement or concern? By the early days of the new year (1937) we had finally accrued transit from the international zone of Shanghai and had just set up shop when, a familiar looking character came walking into













# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the gentleman's club (where I was making a king's ransom 5-8 Francs to do my doddles for the grinning girlfriend's /mistresses of a long string of wealth Taipans, a cadre of international businessmen and more than a few of the Grand Republic's Generals) and I immediately remembered him – he was wearing that same old, worn jacket he had back in our Paris Days.





早就逃無踪  
在虎豹色狼  
假如兩天



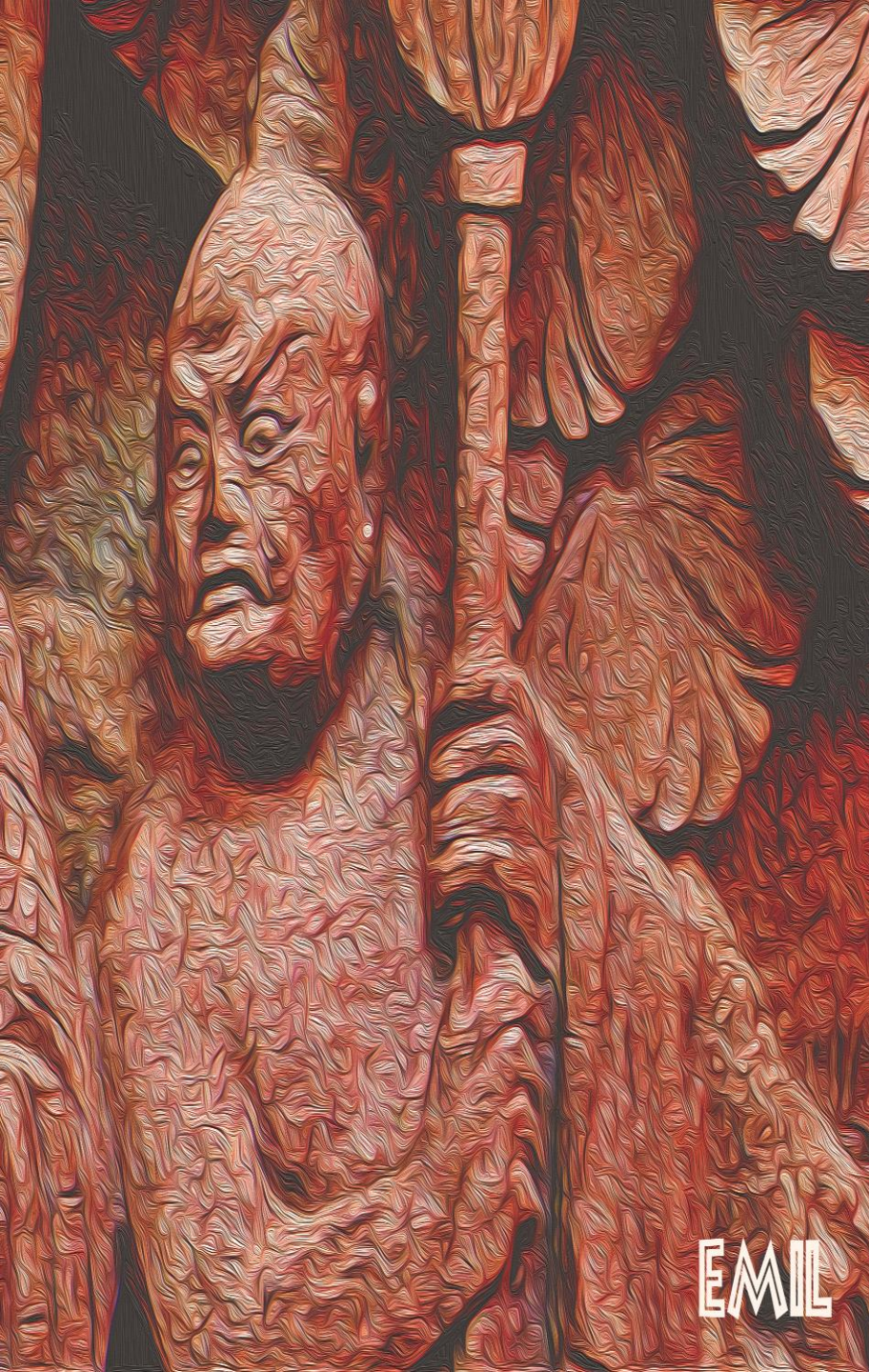






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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*“As spiritually aware individuals you must find a path through these turbulent times.*

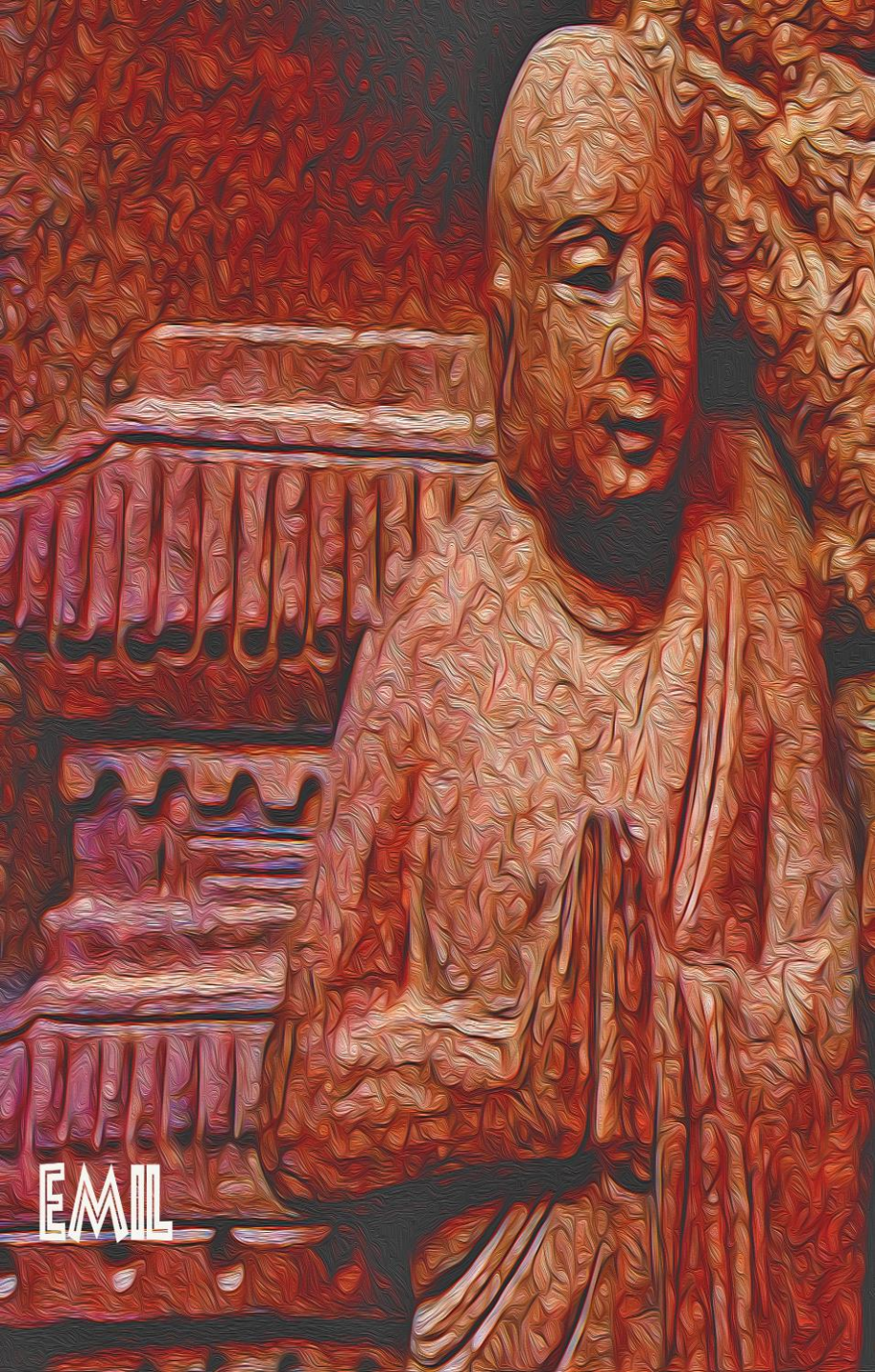
*You are just at the beginning of what is to occur, unless it is mitigated by the elevation of the collective consciousness.*

*Again, we return to the simplicity of appreciation and ecstasy as a means to ride through the storm...and carrying a loaded pistol don't hurt neither...”*

**-Big Jimmy Brown, East St. Louis 1878**

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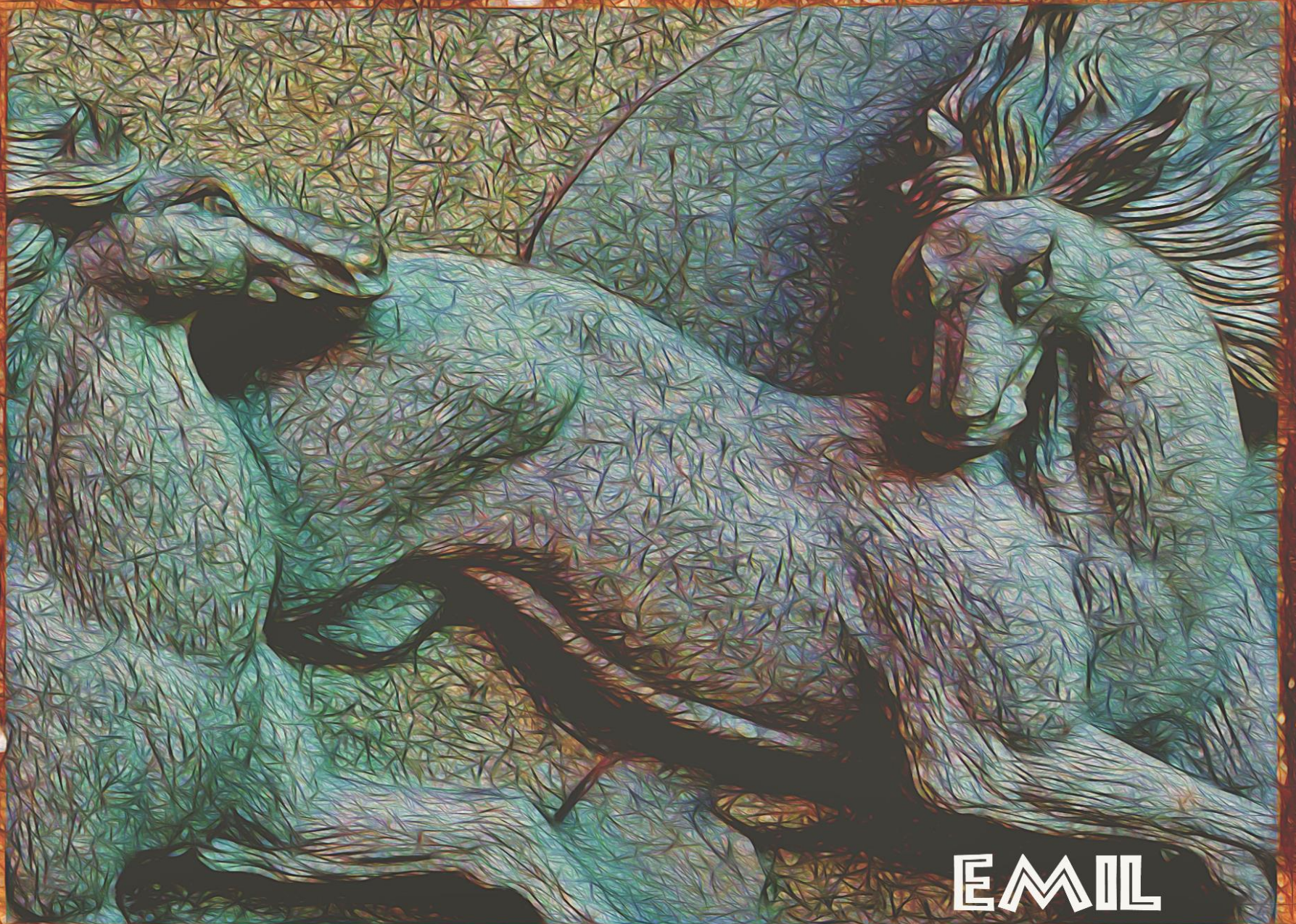


# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

There is something about her smile that will forever be etched, hollowed and buried deep down into my brain...

Even at two in the morning, I will suddenly wake not much unlike most elderly gents of my advanced age - who do so (mostly) in an urgent quest of the nearest bathroom facility...This has never been my situation (truly!) as it seems that my bladder must be pickled or well preserved by a generation of good Cuban Rum that I have constantly fed it most lovingly...I am usually (constantly) awaken









EMIL

# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with a fresh memory, a vivid remembrance of her warm-hearted smile and I am awoken by (what I would swear on my grandmother's bible) is her voice calling my name as if she had just walked in the door and had a need to let me know some important message.

**NO! I AM NOT CRAZY**

nor do (somedays) I secretly fear that my mind might be aging at a faster clip than my seemingly exceptional bladder and I openly accept the reality that she (and her smile) are a very long time





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

gone...lost to fragments of  
memories that I have freely  
accepted (for going on for  
more than a generation now)  
her as part of a past that is  
stone cold, graveyard dead,

## GONE TO WIND

SEE, I UNDERSTAND THAT!

Regardless of what most  
think, I am not “precious”  
nor have I fancied myself as  
some Upper Class lingering,  
Victorian Romantic!  
Still these memories do stand  
the test of time and are  
never very far off the front  
page of my thoughts.





EMIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I am totally amazed by the richness in the detail, the flowing and blending of the technicolor colors as these memories seem to run amok, trashing, looting what little remains of the gasp of the sanity that my daily deeds try so hard to sustain.

**MAN, I NEED SOME SLEEP**  
this hot Tropics Day's dawn,  
it's sky arises a deep  
veined, blood red, dripping  
and bleed down on to  
**THE AWAITING LAND...**

Too many times have  
I stood witnessed to all  
this and can I stand in

EMIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

proclaiming testimony that  
I have stood here in this  
exact place for too many  
times and dare I admit to  
this fruitless, lonely deed  
without fear of being cast  
down, exiled off to the East  
out from the Great Gates that  
bares us from the Eden...from a  
smile that won't let me be...

## WHAT'S LEFT TO DO?

So, I raise my now empty  
glass...I salute these first  
few rays of yet another day  
removed from a time when the

## SMILE WAS REAL

and the world was different





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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and we stood together but,  
then in an instant, a mere  
blink of an eye, you were  
gone and I was left with only  
a hazy, out of focused memory  
of the smile that I can

## STILL RECALL

There is something here that  
would make any normal person  
stop and question, it would  
make them worry as to their  
declining mental health...

## I SO WISH

it would rain...maybe it  
will...I remember that old





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

sailor's song about red skies  
in the morning and how it  
foretells, better than

## MADAM CLEO

the short term future...it was  
the guru who use to teach me  
that rain comes from God and  
it is sent to wash away so  
many of our deepest sins and  
within the freshness of rain  
we can find redemption,  
forgiveness and we can still  
get yet another chance to  
restore our own universe and  
built up towards a much

## BETTER TOMORROW





EMIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Sometimes, I buy into this  
and other times, it goes  
right over my head.

There is something here that  
I have yet been able to say  
or try to do in order to  
restore my universe back to  
the cadence of my

## ZOMBIE LIFE

outside the great, eastern  
gates of Eden...and now the  
old AM radio plays an old  
Stevie Nicks' song...

*"...Can I sail through  
the chance?"*





EMIL







EMIL





EMIL







**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

## **HERR STEINER?**

Late one night in a nameless back street pub deep in the grotto of South Paris but, right down the pathway from the flat that Minnie and shared; Herr Steiner was well into his bottle and lamented with a side order of sadness about his current life as a college professor (and French National Treasure for his research that Seine later remarked was several generations ahead of the rest of the Scientific World). He said that his town was





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

pretty in the late spring...  
The year now betray me but  
if I recall it correctly:  
I think it was what we call  
in America a "State College"  
(nothing really fancy?) right  
outside Paris or something  
not on the normal bus route...  
So, I never made the trip.

We parted but shared  
addresses and said that he  
would like to send me some  
more information about  
something dealing with  
the old fable of

**"MEDUSA'S BONES"**

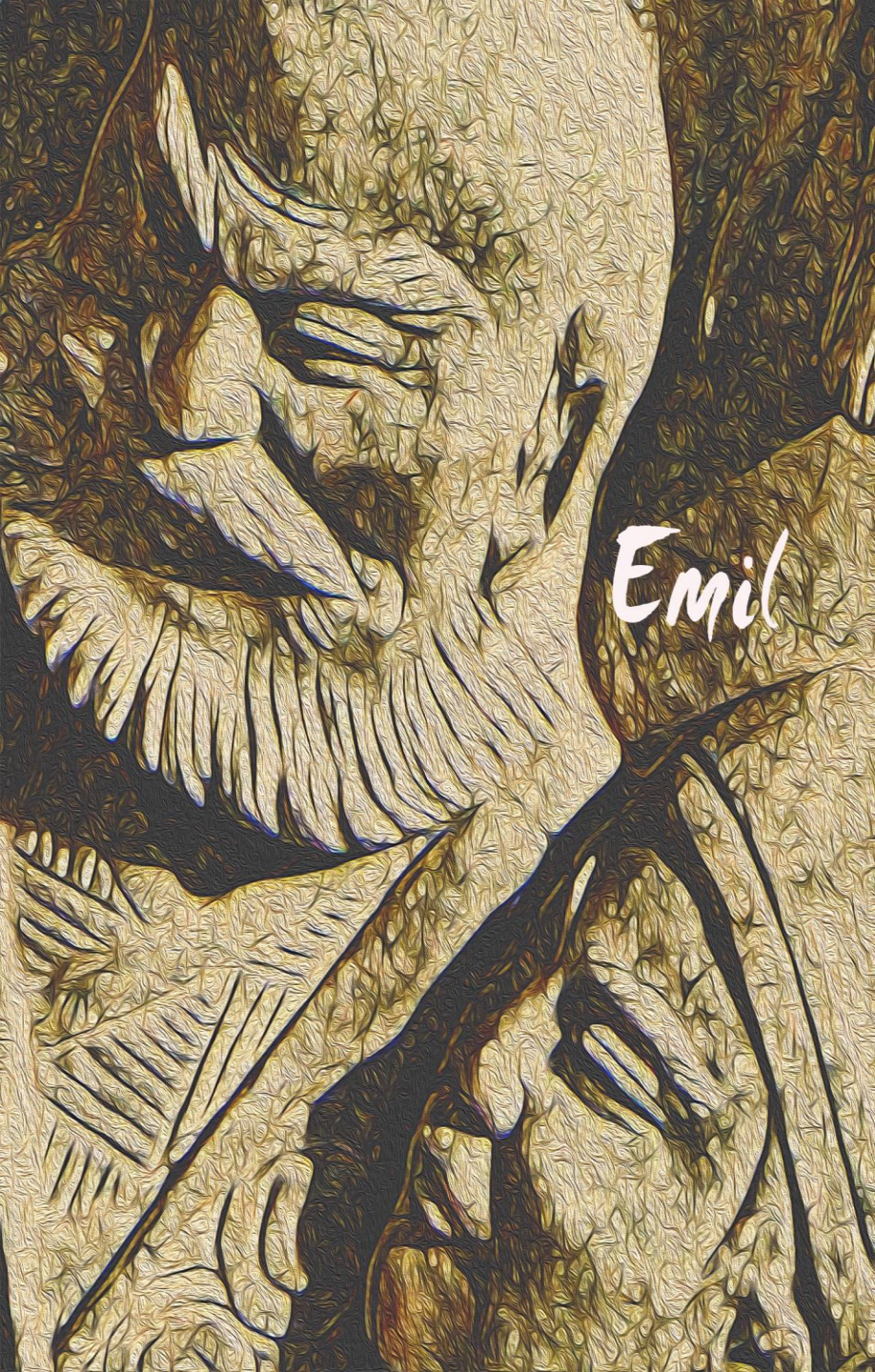
if I would send him the story  
I told about the witch who





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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

turned a kingdom to stone in the predawn of what we know as history...between the “Fa11” (banishment from Eden) and the time of the first Emperor’s “Cao Ni Zu Zhong Shi Ba Dai” on all recorded history as he tried to actually restart the

## COSMIC CLOCK

without passing go or getting rewarded \$500 bucks for doing that. Luckily, he never totally succeeded in rooting out the secret catches lost in caves and caverns like





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with the Uyghurs in what we now call the Gobi Desert. Didn't give it much thought and seriously never felt a need to pound or research if any or all that he said that night from the bottom of his multiple American Whiskey bottles that littered the floor around our street-view window booth for its worth of etching into my

## LONG-TERM MEMORY

Given the hectic events that transpired in the coming days leading to our urgent, late night sea passage; this had



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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

put my promise on the back burner and by the time, I remembered, there was the immediate trouble of finding his address and after a long search of my old streamer trunks, it seemed faithd that I would never be able to honor my drunken pledge to sent him the following story...as promised:

## **“THE WITCH INCANTATION”**

This is the old Indian Myth of a brave, honorable and righteous King who had his soul drove deep into a mighty stone rock and for a thousand years he has hung in between





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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

worlds and the terrible cost of living in this state of limbo had slowly eaten away at him, shredded him of what little remained of his

## ANCIENT HUMANITY

For a thousand years he has awaited rescue from his khan with the arising of the prophesized a guru who would

## VANQUISH THE WITCH

along with minions of evil hoard of untouchable cadre of hell's worst demons to ever ride out from the dead forests to the Far East of





*Emil*





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

what had been Eden and who  
have ruled this world for the  
past 1000 years...

## EDITOR NOTE:

*There is no legal evidence that WWWG will  
take any responsibility for what Emil writes  
nor supports the conclusions that Emil  
comes up with.*

## ALSO...

*Emil I speak Chinese...I know what you  
meant by "Cao Ni Zu Zhong Shi Ba Dai."*

## SHAME ON YOU!





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Mimmie's cousin, Auntie Meriva was always a personal favorite cousin/aunt of mine...having relatives on opposite sides during a world war made

## INTERESTING HOLIDAYS

...when Auntie would spit on the ground every time she spoke of the Germans...

Especially, when you understood that she had

## 27 CONFIRMED KILLS

two troop trains and a cow (who had the misfortune to get in the way...wrong place, wrong time...) to her war



EMAIL







# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

record as a French Spy far behind the German Front Lines up near Rotterdam...anyone asking her about women being fit for combat would have got a boot up their ass, if she was around...she was a liberated woman long before it became popular...

## JUST THOUGHT OF HER

in passing, as I was writing this to you. Funny how our minds randomly access lost, disregarded memories and how they are put on to the turntable of living and served up as a delight or maybe as a warning...time to





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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

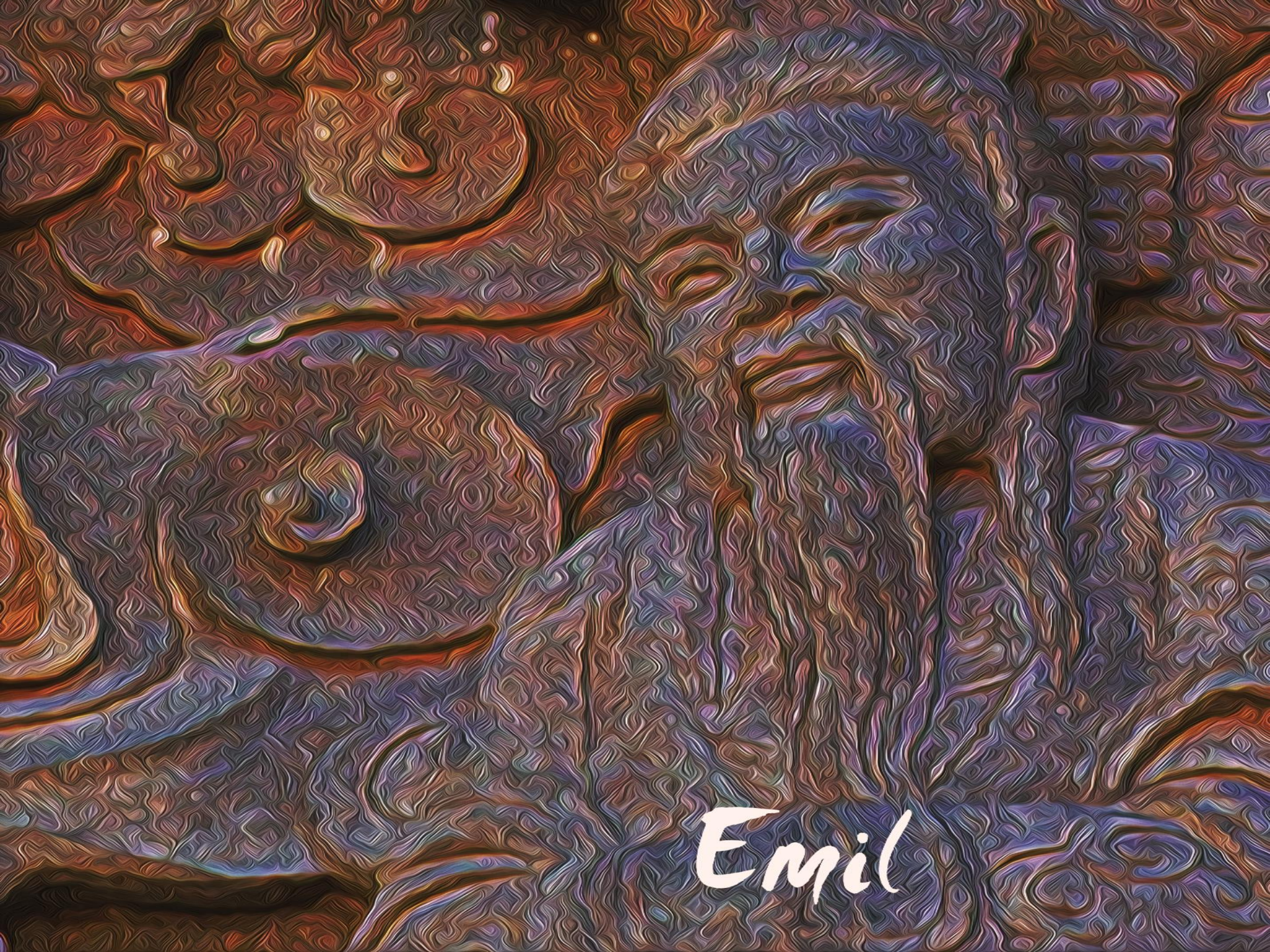
back off or take flight.

Our great Guru James would  
(if he was still here) surely  
explain that nothing is  
random...the brain...

## THE UNIVERSE

just doesn't work that way.  
While we imagine and delude  
ourselves into believing in  
free will and random, luck...  
chance... there is no such  
thing. Guru James believed  
that everything was scripted  
and scored at the dawn of  
time and what we assume was  
our decision based upon our  
mantra of free while was in  
fact, we are on the path we





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

were destine to follow...too  
much was at risk given that  
everything interlocks like an  
expensive Swiss Watch...like  
the guy who wrote in his  
warning about the dangers of

## **TIME TRAVEL**

...one wrong step, step on that  
stupid bug or swat the damn  
butterfly and we are all  
living in an alternative  
universe where Seine is alive  
and touring the warzones with

**THE GERMAN VOLKS**

Entertainment in Yonkers...or  
we might be up to our necks





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

in National Socialist Zombies  
wearing spiked helmets...can't  
kill them buggers...the helmet  
gets in the way...or who knows  
what kind of creek we would  
collectively be up.

“National Socialist Zombies?”

## OK! GURU JAMES!

So, just maybe, my thoughts  
of Meriva come from deep in  
my internal warning system to  
walk away from contacting

## PROFESSOR STEINER

I have not always understood  
or have (especially) I been  
able to live by the code Guru



The image features a central figure of a muscular man, possibly a bodybuilder, rendered in a highly textured, almost mosaic-like style. The color palette is dominated by shades of blue, purple, and white, giving it a cold, ethereal feel. The man's right arm is raised, and his left hand is near his chest. The background is dark, with some lighter, swirling patterns on the right side. The entire composition is framed by a thick, golden, textured border that resembles a woven fabric or a heavy frame. In the bottom left corner, the word "EMAIL" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

EMAIL





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

James left us with before he departed to an undisclosed, monastery...somewhere in the upper mid-west...Minnesota...??

**I THINK?**

The bottom line was that he was very smart and everything he ever told me has proven true...even when, I really wanted him to be wrong.

**DAMN GURU!**

He never was!

We are now almost a year in communications and I have





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

shared most of the pictures  
here in this book with him  
regarding the

## KINGDOM OF STONE

What I haven't shared with  
him or with any that where  
not with us on the day that  
we stumbled upon the  
secluded, hidden valley deep  
in the Himalaya hills with

## COLONEL CHURCHWARD

and his fellow Yogis in late  
1906. In fact, none of us  
have ever spoke of this event  
and how we stumbled upon what  
the Yogis and our porters





Emil





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

were calling the  
“LOST KINGDOM OF STONE...”

The original story that  
never having sent to the  
professor was a veiled  
attempt to tell the story by  
hiding it in most ancient  
times before the Flood...

## RIGHT STORY

but, wrong time and location.

Maybe it was the headiness...  
being into a second bottle of  
twelve-year-old scotch or the  
flavor of good conversation  
or just bonding with a fellow  
traveler here at the Nanking  
Gentleman's Club.





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*"The Colonel knew...  
the Yogis too!"*

I took a deep breath and proceeded to explain within that single breathe that they written that for thousands of years which man had search for the mysteries of this

## KINGDOM OF STONE

...for within its secrets was a most powerful of weapons of mass destruction.

It is said that Alexander came to India seeking what the Greek Historians and soothsayers called "*Medusa's Bones*" and lost most of his





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## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

invading army before he could reach the valley. Colonel Churchward said that the people of India so feared that the secrets of the kingdom would wreak

## GLOBAL DESTRUCTION

on a world fragile with war and rumors of yet new wars and they claimed that in a world just recovering from a previous end time of humanity it was understandable why they fought to the death to protect access to the valley.





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

It was wildly rumored by those who you would think were in the know or who at least had some skin in this game...to a person, they gladly

**DEGRADED THIS**

whole story back into a

**BADLY TRANSLATED**

legend and then, disregarded it all the way to just a fancy fable and today, few if any of the new generation's WOKE Scholars even know of why Alexander crossed the earth to acquire the Bones of Medusa.





*Emil*





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

The remarkable story that was also cast upon the dustbin of fancied fable...Still, the story lives in oral tradition passed from generation down to the next and seems not likely to disappear no matter

## HOW MANY TIMES

the establishment scholars decry it as ancient Sci-Fi through the ancient campsites and villages scattered about (usually at the still edge of our known world) and throughout the Himalayas that the Lords of the Lowlands





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

(Indian) gave Alexander what he desired and he was long gone before he ever returned to Persian in closed coach...turned to stone...forever locked away...to await the day when we would welcome the return of the prophet to free him and the rest of the poor citizens trapped in the

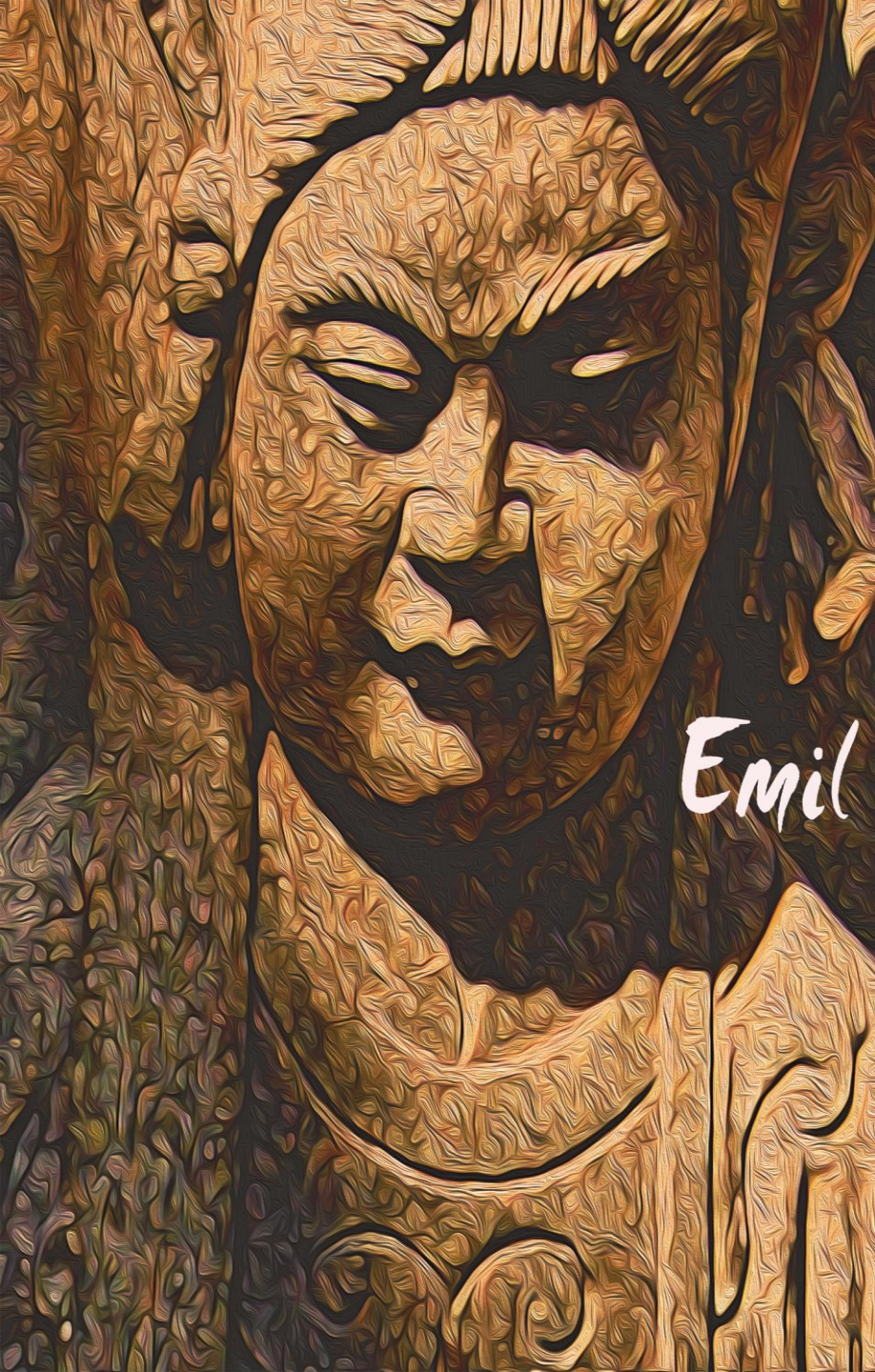
## KINGDOM OF STONE

The great generals who served Alexander so well, knowing that no one could handle such power without losing control and destroying the whole of the world, they destroyed all









## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

personal records, lit fire to Alexander's many journals and all of his personal effects... India was saved and by Lords of the Lowlands courage, so it was believed that the

## WORLD WAS TOO

To this day, Alexander's body has yet to be found...in fact it was and it rests in a museum still awaiting the day that the prophet returns and he will be set free

## FROM THE STONE

We would not have the story had not one of Alexander's





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

closest associates and it was said that this favorite of Alexander's many generals was the original keeper of Alexander's Statue...had he not left instructions to his children to care for the old statue and explaining as to

## ITS GREAT VALUE

and importance.

800 years later the Chinese came and then later, it was their new masters,

## THE MONGOLS

who sought entrance into the valley. All their efforts





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

were in vain and they  
returned home without

**THEIR TREASURE**

Even later, it was said that  
the English built the  
railways deep into the  
Himalayas to support massive  
adventures to discover, the

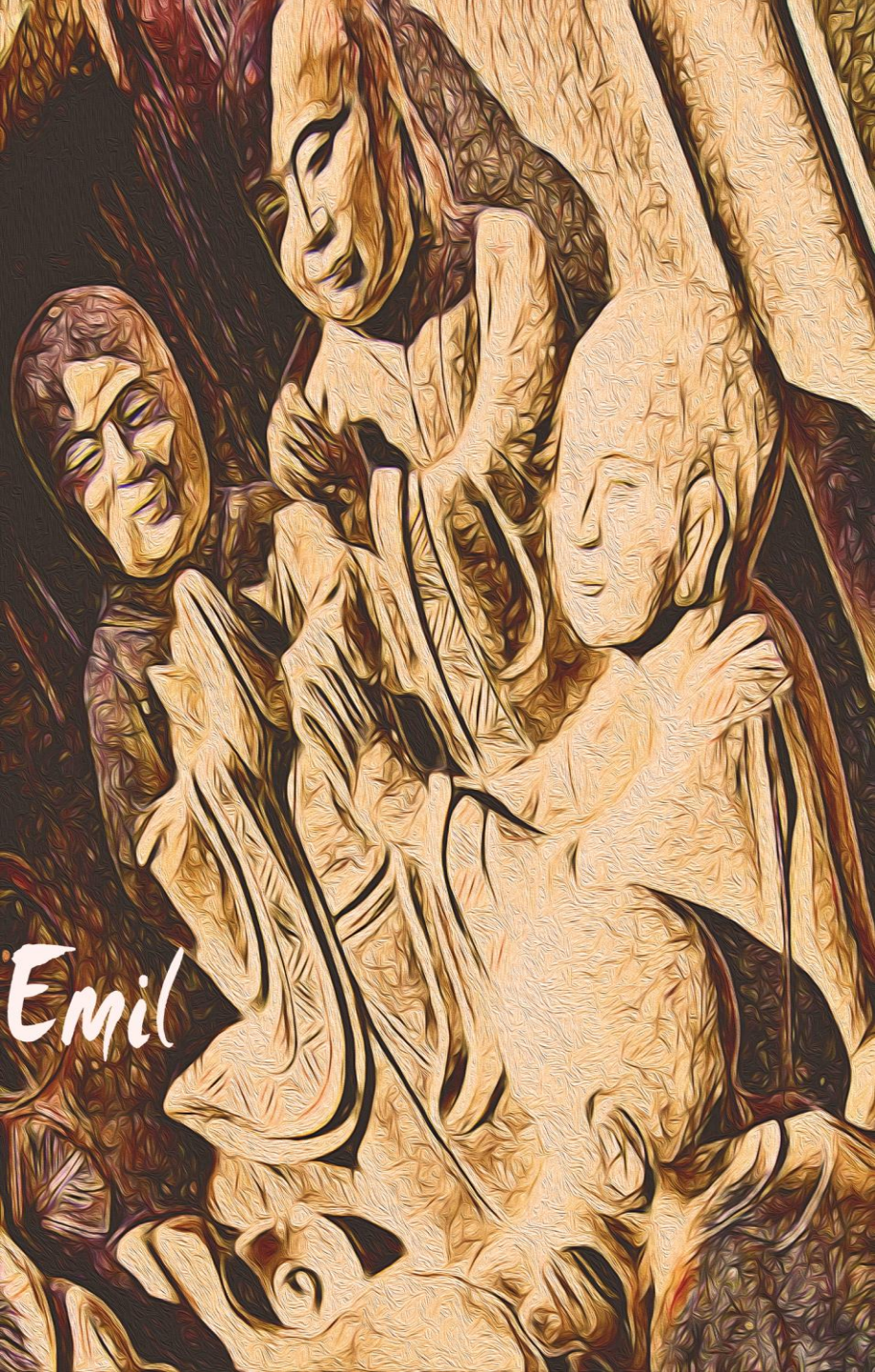
**LOST VALLEY**

By privateer or by some short  
of unofficial sanction of the

**COLONIAL ARMY**

Administration; most of the  
adventures were lost as are  
their names and their stories





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

of searching for the

## LOST STONE VALLEY

In the early parts of this new decade...here in the 1930's the Nazis came in mass with more than a few well-funded archeological expeditions seek power of Alexander's

## “BONES OF MEDUSA”

amongst the other relics and

## ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY

The Nazis have for the most part gone north and focused the majority of their efforts in Tibet sighting an ancient chronicle that their research





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**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

had uncovered that spoke of  
the secrets of the

## **LOST VALLEY**

being scattered to the winds  
and that they were rested now  
in a series of well-hidden  
caves and monasteries all  
through the high plateau of  
the Tibet Homelands.

## **I HAVE SEEN**

copies of this same tenth  
century journal of a Chinese,  
Buddhist Monk where he  
claimed that was what he had  
been told all of this by a





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

High Lama during his travels  
into the western wilds that  
we now know as Tibet.

Had they only known?

Had anyone really

## KNOWN THE TRUTH?

It is all well...the world  
wasn't ready nor will it ever  
be ready for such a

## TERRIBLE WEAPON

*"If this is so terrible a  
weapon...why would I tell  
you this story?"*

Why would I risk that this  
falls into the hands of any  
government, army or angry





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**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

clan bent to use its  
powers for evil?

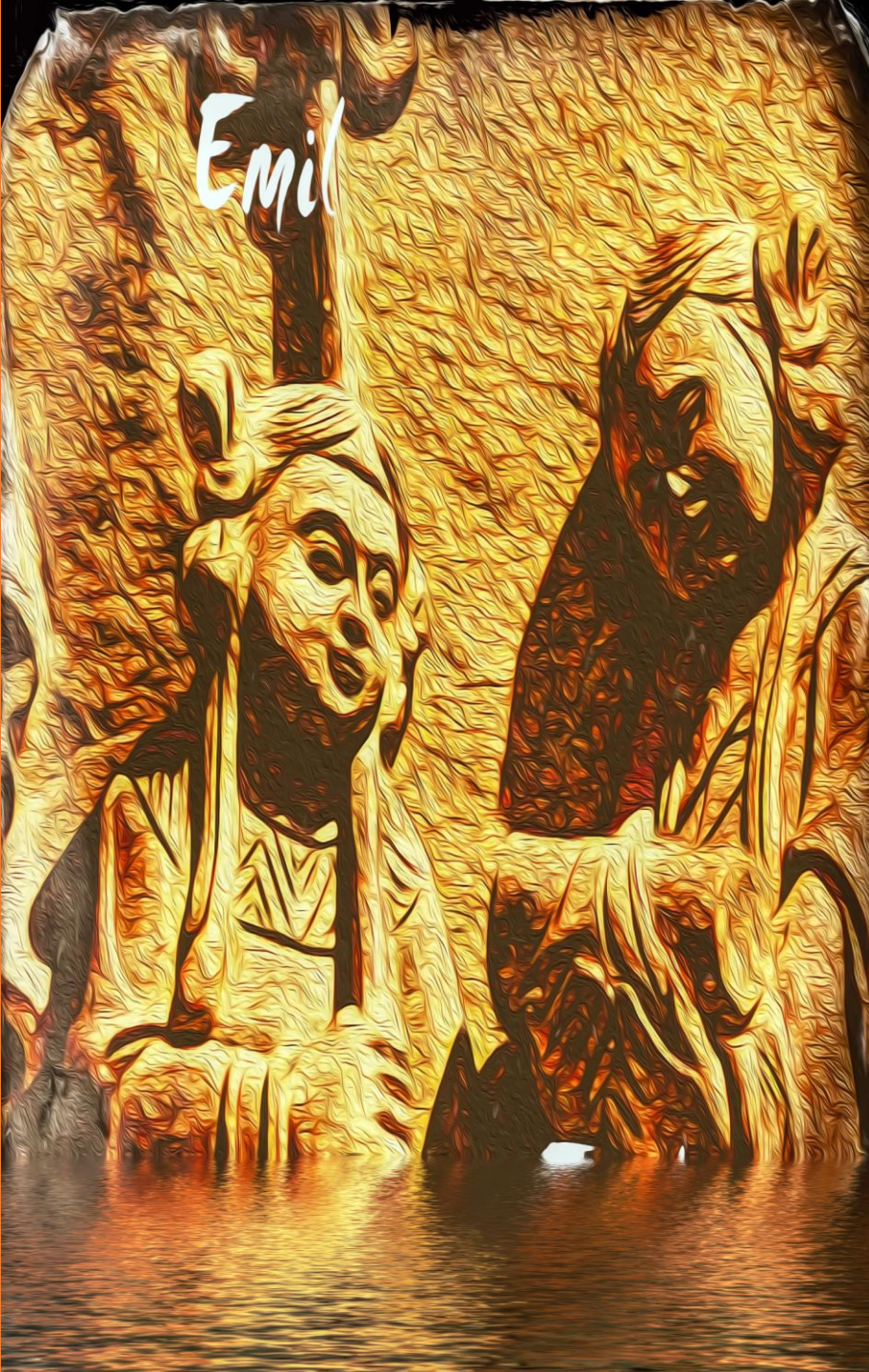
**WHAT'S MY ANGLE?**

My angle is that I will not  
tell you in full details and  
key parts of my tale will  
confirm that the fables are

**INDEED TRUE**

but...see...it doesn't matter...as  
the yogis and Colonel  
Churchward with helpful  
support of local abbots have  
taken care, that the secrets  
that the lost valley once  
held will never be found...





Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

They no longer exist...

They do but,

**THEY DON'T!**

“Weird answer?”

**IT IS INDEED**

As my old buddy Larry Nichols  
use to teach us in his  
Political Activist Boot Camp...

*“Want to hide something where  
it will never be found?  
Don't! Leave it in plain  
sight! That is the one place  
no one will ever look!”*



EMIL







# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

So the secrets of the lost valley lie unhidden but, you would never imagine that you just walked by an ancient relic ten times and you

## NEVER SEE IT

The valley still exists but, it has not been lost since ancient times, it is scattered with farms and small cities that stretch all the way across the valley. It never was hidden, not ever

## SINCE THE TIMES

of Alexander...that's why no one found the lost valley...

It never was!





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

As Guru James and my dear Auntie Meriva were trying to warning me...my spider senses tingled but, I still think that the Herr Steiner is a nice guy and maybe, not the least important was the mere fact that he is not here with all of the rich cadres of Nazis tracing about

## THE REGION

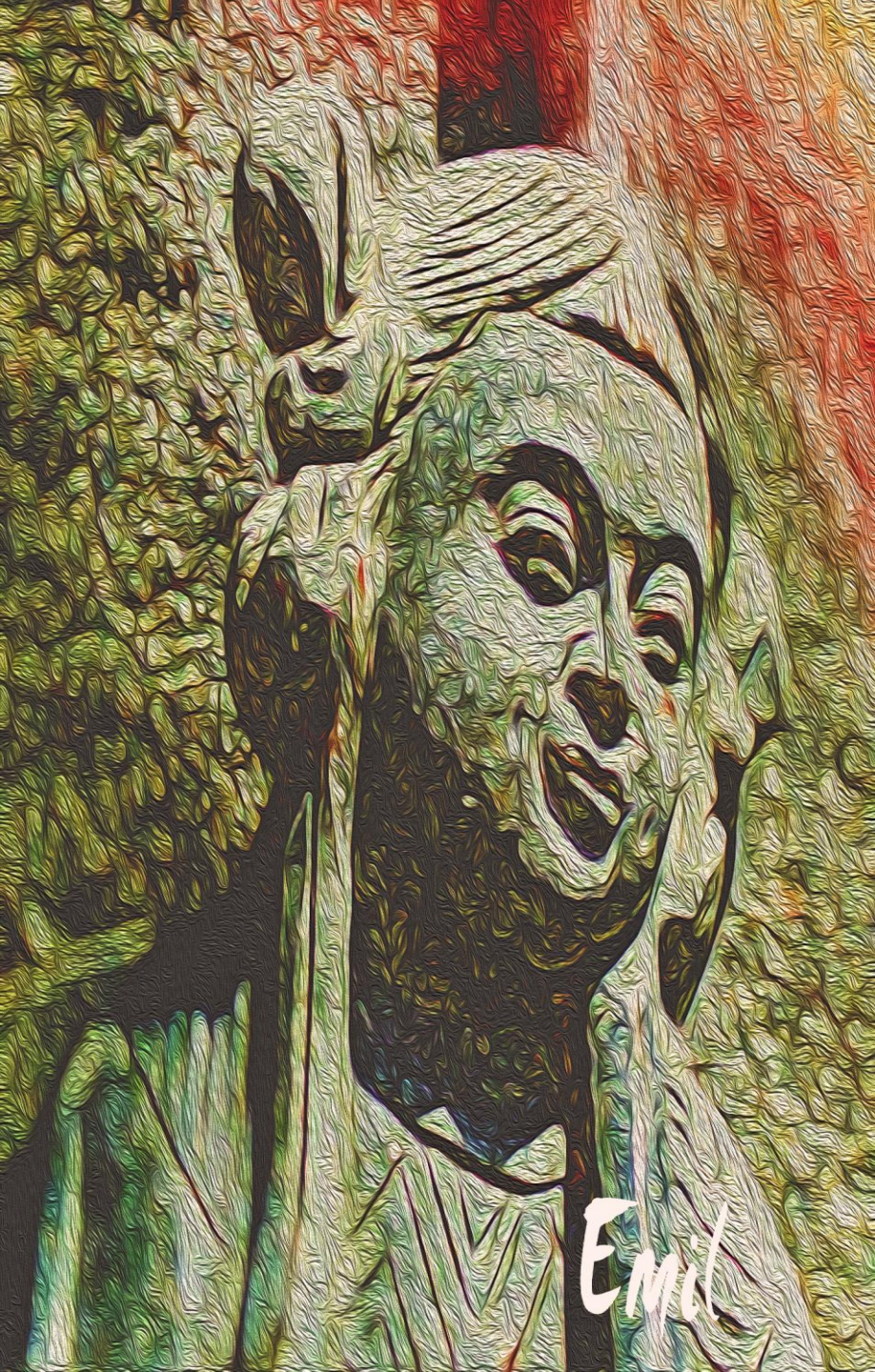
One look at him was enough to confirm this as wasn't with them was the fact that he still wore the same jack that he was back in 1917?



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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

If he would have been with those well-dressed Nazis they would have burnt his jacket and he would be prancing about in more trendy explorer outfits, pit helmet and

## INDIAN COOLIE

Thugs in tow.

Was our meeting by chance?

It is fair to say, both Auntie Meriva and Guru James would be having a belly laugh

## AT THAT SUGGESTION

The dead give-a-way was how “Medusa’s Bones” worked its way into an introductory conversation...





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

More deeply troubled was the fact(s) that I was that easy to find, I think more importantly in the whys and when's of that rather than

## LOST RELICS

What's my angle?

My angle is to put all the information out in the public domain so that those interested will see that following me is not worth the effort or time considering you are dealing with me... Ask those who know me best...

## ASK SEINE!



EMIL







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# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

The reality is that we stumbled upon the actual site quite by accident, while we were actually looking for a new smuggler's path

## INTO TIBET

as the border duties were not of our liking and it drove down, drastically our otherwise desire for a

## PROFITABLE RETAIL

organization that we had established in markets right across from the border.

It was a gig that Claudie and I fell into...





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Seine walked away and in  
after thought; that should  
have been the clear sign to  
bail on these corrupt English

Raj Guys...their Supply  
Sergeants buddies from the

## COLONIAL SERVICES

I believe...they had an  
unbelievable discount rate of  
basic goods...it was

## LIKE FREE!

Those where the heydays of  
the flights out of India and  
into the few remaining free  
zones left in China...

Materials were coming up the





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

rail lines from the coast  
but, the bottleneck had  
become the Tibet and

**NATIONALIST TROOPS**

that ran the border crossing..  
they were getting greedy and  
our clients (the English  
Guys) wanted to have a less  
restrict path to getting  
their goods into the markets.

**THIS REQUIRED**

a new route and path through  
the mountains.

Who else to call than my

**DEAR OLD FRIENDS**

(Colonel Churchward and the





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Yogis who had been bypassed by those smug, military careerists down in Delhi and had set out on the war in

## SILENT RETIREMENT

– Taking all this into account and seems I quite rightly figured he needed a series of new challenge and more importantly it did come down to the money, which I knew, wouldn't hurt him either)...offer them a

## PIECE OF THE ACTION?

They nibbled and so we went exploring through the forest and that is when we stumbled into the lost valley.





EMAIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Lost Valley is kind of a misnomer as it wasn't lost and had not been for a thousand years but, the Yogis knew directly what we had

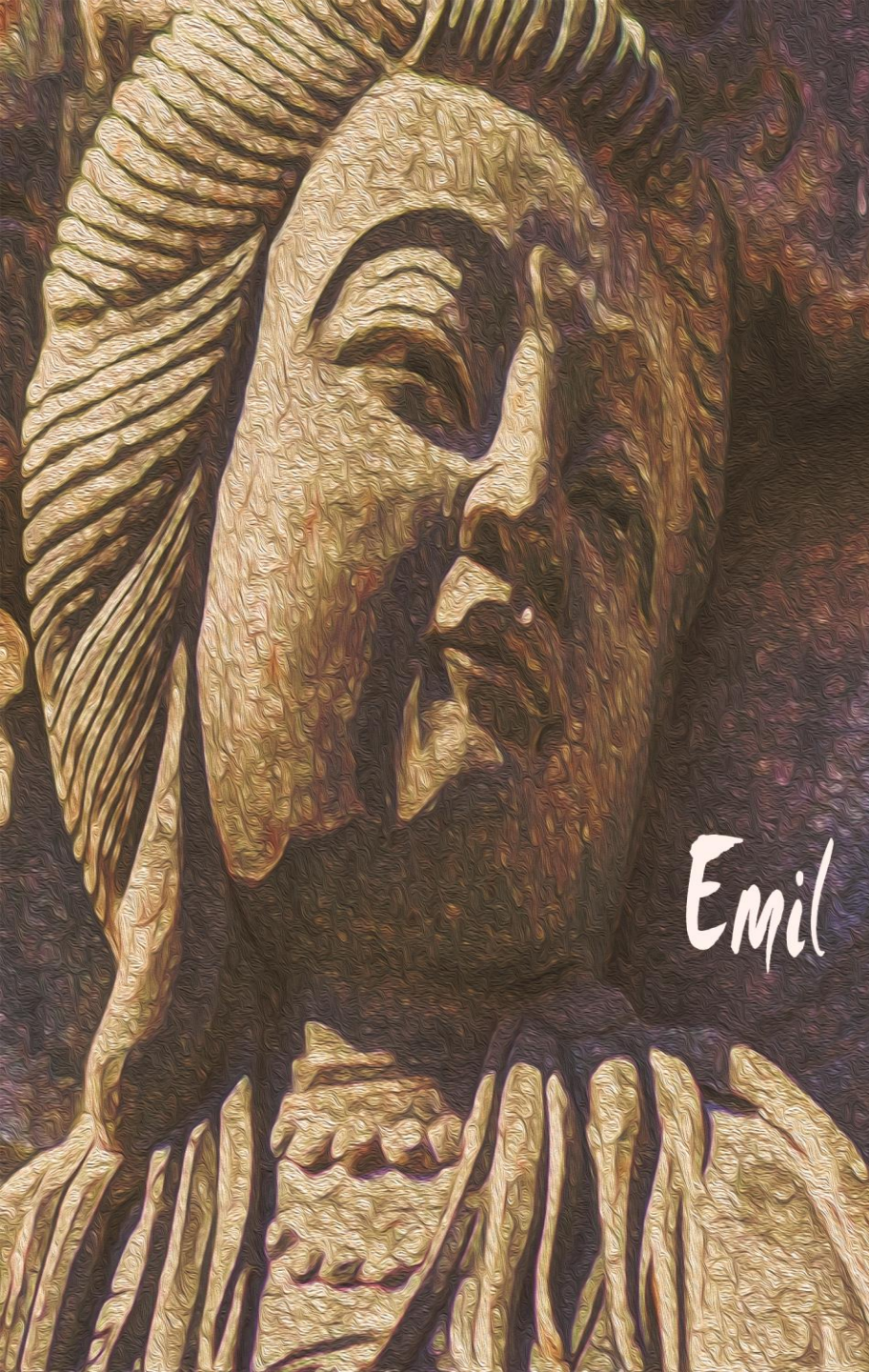
## STUMBLLED UPON

This was a time when many of the relics were still scattered about the center of the valley with several shrines caretaken by a multi-generational grouping of monks who understood

## THEIR CHARGE

The work here is a result of the photos that I was allowed





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

to take (back then) with the understanding that I could never relivel what they were or to their true nature.

Of course, I was quick to

**GIVE MY WORD**

and to double down on it with a double dare not to spill

**THE BEANS**

Figure now...what the hell! All those who I promised are more than likely dead, long turned to dust...Maybe?

Now, I believe that it is





Emil





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

better to come clean and tell the story rather than turning up dead or disappeared.

So, here is what I know...  
I have had many conversations with Herr Steiner and it became necessary to explain

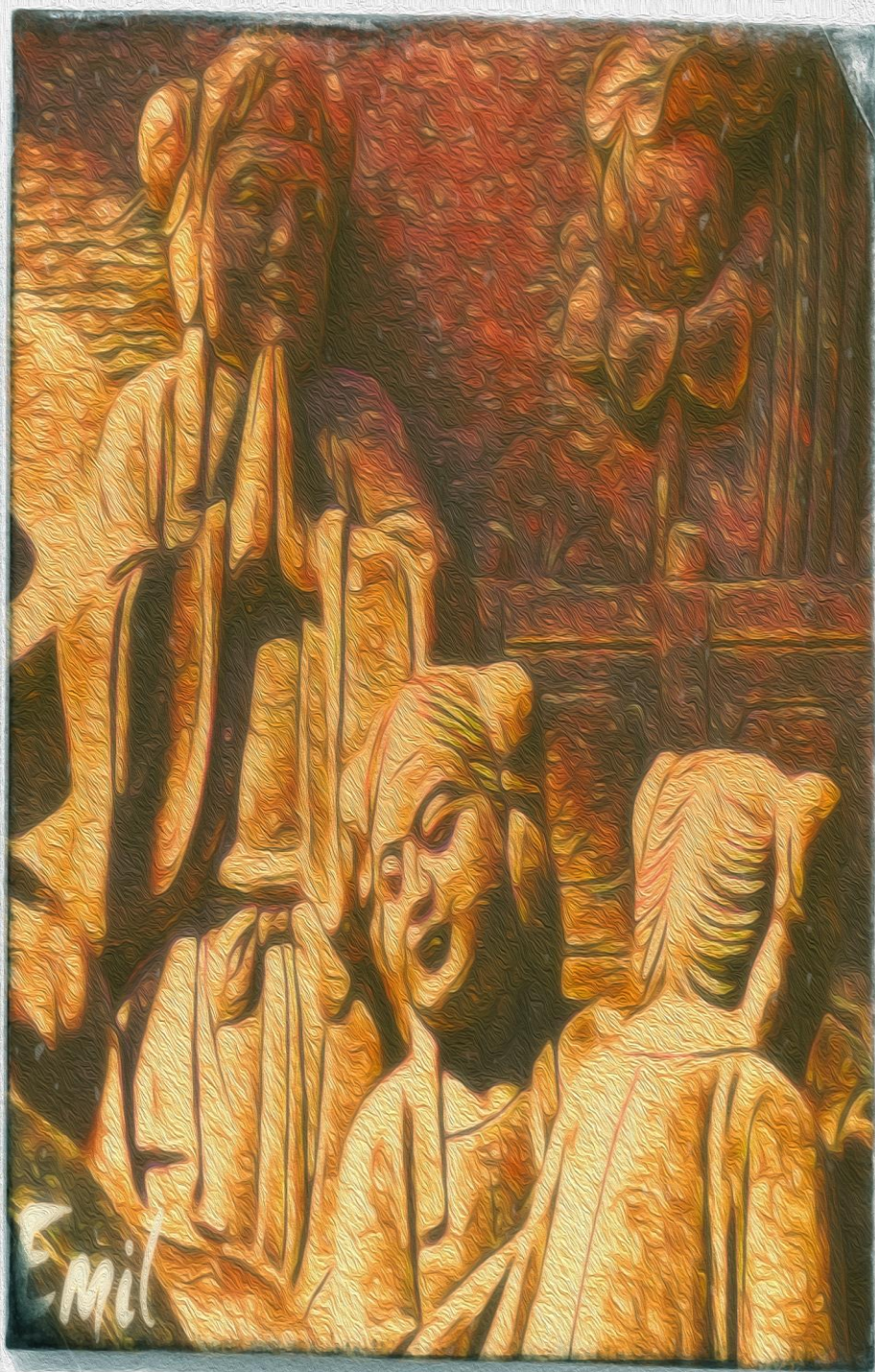
## IN MORE MODERN

scientific terminologies to lift this fable out of

## MYTHICAL FANTASY

by explaining to him that the concept of turning people to stone was a mistranslation of the original Sanskrit and was more that they were turned





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

into solid,

**CARBONATED MINERALS**

For the people of the time,  
the concept of stone was  
easier for them

**TO UNDERSTAND**

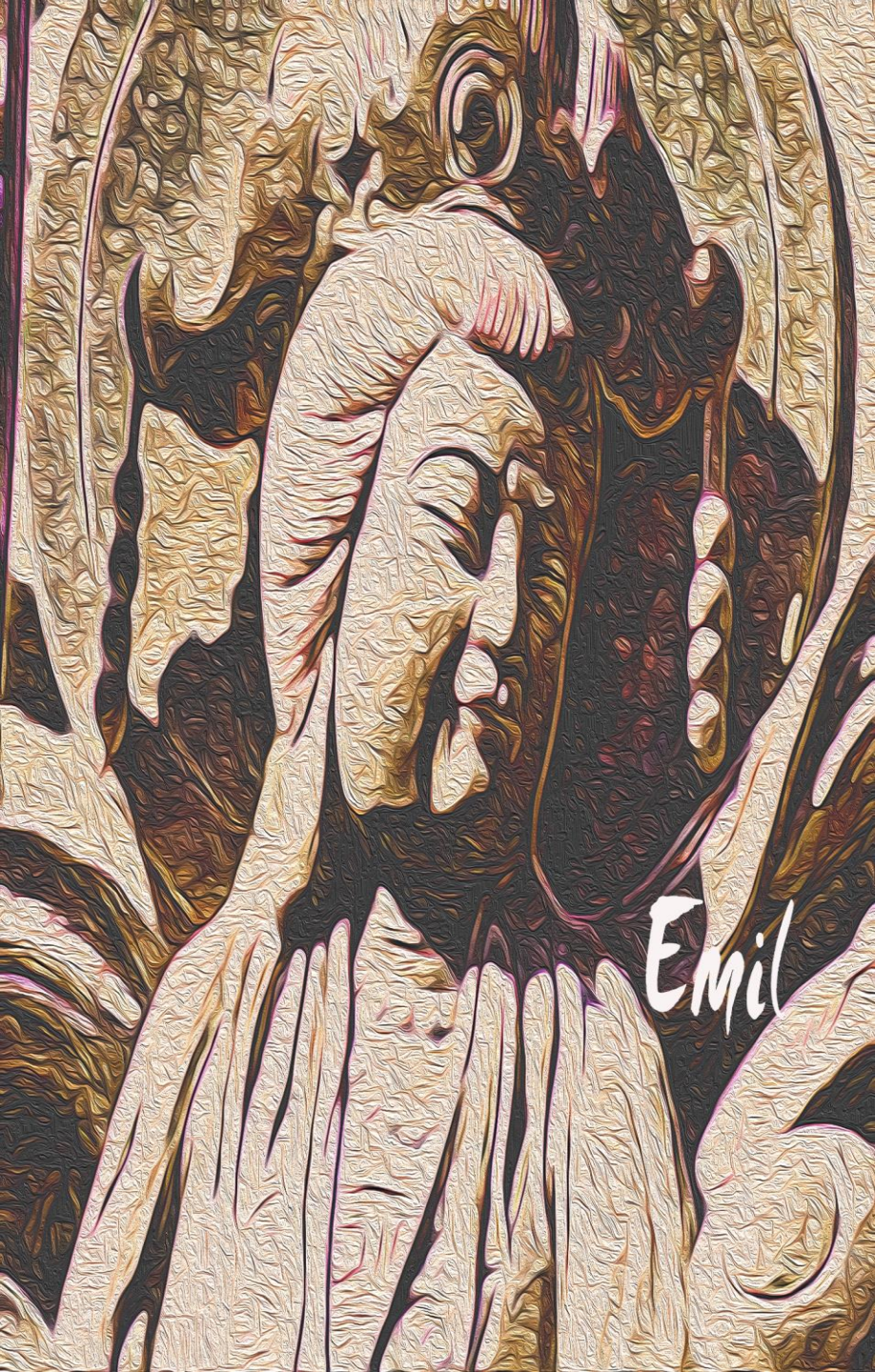
from a distance, it does look  
like people turned to stone  
and for the longest time, no  
one entered the valley out of  
fear that whatever cause this  
calamity might still linger  
and then later on, new  
generations just believed  
that the kingdom had be  
cursed by a witch who had





EMIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

rode with her army out of  
**THE EASTERN LANDS**

The Yogis who were very knowledgeable on forgotten technologies and sciences, explained in detail the history of the kingdom. It had once been a very great city...a kingdom that many respected, some feared and most of the surrounding

## PEOPLE LUSTED

for their lands and  
their knowledge.

There came new people from  
both the north and the south





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

lands and they began to settle on the edges of the great valley...as with any

## REAL ESTATE GRAB

...the civilized talking degenerated quickly to fighting and fighting declined even more so into a deadly war in which all sides did unspeakable things to insure them

## A VICTORY

In the before times, there was science and technologies that have now been lost,





Emil





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

buried or hidden away because  
they were too great of  
power...too destructive for...it  
was not meant for mankind...it  
was not, reasonable to ask  
greedy and power

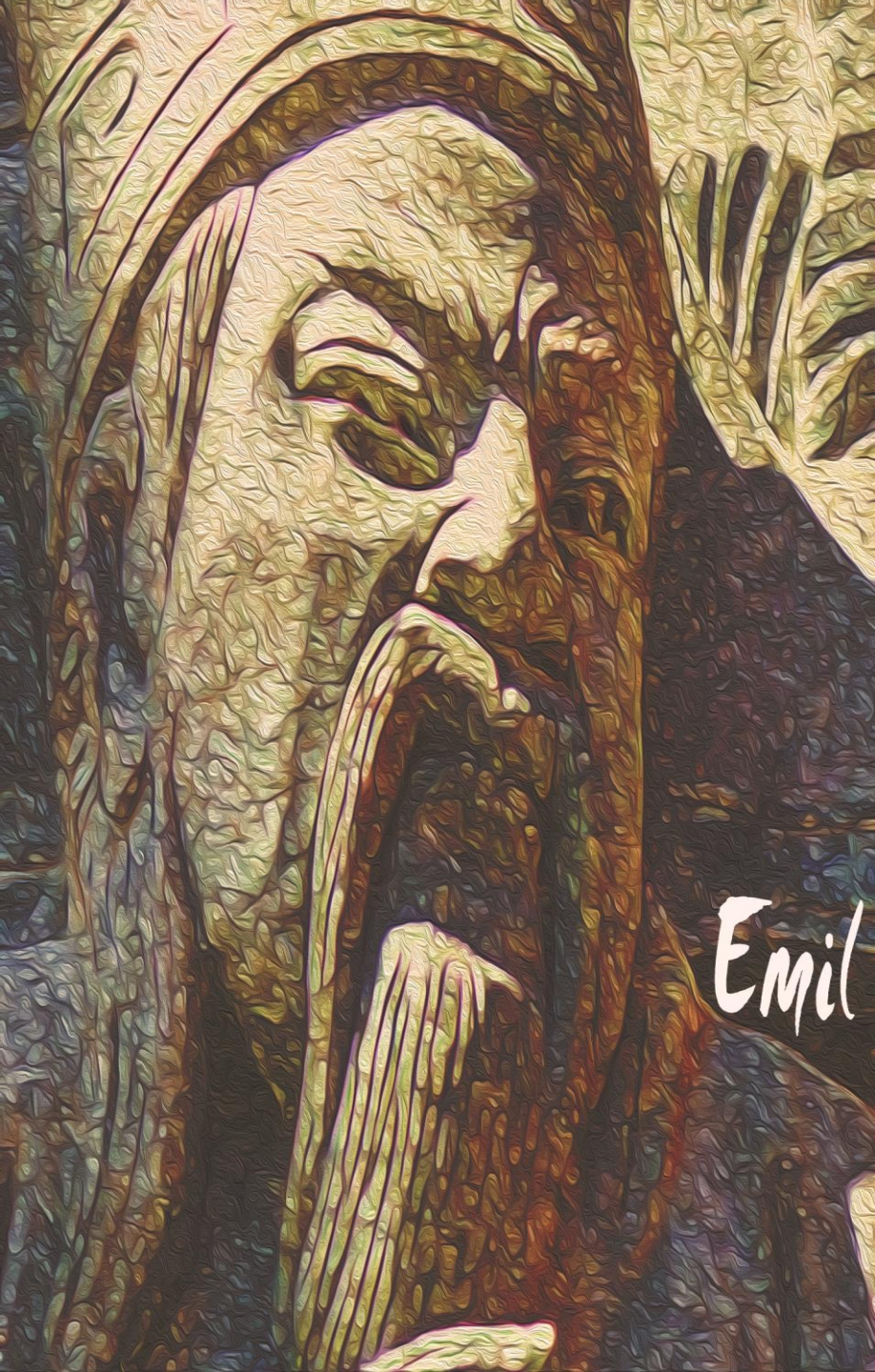
## MADDEN RULERS

to respect and wisely use  
these powers for good...  
So the selected have hidden  
them...secure from misuse and  
reserved for a time when  
mankind become

## MORE ENLIGHTENED

“It is all in the Verdi  
Scriptures...” the Yogi said to





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

us assembled about the camp  
fire that last night in the  
valley and then he opened the  
ancient scroll and read to us  
of the ancient history of

## **THIS LOST VALLEY**

What caused the people to  
turn to stone?

The accepted story was the  
one of the witches who cast

## **A SPELL**

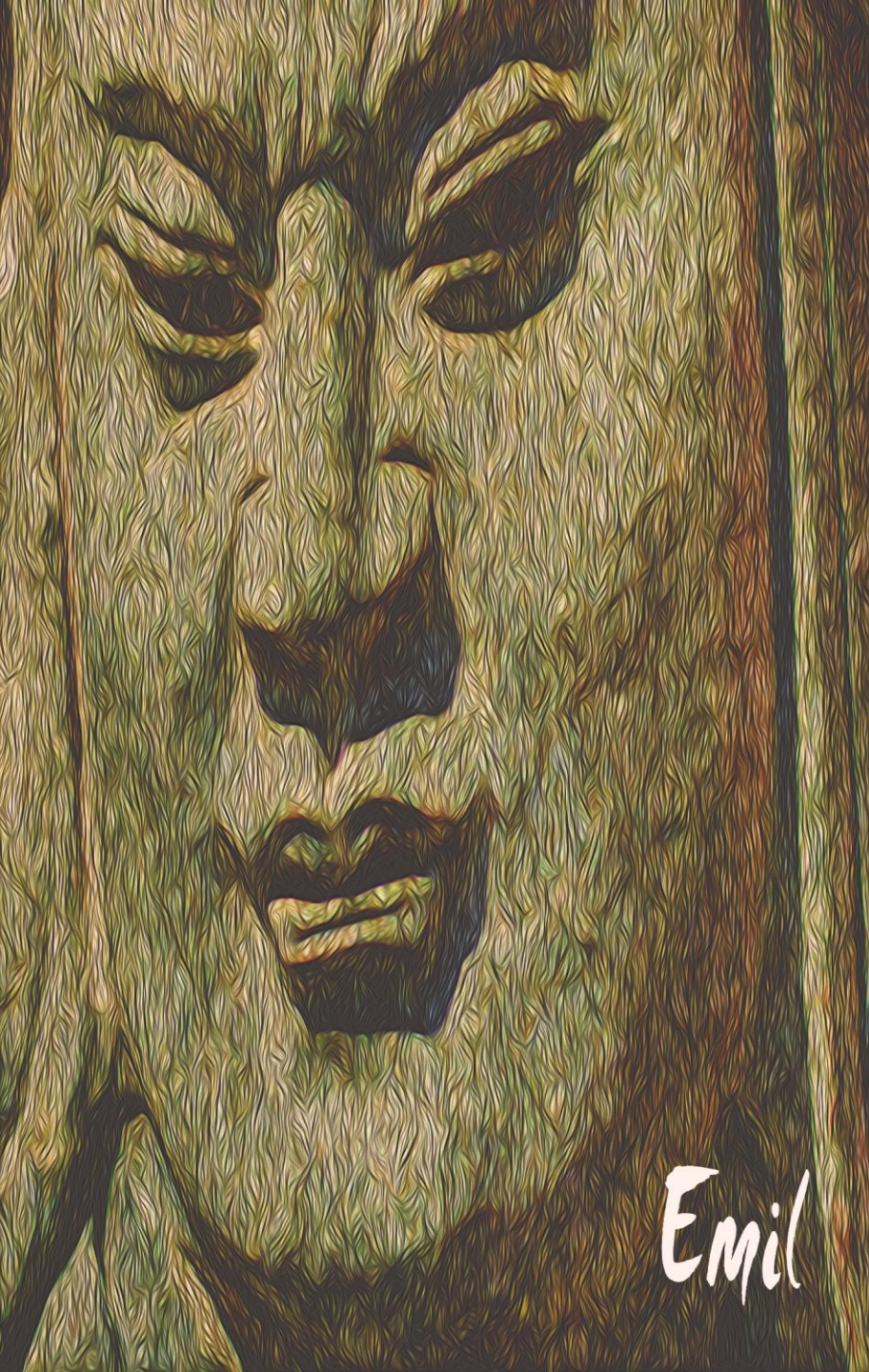
but, the Yogi read further  
from the ancient scroll and  
told us that there had been





EMIL





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

a war...there had been a great woman warrior (witch?) but, it was science that she used...

**NOT MAGIC!**

It was a most terrible weapon of their advanced science

**THAT SHE USED**

The weapon was either a spray or an aerial vapor-airborne?

The great warrior “sprayed” a mixture of chemical and the people covered were

**FROZE IN PLACE**

One of the Yogis, later in





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Life (as he had devoted himself to further study this event), sent me a letter where he had found the formula for the spray in a series of long-

## LOST BOOKS

that were carefully guarded by fellow monks in the inner mountain caves of

## NORTHERN TIBET

*"The spray was a liquid rather than a gas as was previously thought"*

and that he wrote that he had

Emil





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

destroyed the scrolls that  
contained the actual formula  
as even now (the 1930s),  
mankind could not be trusted  
with such great power...

**I KNOW THAT**

it was very hard for a man  
who had devoted his life to  
finding and protecting lost  
knowledge and technologies  
for some future time when  
mankind had properly evolved...

**I CAN IMAGINE**

the pain he felt as he put  
the scrolls into the camp





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

fire and then scattered the  
ashes upon the chilly,  
evening winds that blew off  
the surrounding mountains and

**THEIR GLACIERS**

So...as I told the professor  
and I hope he would abandon  
his quest and report back to  
his current patrons – who are  
not Germany (Nazi) but seem  
to be somehow associated with  
something call the Tularemia  
Research Center or the

**VECTOR INSTITUTE**

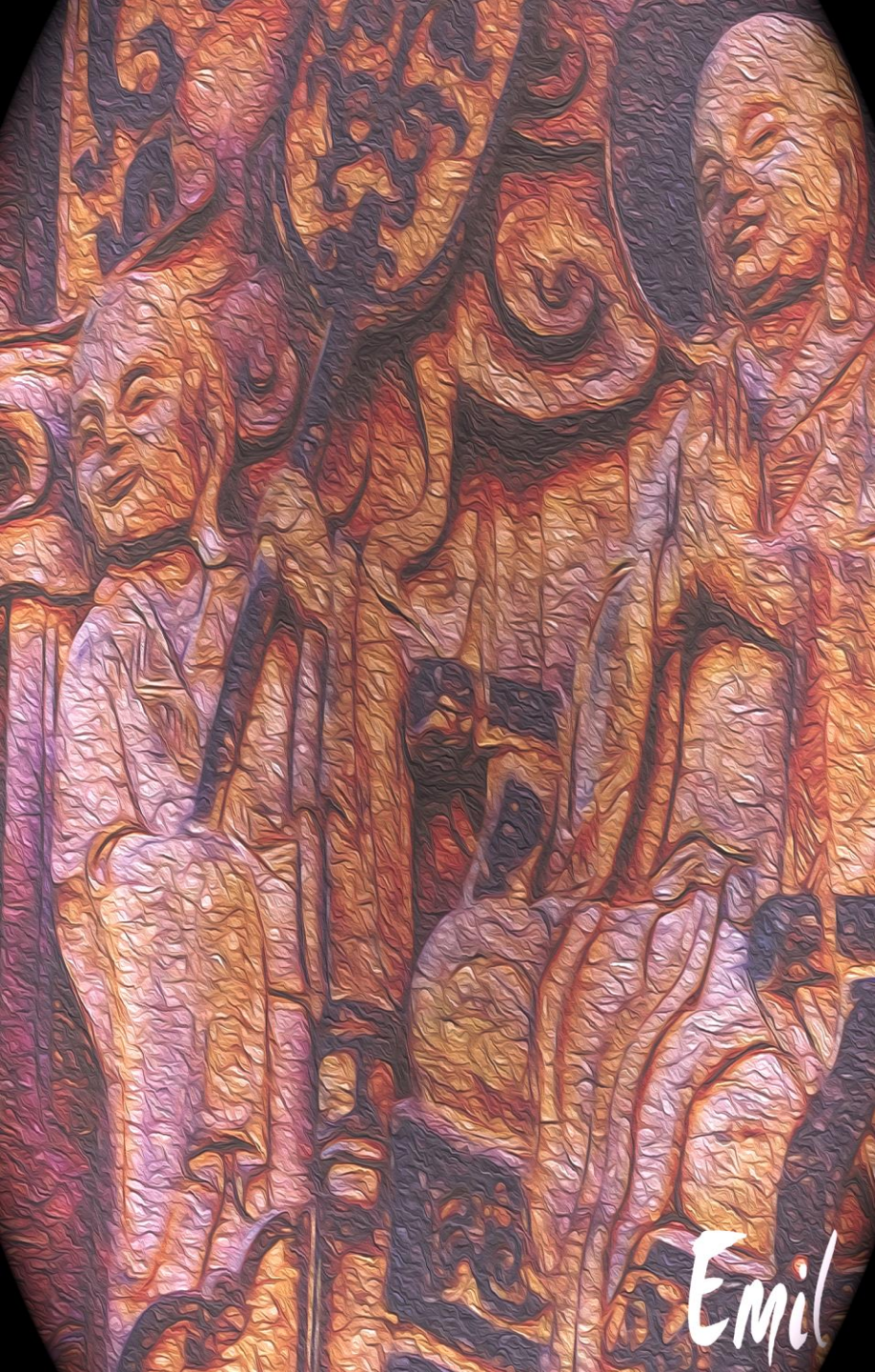
as it is better known in  
these waning days of 1937...





EMIL





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Although the formula is lost to time and the actual formula would be impossible to recreate given our current level of science and not knowing what rare elements that they used or in

## WHAT VOLUME

To all who seek...here is its basics as I know them:  
The base is CO<sub>2</sub> liquidities at a temperature of below 40 degrees below zero mixed with a specially engineered cocktail of hydrogen sulfide and other rare element gasses





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that when mixed, formed a fizzy-like soda paste that attached to any surface and created a quick drying coating of hard carbonate – which would mode itself to the shapes of whatever

## IT COVERED

I very much question the rest of the tale, especially the Alexander's part as I can't not believe that one could survive such a coating for any length of time...

more so, given its very rapid drying time...you will see that





EMIL





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

each victim seems frozen

**IN MID-MOTION**

I must update you to say that Herr Steiner seems to be a rather good sport about all this and I think he will be able to dissuade his people to further his quest has they must (now) understand how impractical such a weapon would be even in a futuristic

**20<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY BATTLEFIELD**

And, I will end this tale with the standing offer of

**HERR STEINER**

to a rematch here at our





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Gentleman's Club here in  
Nanking but, on his dime

**NOT MINE, PLEASE?**

It seems that right thing to  
do, due to sad fact that  
right after this chance  
meeting with the professor,  
my official line of credit  
(bar tab) quit working...

**OPPS!!!**

Sorry Mister Waiter!  
Somehow it is funny but still  
rather a sad and telling  
truism about human nature.  
For almost 2,000 years', men





EMIL





Emil

# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

have fought, killed and died  
for what (in the end) turns  
out to be a rather useless  
piece of ancient technology  
that they could never use to

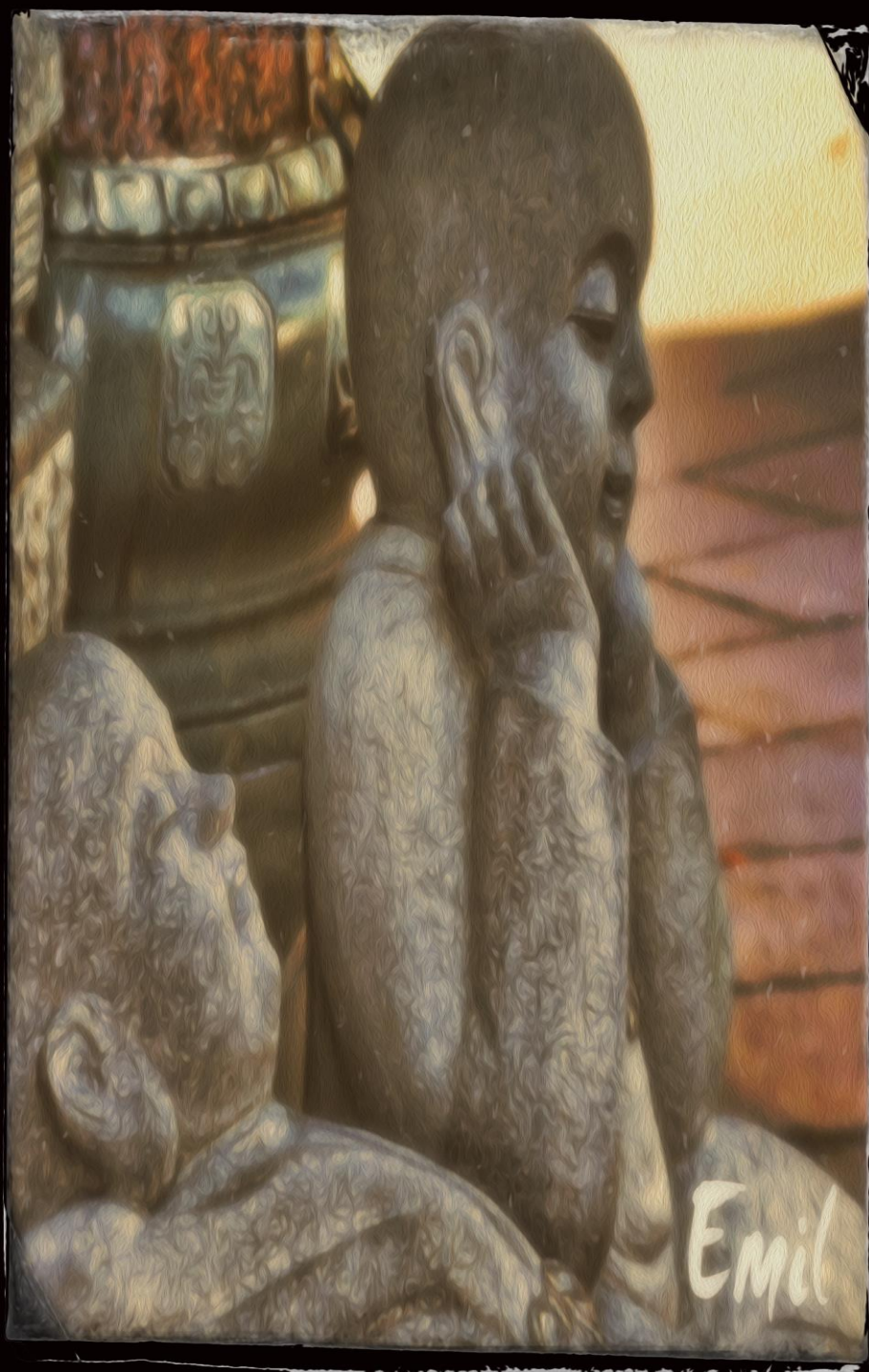
## RULE THE WORLD

Almost the entire crew are  
gone, vanished to the winds  
of time as I lost contact  
with them for what seems more  
than just the several years  
that have (if fact) actually

## TRANSPIRED NOW

It is only Seine and me who  
are still walking upright and





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

to be truthful after our  
recent adventures...

## SORRY SEINE!

You are getting long-in-tooth  
also. I think Milton once  
said something to the effect  
*"We come into this world and  
unless we are a serial  
killer, mass murderer...we will  
leave alone..."*

Then, there was what F. Scott  
Fitzgerald once yelled

## "TRUTH!"

In the end, all the efforts,





Emil





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the costs and deaths...they  
were all fraught with  
ultimate failure...as it is  
with all relics...in the modern  
world, they are (at best)  
curiosities and nothing else.

See, they have value and  
purpose in their times...not  
now!

Hopefully, there will not be  
yet another new generation  
wasting a lifetime searching  
for these evil weapons.

Although, I am still  
interested in what museum  
Alexander is in?

Maybe, Herr Steiner knows?  
New search? Think?





EMIL





EMOL





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

This tale began where most of the best tales do...in a seedy little bar on the wrong side of the tracks...in this case, it was the seedy little bar in Nanking where I worked doing portraits of

### TAI PAN MISTRESSES

at five francs per picture... always get paid in a good foreign currency instead the toilet paper, script that the

### NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

was trying to pass off as real money...why francs?

I know that the franc still has worth regardless of all the non-sense going on in









Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Europa these days...anyway,  
it was the coin of choice  
just south of us, there  
in French Indo-China...

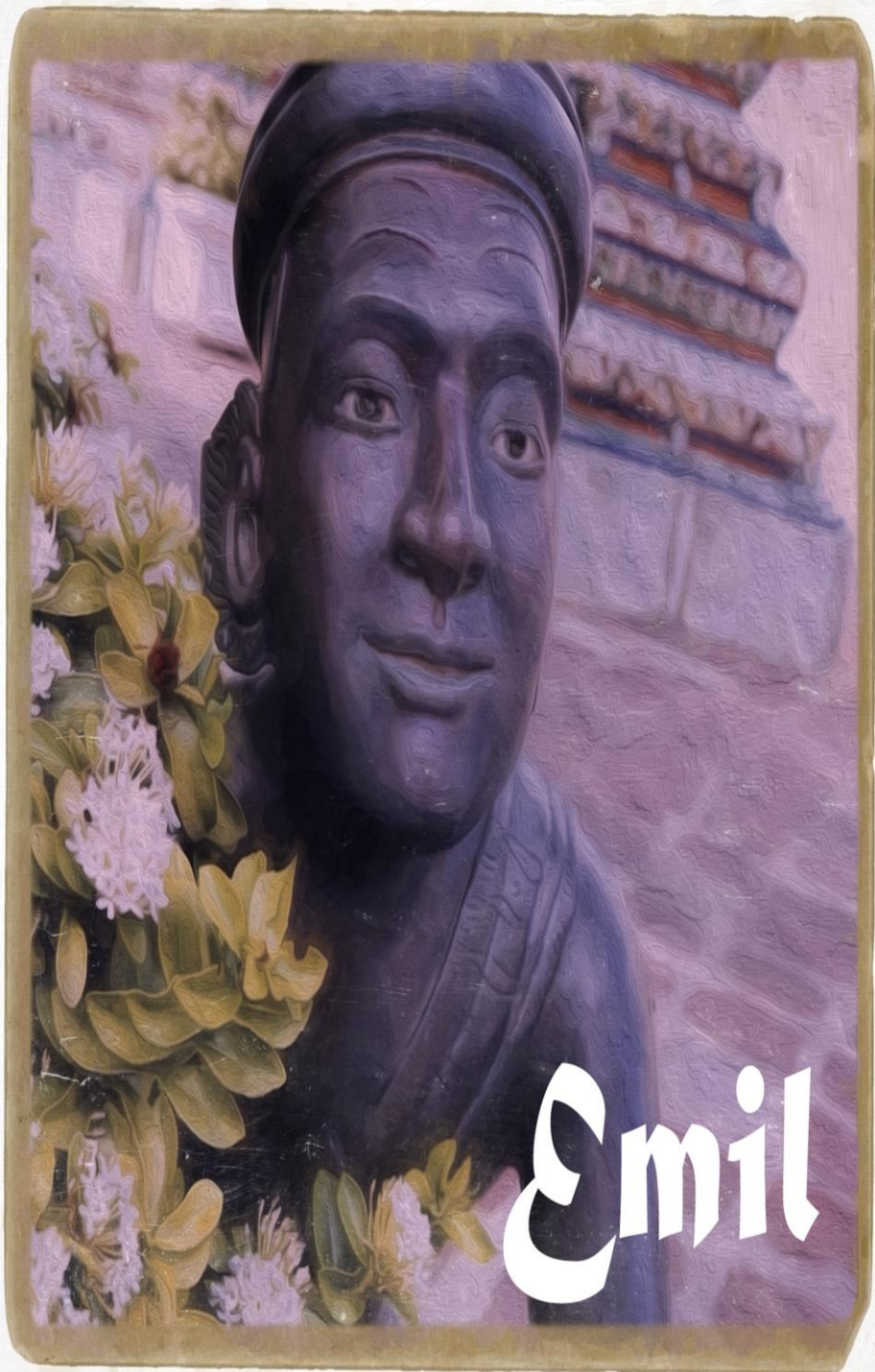
**THAT'S SAFE!**

It's safe there because the  
Japs have no beef with

**THE FRENCH**

in fact, it is starting to  
look like they have already  
chewed off more than they can  
handle here in China...  
technology and better guns  
will get you only so far...  
How many bullets do you have?  
The Chinese have ten times





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

that in people that these  
Nationalist political,

**TAI PANS**

don't mind throwing all of  
them into the meat grinder of  
what they are already calling

**WORLD WAR 2**

Personally, I had my fill of  
World War in the first one  
and only by some sheer  
chance...a wink from old lady  
luck, a nod from my cut-rate  
protective angel or that  
half-ass bet with someone who  
might-or-might-not have been  
the devil in that blood









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

drenched trench in Northern France...and, I survived more or less in one piece...

**SORRY FOR VENTING**

I still wake some nights and can hear that damn Colonel's whistle (which meant we were going over the top of the trench and out into the certain death of no-man's land...) but, that isn't what I meant to write you about.

**AS I SAID...**

I wished that I had made up this story as it is the best that I have heard in recent times and it appears to be





Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

true or as true as any  
such tales could be.

Given the parties involved,

**I WOULD VENTURE**

that it is more true than not  
and I should know as Claudie  
and I made a good living in  
old Siam (for quite a while)  
coning rubes fresh off the  
boat with these tales of

**LOST TREASURE**

hidden far out in some secret  
jungle location that only we  
and a handful of other  
knew about.

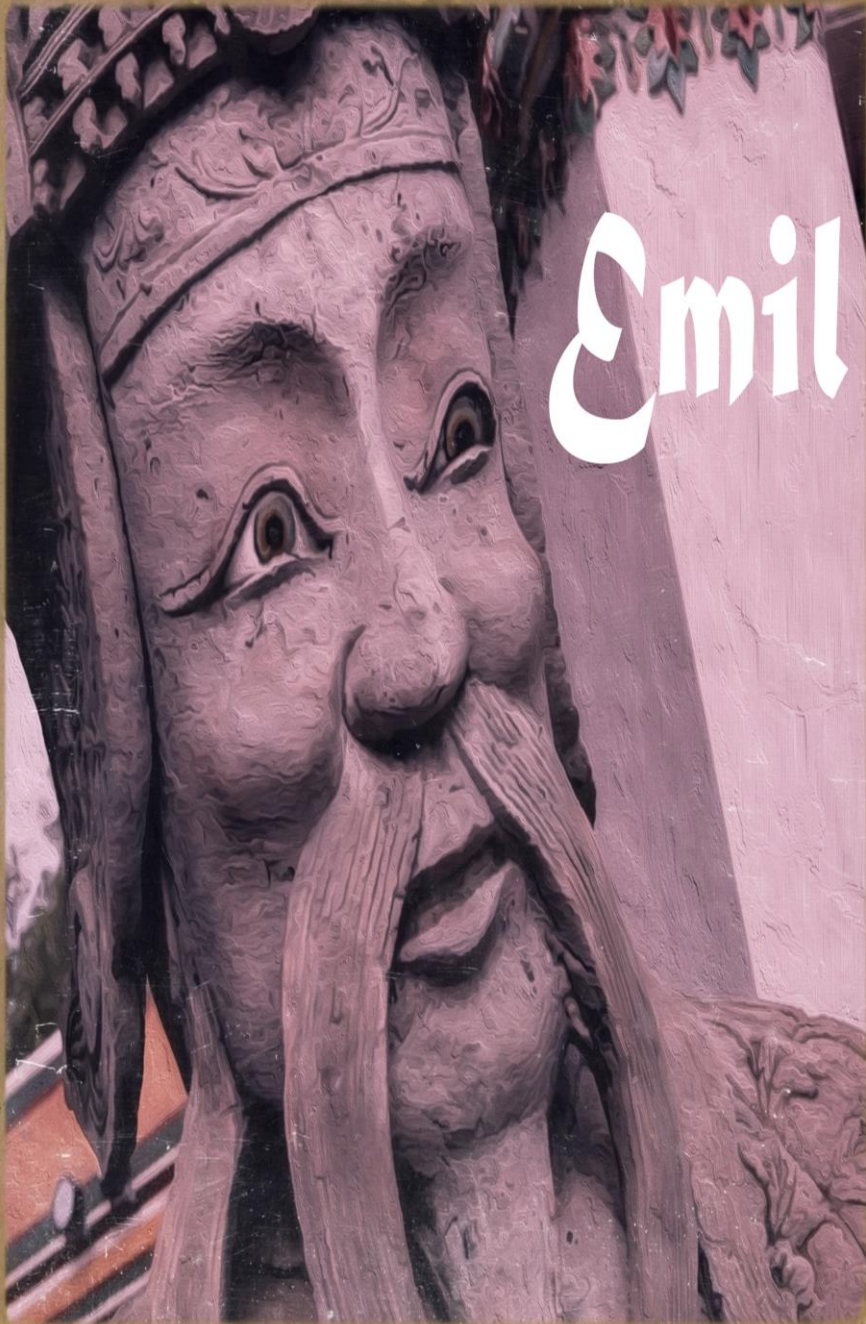
Given all this, humbly,  
I do submit to you that:



紅孩兒  
他是牛魔王  
的孩子







**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

*"Yes, I am a great judge  
of these tales!"*

What was different is that  
there is no con, no

**LOST TREASURE**

but what seems to be nothing  
more than honest-to-god  
archeology passing through  
our city has it has become  
due to our still functioning

**INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

Nanking still remains a major  
dropping off point for all  
those high-rolling (current)

**NAZIS EXPEDITIONS**

who filter in and out of here  
on their way to or from Tibet





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Remember, I told you about how those guys are a strange lot, real secretive and totally lacking what my English Chums calls a “Civilized Sense of Humor.”

I caught pieces of the original conversation, they were talking about pyramids and underground caverns out in the wilds of

## THE GOBI DESERT

in what that called the lands of the “Uyghurs” or something like this.

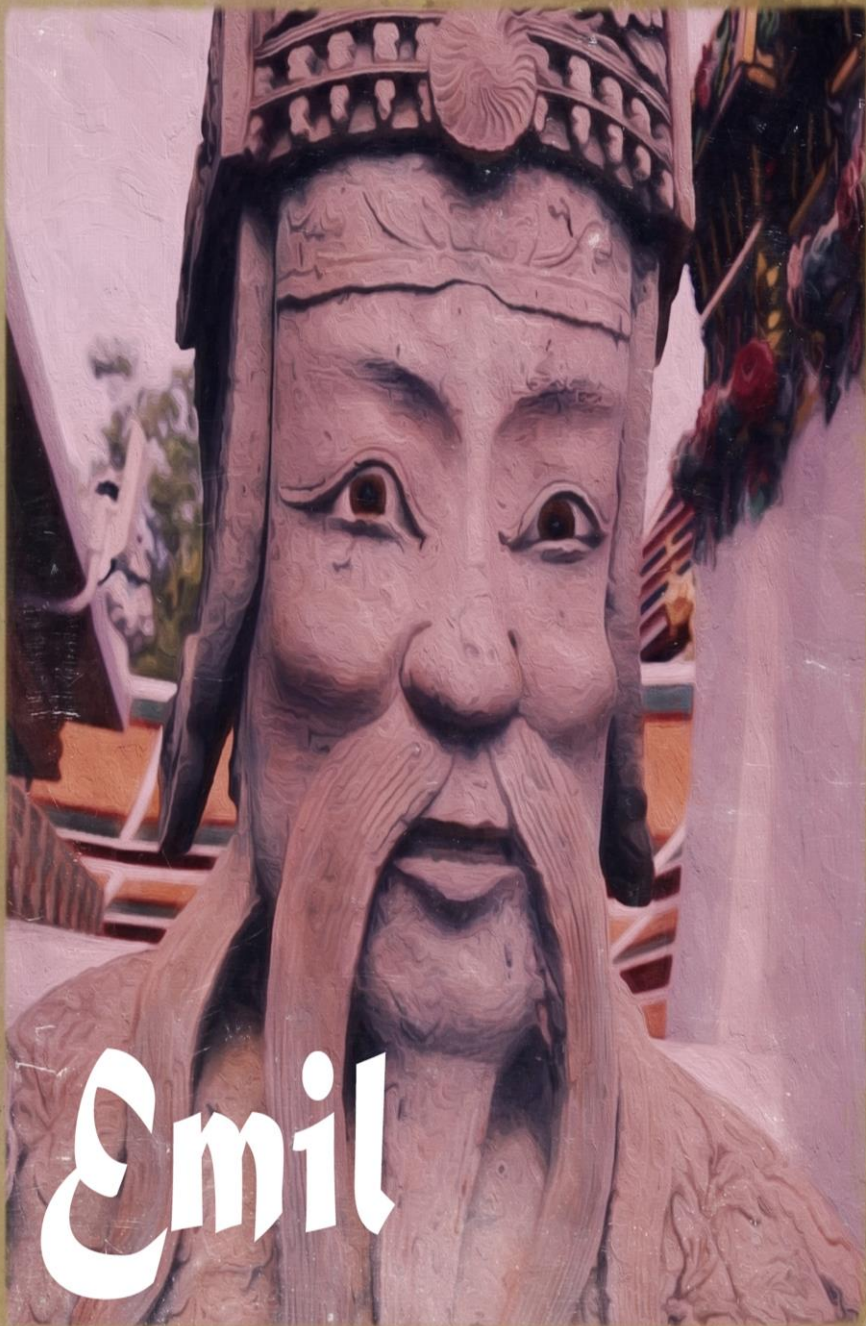
## PYRAMIDS?

This isn't Egypt!









## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

So I tried to get a booth close enough to hear more. The conversation was heated as their voices raised on certain disagreements and from that you know that people are usually talking the truth in such cases.

They were debating on how to go further and how to secure the correct digging permits from the local

**NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT**

(or what little of there was left of it in Nanking).

I was fascinated by the conversation but, smartly

**I HUNG BACK**

just in case this was some





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

scam and that did cross my mind...so I said nothing or even gave them a clue that I had heard anything.

Still it was a great story that sparked my interest on many different levels...even if it was a con...it was a great con and one that I should commit to memory...

## FUTURE REFERENCE

NO! We (Claudie, Seine or me) are not getting back into that business...besides, it doesn't normally work here cause everything in ancient...everything from the buildings to the trains and









Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

not to mention what they humorously call electrical power here in Nanking. I followed the conversation on or off for about thirty minutes and would have continued till that old

**TAI PAN GENERAL**

brought all three of his mistresses into the club and was commanding that I do a portrait of each of them.

**GOT TO MAKE MONEY!**

By the time I got back, they had packed it in and had left the club. You know how truly crazy I am about lost cities and forgotten history.





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Remember that book you bought me in the flea market...there in Paris?...the one about Atlantis by that American Congressman who wrote about how close the Egyptian and Mayan Languages where...I must have read that book ten times in the passing year...besides the very success

## RAT RACES

that Claudie and I ran in the trenches, there wasn't very much else to do other than hiding from death and the

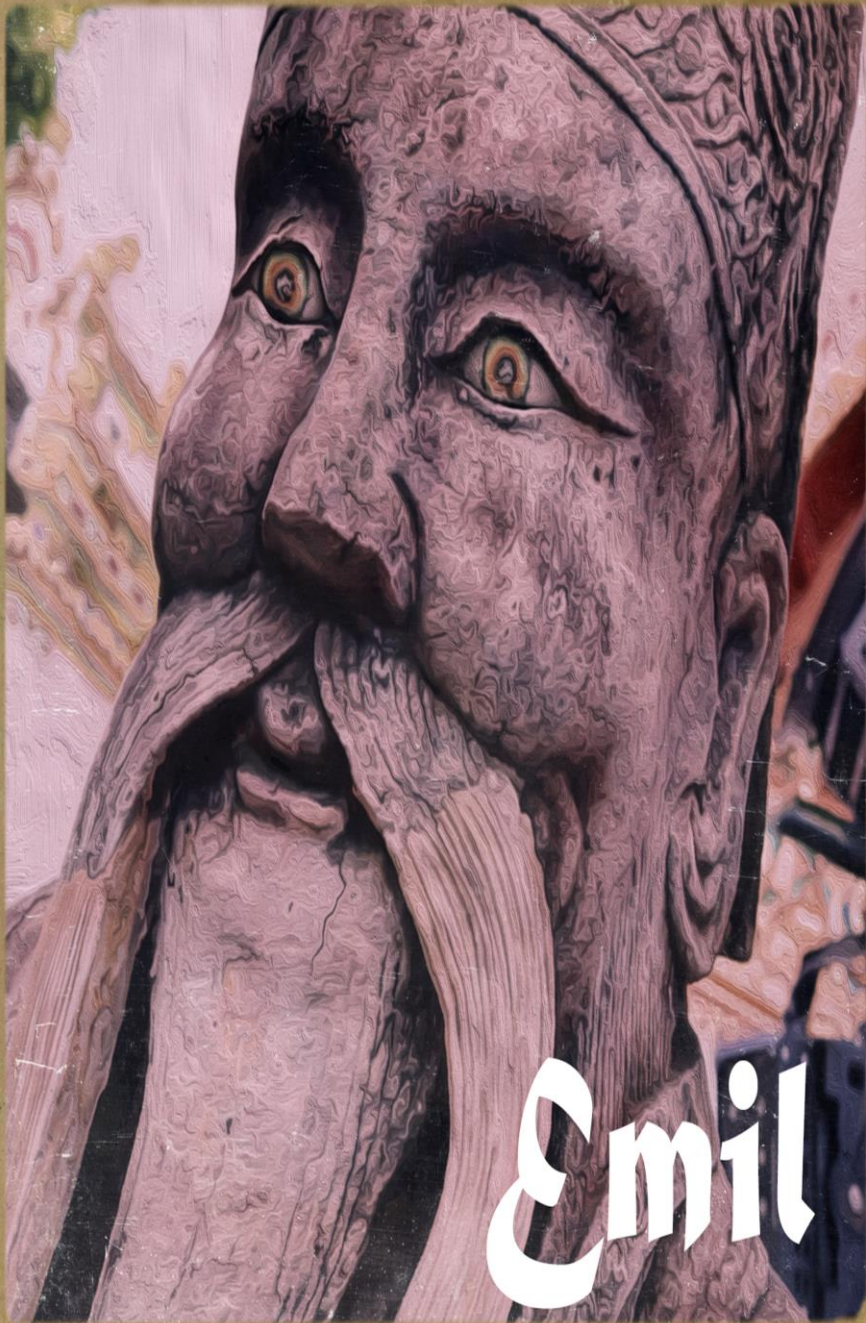
## COLONEL'S WHISTLE

So, you know that I wasn't









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

going to let this story go  
so easily as that.

I talked to

**CHIEF CHIANG**

Remember, he is the really  
funny Chef who had trained in  
Paris and he was a good guy  
to be on terms with as he has  
a direct connection with the  
Nationalist Government -

I think his brother and a  
couple of his distant cousins  
are highly placed

**IN THE GOVERNMENT**

In fact, Chiang told me that  
his brother had fought the  
foreign devils in the Boxer





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Revolution (that freed China)  
and rode to the right hand  
side of General

**SUN YAT-SEN**

the funny part of this story  
was that it was through his  
brother's connects that he  
could go to Paris to study  
cooking...graduated first in  
his class and had a wonderful  
little club in Peking until  
the Japanese Invasion.

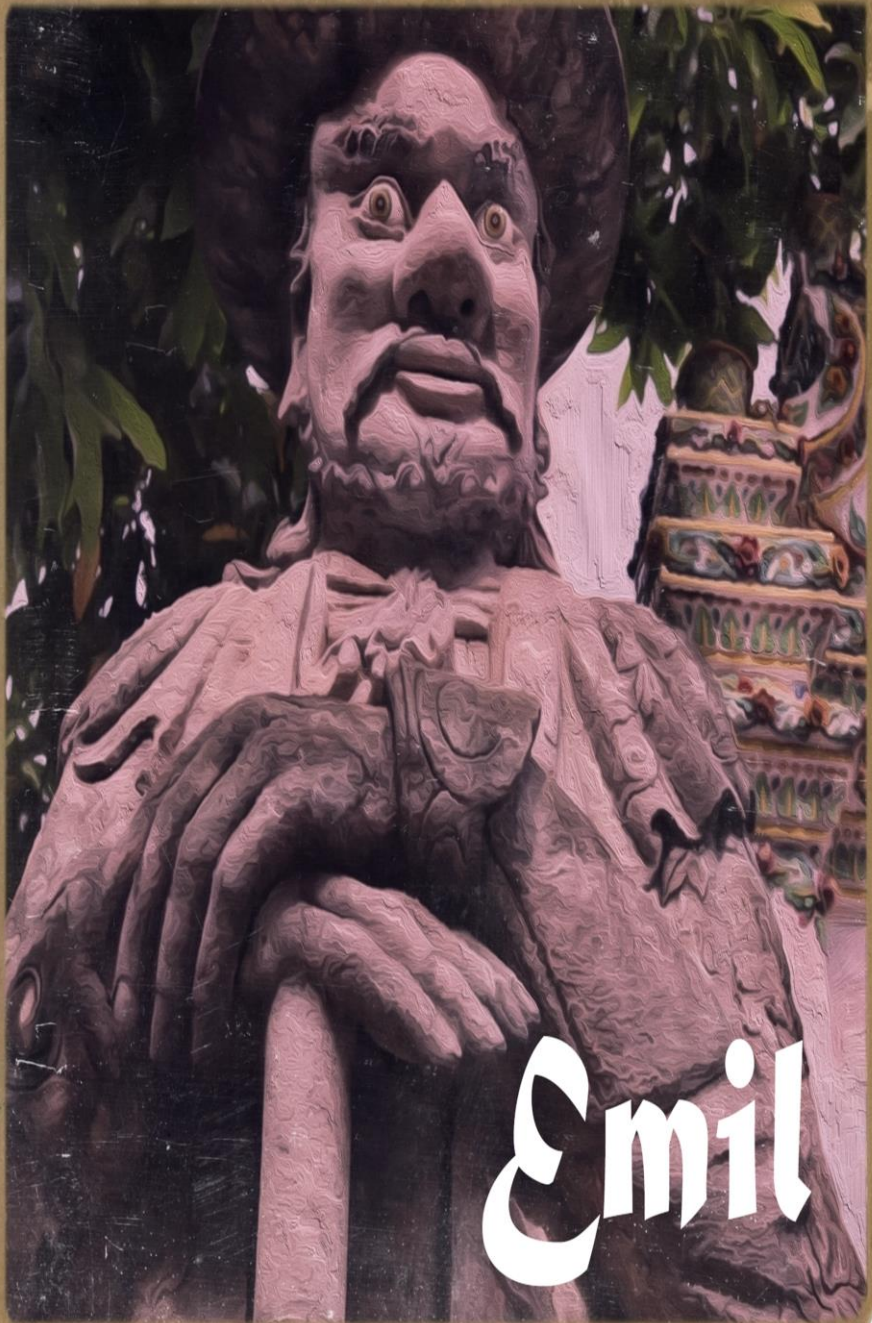
Funny how everyone had  
a different path but, that  
we all ended up here in

**NANKING**









# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Anyway, I asked him about the  
two elderly gentlemen and  
I told you how funny he was,  
he looked me

## DEAD IN THE EYE

and said:

*"Everyone here is an elderly  
gentleman...young men can't  
afford the fine dining that  
my club offers..."*

I told him that might be true  
but, I was referring to those  
two portly, English Gents  
wearing pit helmets.

He thought for a minute  
and thoughtfully said:

*"AH Yes! Those poor tippers  
who were bothering my good*





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

*Tai Pan Costumers with their  
Toud discussion..."*

Grabbing his shoulders,

**I CHEERED IN**

*"Yes! Those gents...where did  
they go and what do you know  
about them?"*

He said that they were some  
kind of professors from some  
University in England, which  
one he didn't remember even  
though they had told him.

They had been town for a

**COUPLE OF DAYS**

and seemed to have taken a  
liking to his club, they  
always paid in good English









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Pounds but, were very

**POOR TIPPERS**

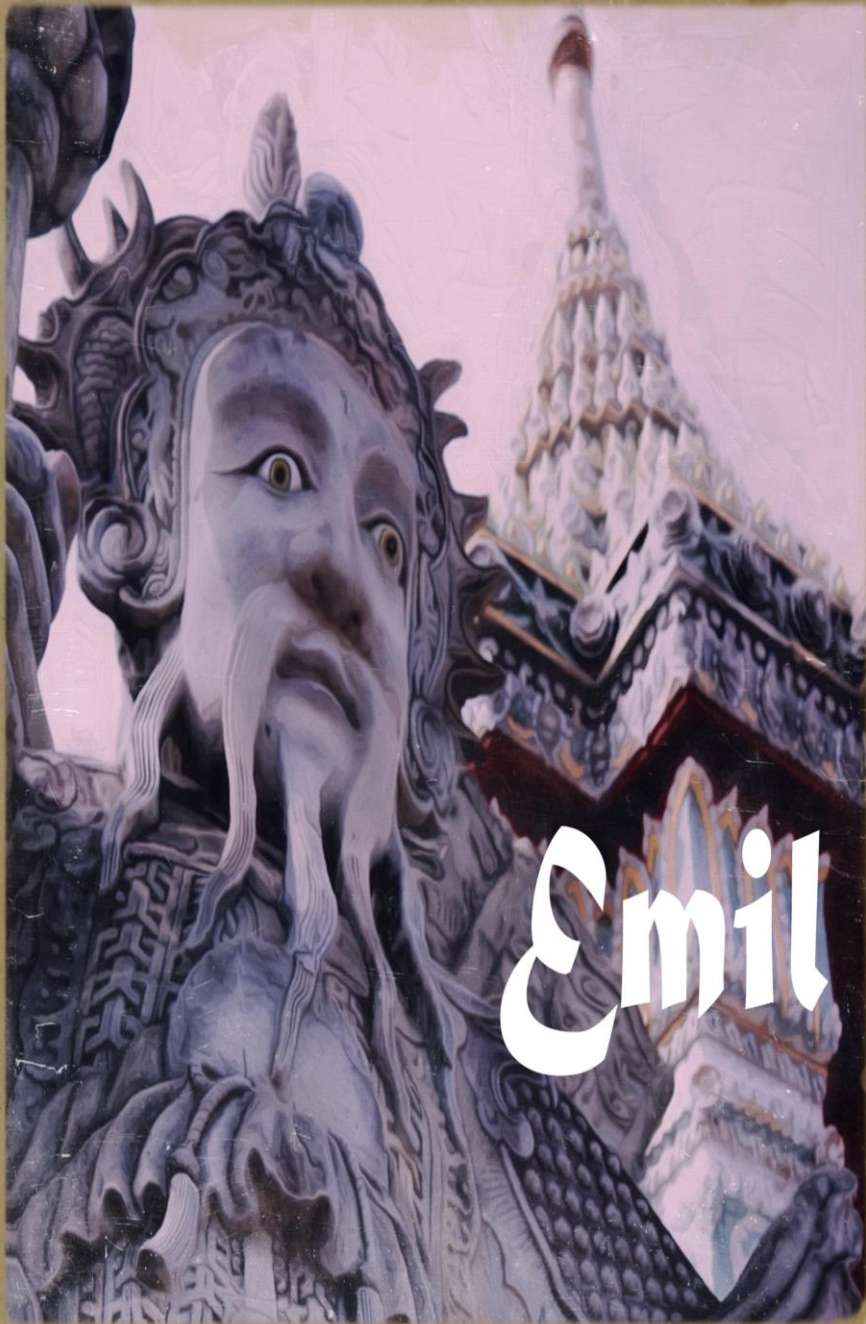
*"That's why the girls let them be...so they sit there in the back booth arguing with each other...several times a day..."*

Besides that, he told me that they were staying in the same hotel as us...

**WHO WOULDN'T?**

Rudy runs a good ship!  
I am still checking them out  
but, I have made up my mind  
that I wanted to hear the  
whole story...just think?  
There might be pyramids and





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

lost cities out in the desert  
wilds of Western China...

**VERY INTERESTING**

and very far away from the  
ever enclosing pinchers of  
this new, world war.

Last week I wrote you about  
running into those two  
mysterious, English Gents  
with pit helmets and high  
boots that were in a

**HEATED CONVERSATION**

about a lost city out in the  
wilderness of North-Western  
China, in an area called

**THE GOBI DESERT**

At first, I was concerned









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

that this was a hustle...a scam  
but, what I have discovered  
and have pieced together  
leads me to think that

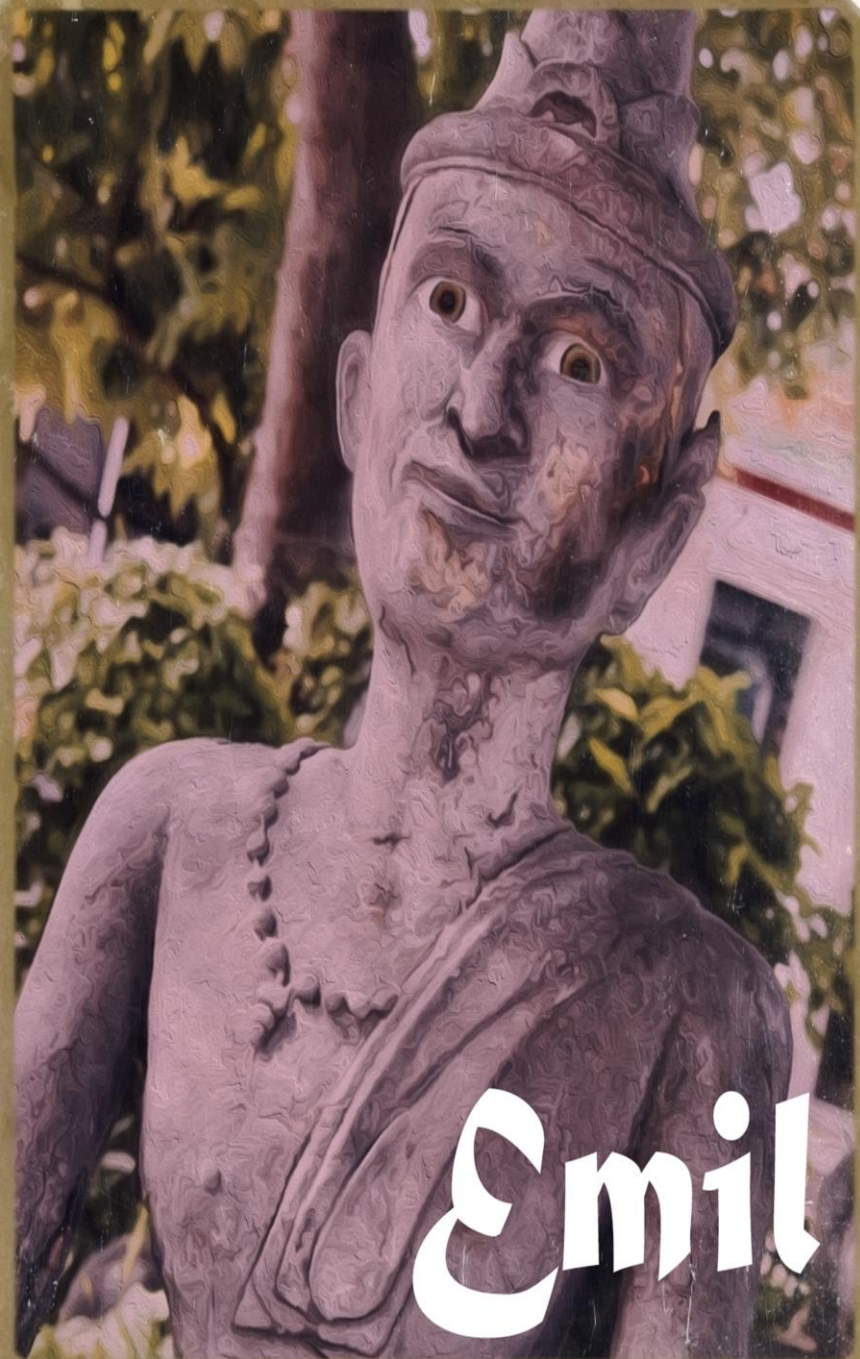
**THIS IS TRUE**

...or it is the grand-daddy of  
all scams and either way, you  
know me...

**I WAS HOOKED**

I left you at the point of  
having run into them at Chef  
Chiang's downtown club where  
I have been working doing  
portraits of the several of  
society Tai Pans and their  
mistresses that populate the  
club these days.





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Good business at five francs

**PER PORTRAIT**

and I have been able to save  
a large part of these funds  
as the future here starts to  
grow uneasily scary with the  
pincher jaws of the

**JAPANESE WAR MACHINE**

camped a mere fifty miles to  
the south-east of the city.  
The city seems to live in an  
alternative universe even as

**JAPANESE BOMBERS**

appeared recently and bombed  
the city's electrical and  
water plants. Not much harm  
done to the city but rather,









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

it did give me a personal,  
security wake up that things  
were about to change but, to

**MY SURPRISE**

there is no panic, you see no  
fear in the eyes of the  
people in the clubs and they  
act like everything is  
normal.

These are either the

**BRAVEST PEOPLE**

or the worse of fools in that  
they can't or won't see what  
Japanese tanks parading up  
Sun Yet Set Boulevard would  
mean for their way of





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

life...little alone to their  
safety and prospects of  
living a long, health

### LIFE OF PLEASURE

I don't see it as brave as  
I have seen brave and it is  
something that you can sense  
by looking in their eyes...  
such people of this

### AURA ABOUT THEM

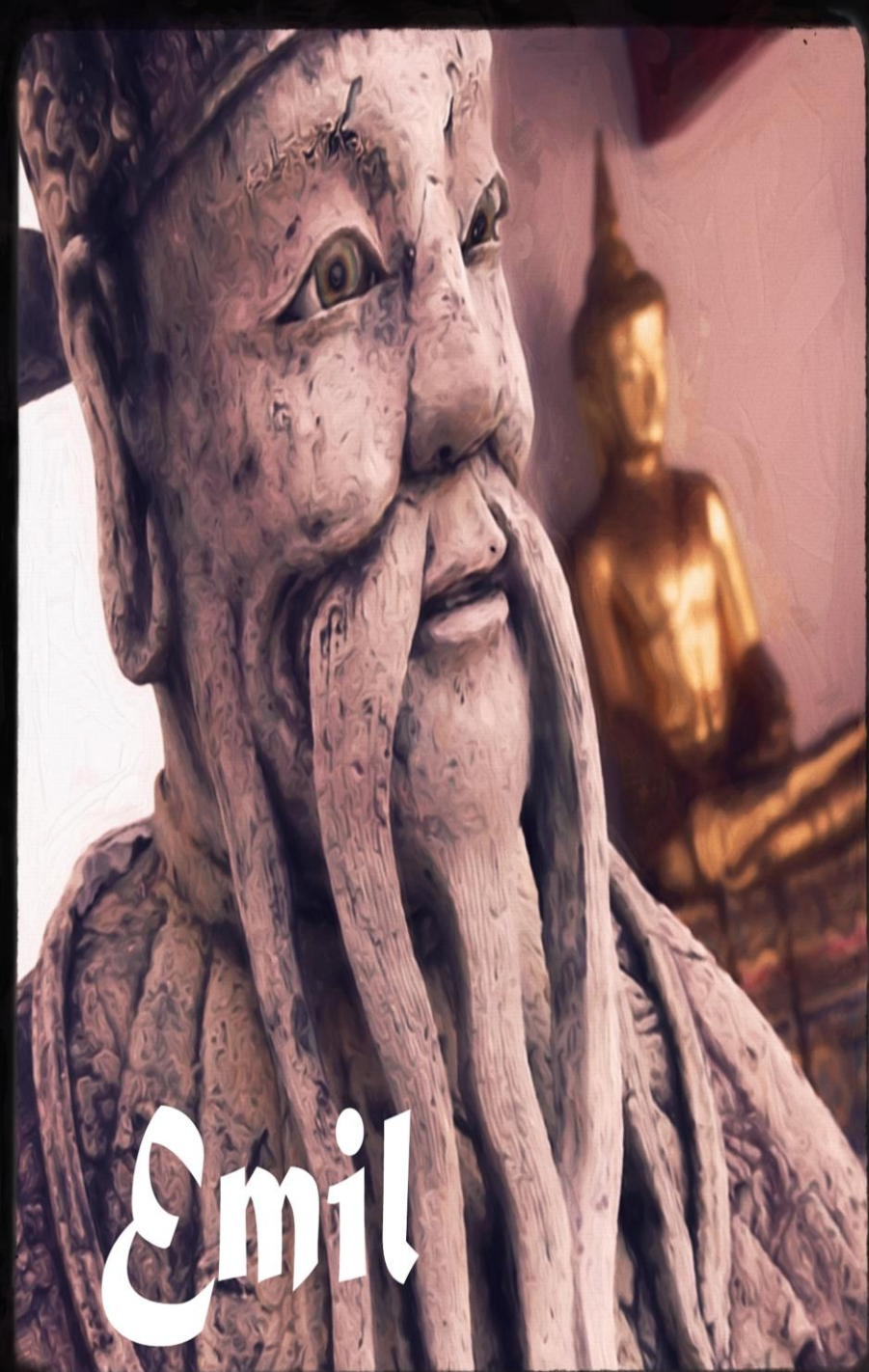
and you can just sense that  
no matter what happens, they  
will come through it and land  
on their feet...it is hard to  
explain but, it is one of the  
survival techniques that you  
had to develop in the death  
trenches, to stay alive.





天女散花





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

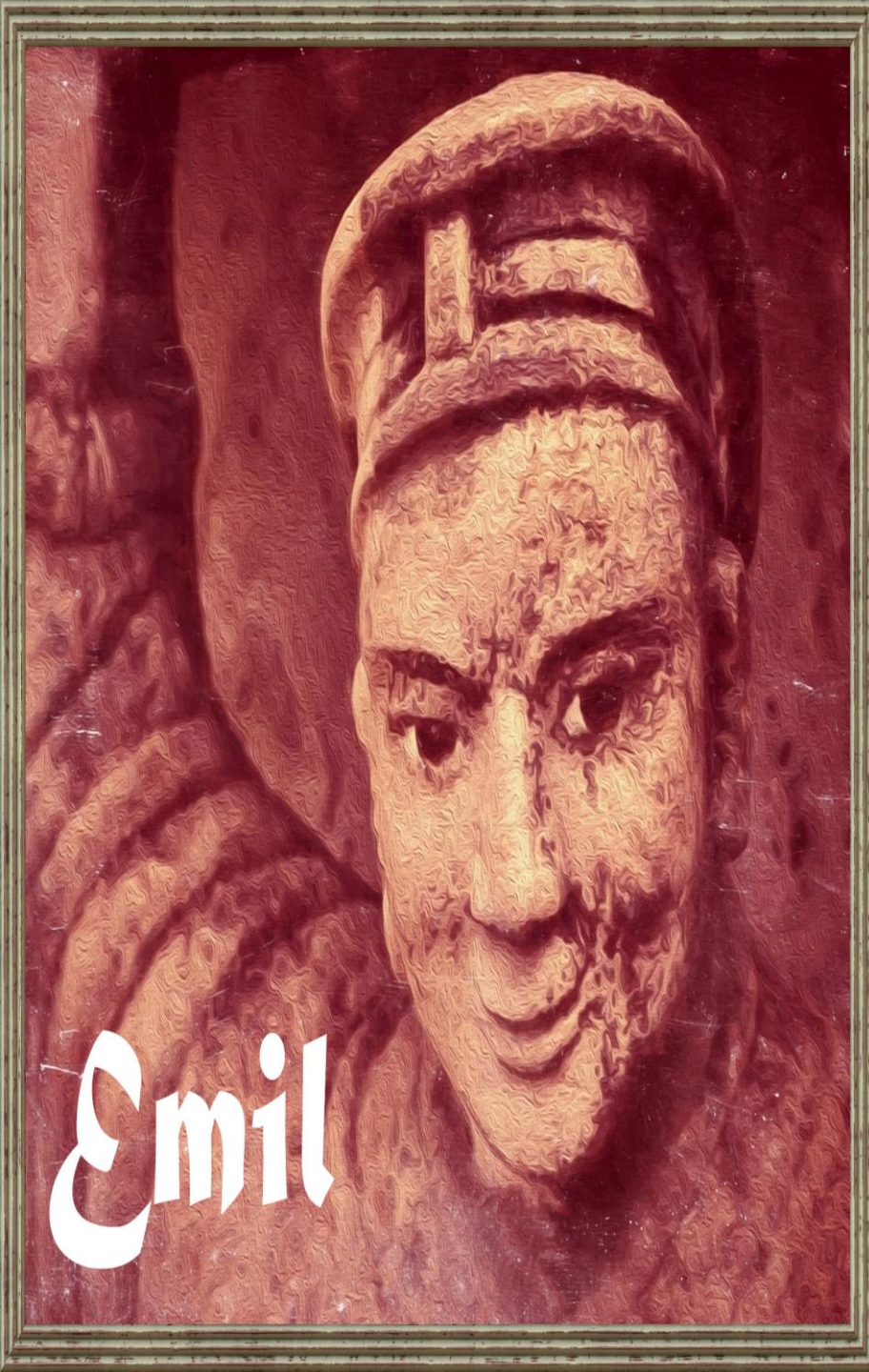
I developed this early on  
and every time I saw one  
of these people,

## I TAGGED ALONG

always paying attention to  
the strict need to go  
unnoticed and so, I stayed  
more than a few steps back  
of their passage in-and-about  
their daily errands but,  
still inside my eye and ear  
sight just in case...

I developed that too up  
there...especially when  
Claudie, Seine and I were up  
there in the Northern Death  
Trenches during the first  
great war.





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

***“Au grand serieux”***

as you always use to start every conversation with me – where I was to be tagged as the rude, the villain or the mere foolish foreign who would never understand

**FRENCH CULTURE**

and thus, understand you...Seriously, these

**TAI PANS**

don't strike me as someone that I would voluntarily elect to follow out into No-Man's Land.









# Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

They don't seem to

## HAVE A CLUE

I have put some thought into this and I remembered back to the philosophy of our great guru, James...about living in the present and it struck me like a lightning bolt that this was what was happening...

these people seem to be  
living out a

## LATE ROMAN

Belief/Vision that there is no tomorrow, no other world or heaven to flee to...Just there here...Just the **NOW!**





Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

*"So be happy and live like  
there is no tomorrow"*

...because there isn't and that  
is why I have the extra sense  
gnawing away at me.

Claudie and even Seine (when  
he is here) are drawn deep  
into this

**SURREALISTIC**

*"Au pays des aveugles les  
borgnes sont rois"*

world where I am the

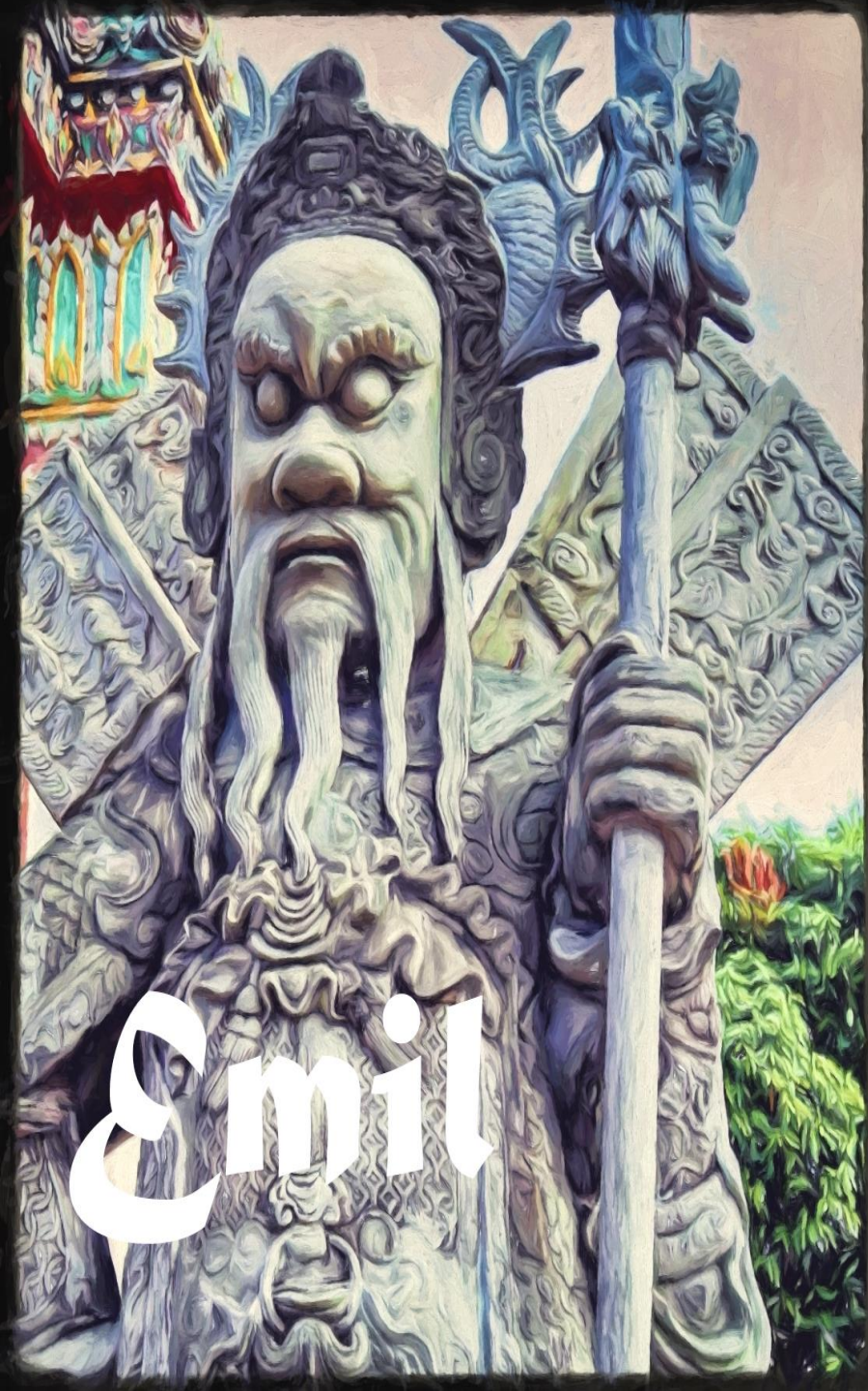
**ODD MAN OUT**

as I have the sight to see  
the true depraved nature  
to these greedy and corrupt









Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Tai Pan Nationalists to plunder, to ravage the local population of even the mere

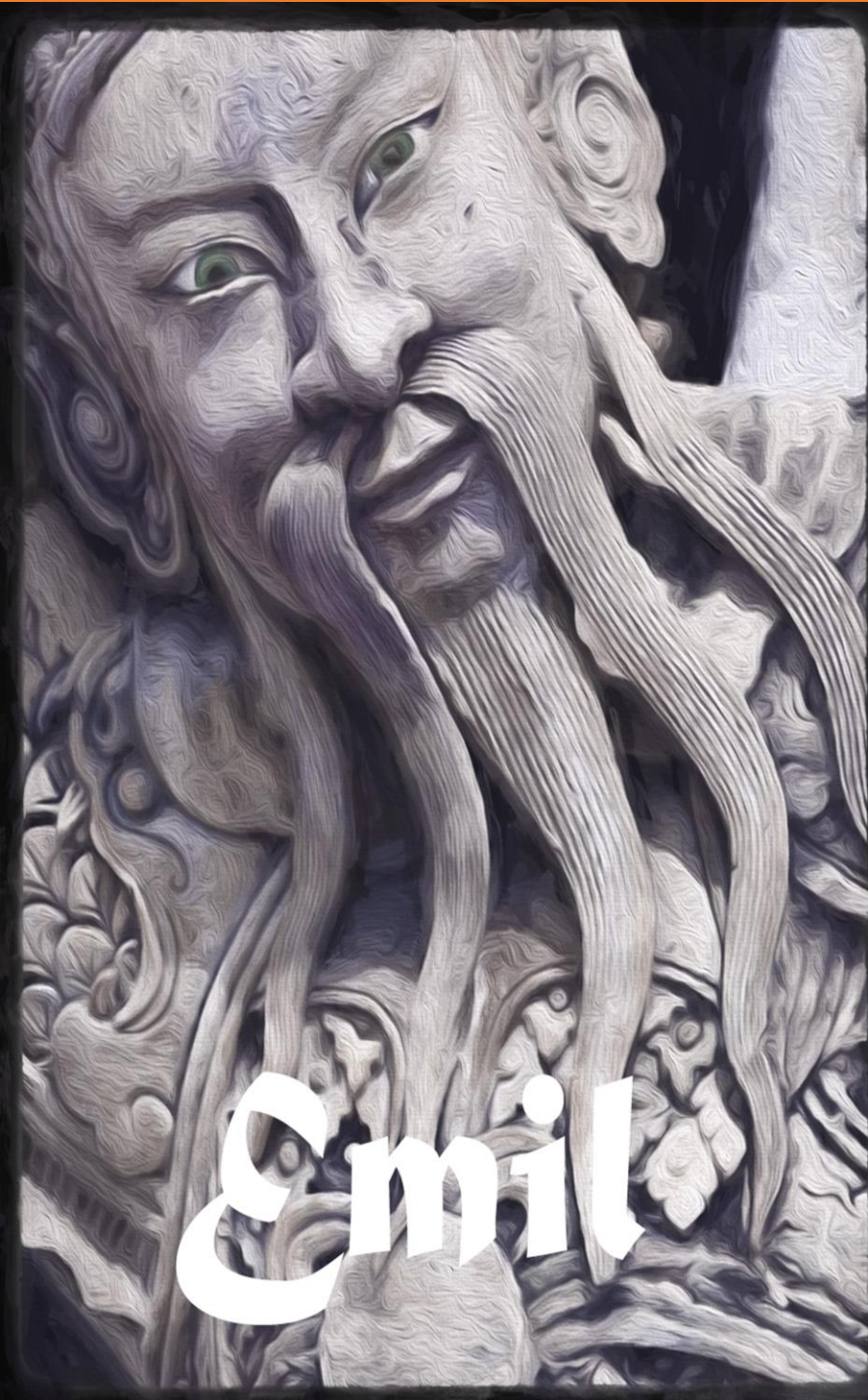
### DREAM OF SURVIVAL

mostly because, they have already made plans to be out of town when the

### JAPANESE TANKS

arrive at the city's gates...leaving with their wagons loaded to the brim with all the city's treasures and wealth that could have been used to aid the survival of (at least) the women and children from the fast approaching Armageddon of Japanese Rape.





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

**ANYWAY...SORRY!**

Don't mean to scare you as you always said that fear was a form of mental illness and I am not insane...I am merely cautious...or as my English Chum says:

**"I am very circumspect about my environment..."**

The Japanese are coming and it will be a very bad day for the vast majority of the people that are to be

**LEFT IN PLACE**

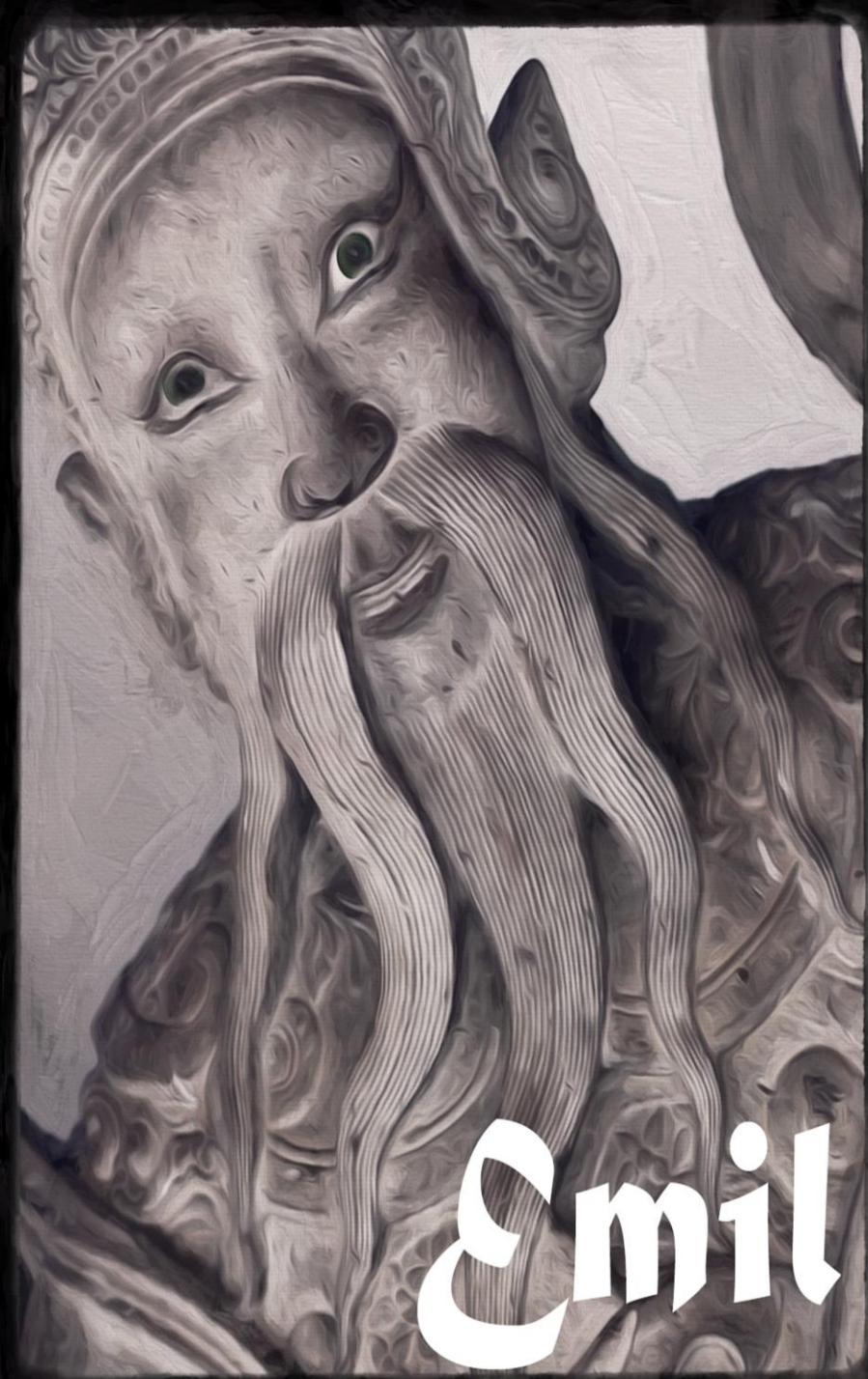
I have been told that it is on purpose, I have heard that the government is going to





Emil





## **GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

use the city's population to  
slow down the Japanese  
advance and aid them in the  
retreat of the main part of  
the army and the government.  
This evacuation and the fact  
that there is a plan is  
unknown to the general  
public...

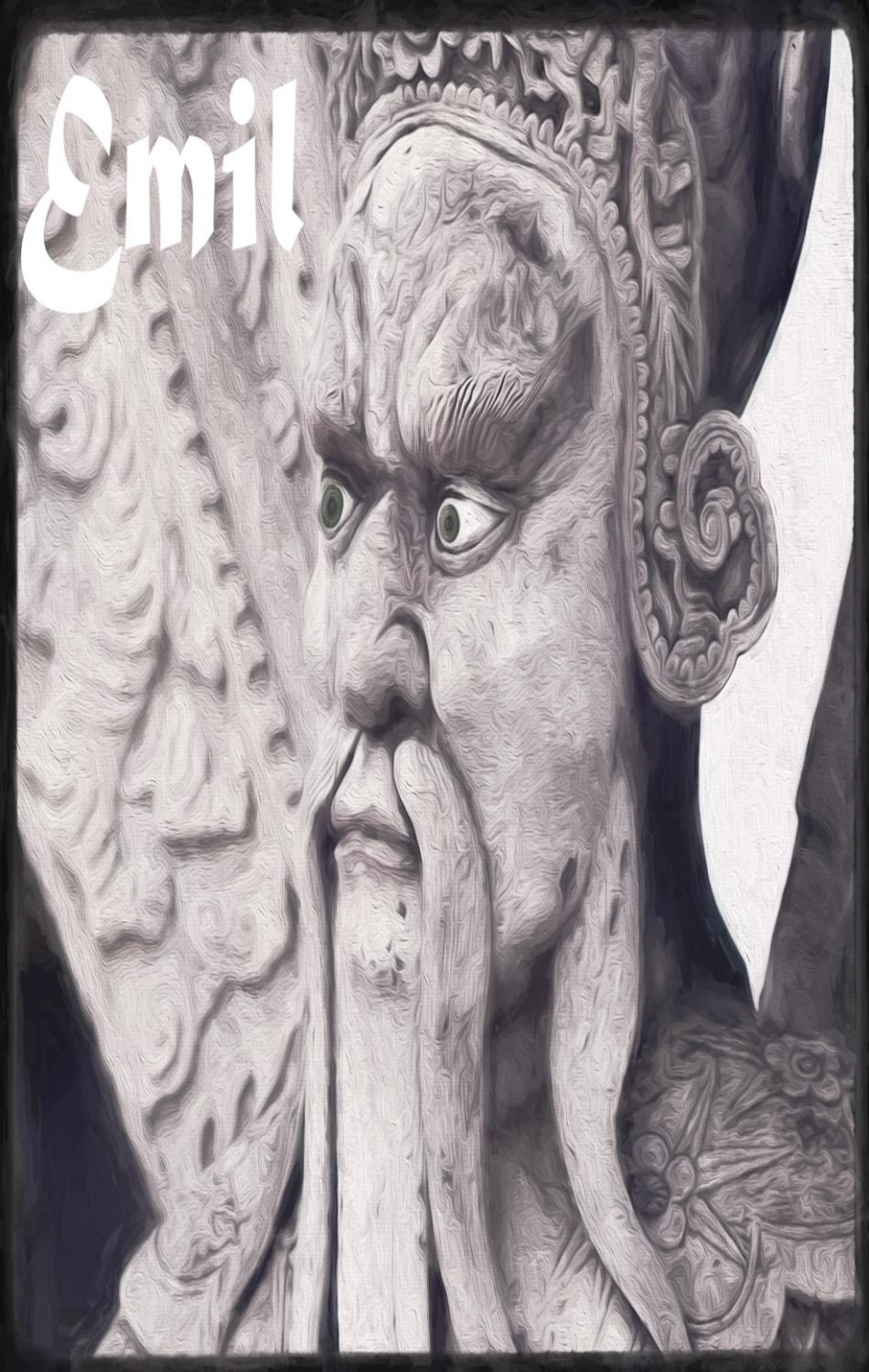
## **FOR GOOD REASON!**

If the population knew that  
they were being left behind  
and that they had been so  
readily written off by the  
vary people swore by oath to

## **DEFEND THEM**

to the death, this would





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

already be a deserted, ghost town...

**TRULY...SERIOUSLY**

know this, anyone with any sense would have already left town or they would have already secured a

**GOLDEN TICKET**

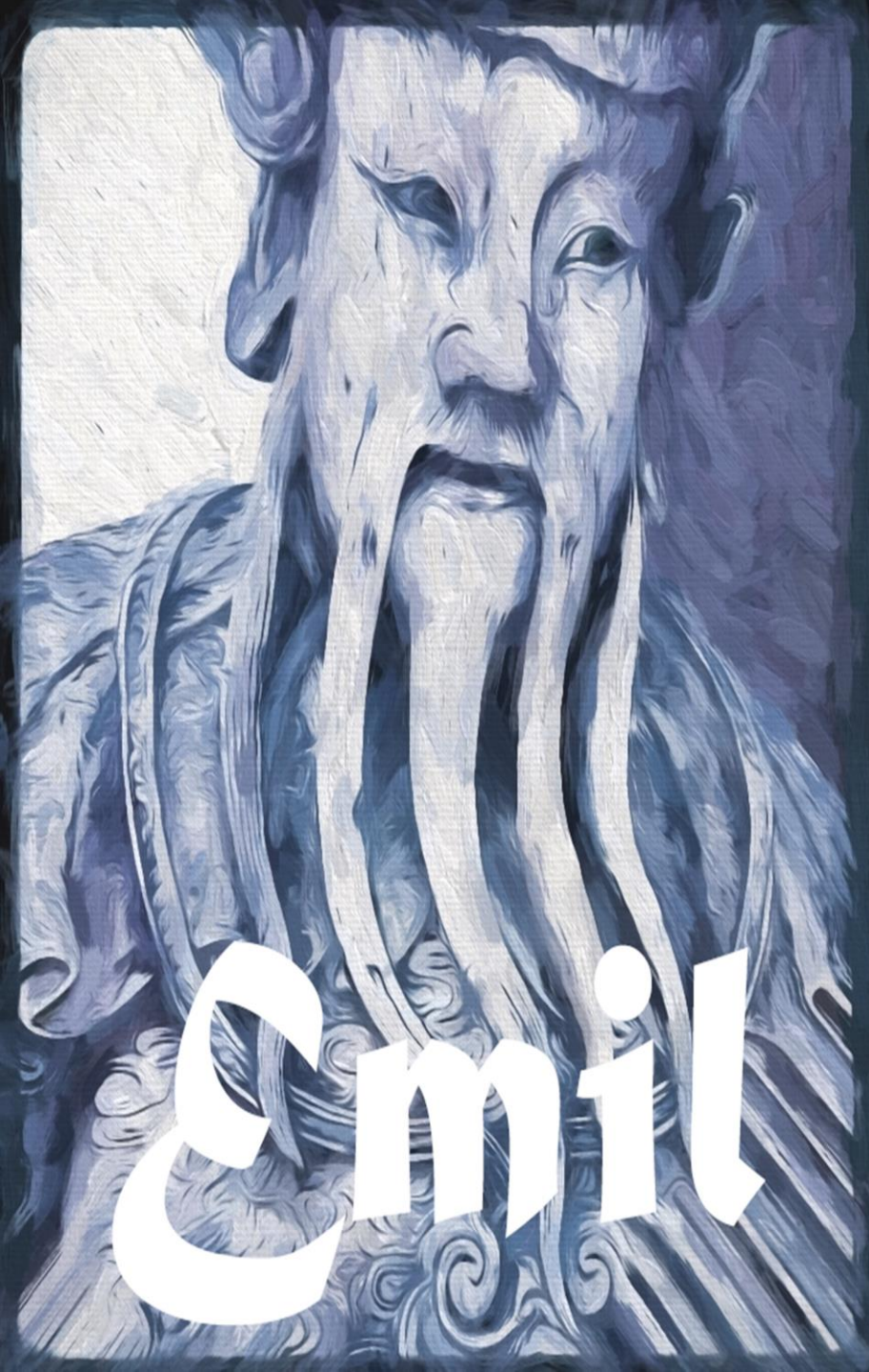
on the last lorries out of this doomed city.

I have seen this before in the trenches of the Great War and you know, each of those fools who tried to live for the moment, they ended up dead and usually, they never went alone...they usually took









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

many of their comrades with  
them. Every time, I look  
around, I get that

**MOJO SENSE**

of the hair standing up on  
the back of my neck...crazy  
phrase, I know doesn't make

**SENSE IN FRENCH**

but, it is like your body  
being filled with an electric  
charge...like the time your  
uncle (the crazy one) stuck  
the fork into the

**WALL SOCKET...**

well, that may be extreme  
but, to a lesser extent, that





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

is what I feel when death  
is stalking near me.  
What will be will be...we have  
secured our golden tickets  
through the connections that

**CHEF CHIANG**

has with the government.  
YES! We are no better than  
those corrupt Tai Pans and  
we should be spreading the  
word...sounding the warning...  
shouting from

**THE ROOF TOPS**

but, then, we aren't.  
I know you question how  
I have come to this advanced  
information about the





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

betrayal of the city of

**NANKING**

being this underpaid,  
starving artist working in  
some hooch bar...fair question!

It is because I am a

**STARVING ARTIST**

working at five francs per  
portrait in a hooch bar  
(where it just happens to the  
city's Tai Pan Society party)  
and because they see me as  
a starving artist, they don't  
see me as a threat to their  
security.

I listen and occasional talk





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with the mistresses of the  
Tai Pans as I do their  
portraits. This is how I knew  
to be saving every franc  
I could and to become real  
close to Chef Chiang.

### SEVERAL PAGES AGO

I started to give you an  
update on those English  
Professors and their  
discovery of not a lost city  
but, a far greater event...

### A LOST CIVILIZATION

that may...they said, just  
may...predate the unification  
of China by the first  
emperor...they have discovered  
remains of a series of





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

cities, pyramids

**(YES! PYRAMIDS!)**

And a complex of tunnels  
and caves in the hills  
surrounding mountains that  
may hold a depository of  
records from the

**NEARBY RUINS**

They have been working with  
several Tibetan monks, yogis  
and this rather odd English  
Adventurist...I think, his name

**COLONEL CHURCHWARD**

or something like that...

as I only have met him  
in an odd, random passing.

(OK! I lied about not knowing





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the Colonel or elected to  
share that we shared a  
checker past...like sorry!)

I used my great charm to

## WEED MY WAY

into the confidences of these  
distinguished gentlemen by my  
great ability to cut through  
government red tape and that  
I was able to assist them in  
getting their digging permits  
before the government falls  
totally apart in the coming  
evacuation. Well!

## TO BE TRUTHFUL

I used Chef Chiang's  
connections but, I did have



# Emil







**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

to pay (an unreasonable fee)  
to get the documents  
stamped...access to

**PRIVILEGE**

is costly...this time more than  
money, in this case, it is to  
be my time and effort in  
painting free portraits for  
the next two weeks,

**HERE AT THE CLUB**

Anyway, I am in on the actual  
expedition and they are  
making plans to leave soon...  
they are sensible, educated  
men and see that they do not  
want to get caught here by a  
sudden Japanese Advance.





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Out of paper and the post  
is about to arrive...

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

the postman still shows up  
every day at noon...guess that  
he has been doing it all his  
life and wouldn't know how  
to do anything different but,  
thank God that this is the  
rule amongst the average  
person on the street and that  
has kept the city functioning  
on a near normal

### LEVEL OF LIFE

Going to be taking a break  
from Nanking as the  
expedition is leaving









## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

tomorrow morning and I will be gone for almost a month as we will be journeying out to the site of the discovery hidden in the Gobi Desert. Where we are going is hard to say but, they have made the trip several times now and

## THEY TELL ME

that it will take us about a week to get there. Primary, we will be traveling by

## ARMY TRUCKS

that they purchased from Chef Chiang's connection with enough petrol to get us there





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with the tonnage of supplies that need to be taken to kept the site up and running.

They have spent a lot of

### ENGLISH CURRENCY

to secure this tonnage of goods and merchandize but, as they said they need to think in terms that Nanking may not be a repeat trip with the

### DRUMS OF WAR

resting right outside of the city's gates.

*"Plan ahead"* was their moto and mantra as they were spreading the cash around rather freely.



Emil







Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

I will be back unless they  
are right and there is no  
Nanking to return to or at  
least one that I

**WOULD WANT TO**

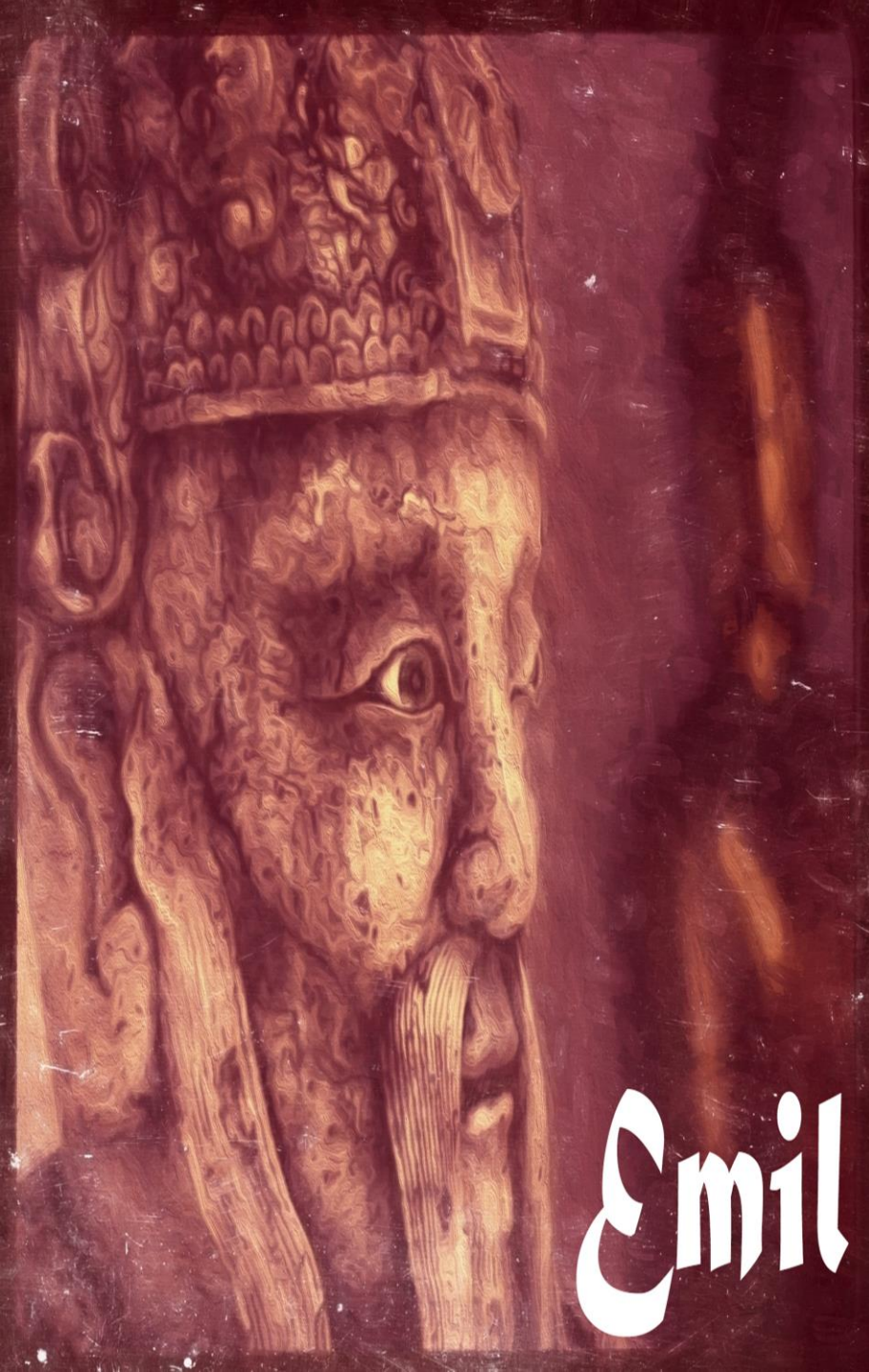
This might be problematic as  
I am no longer in procession  
of the proper paper work of  
passports and visas to exit  
through Soviet Russia.

I am told not to worry as  
they have enough connections  
to get me through Tibet and  
down to India...

**WORSE CASE**

they say.





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

This odd Colonel Churchward character seems to be rather well connected in India as a former officer in the Royal Army and he said that should be the least of my worries.

**“LEAST OF MY WORRIES?”**

I had to ask. He went on to explain, we had more to fear from bandits, local angry warlords and a few rouge Nationalist or Communist bands that populate the caravan routes that we will be traveling.

**“WHATZ???”**

*“Nothing to worry about...”*



A portrait of a person with a heavily textured, cracked, and peeling face, possibly made of clay or plaster. The person is wearing an orange headband with blue and white patterns. The background is a deep blue. The name "Emil" is written in white, stylized script in the top right corner.

# Emil





# Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

I have discovered that is the Colonel's favorite line but,  
it makes me pause with  
wonder...

**IF EVERYTHING**

is not worth worrying  
about...maybe, just maybe,  
everything was worth a worry  
unless you are some crazy  
English Colonel who may have  
spent too much time out in  
the noon day sun.

Anyway, we are carrying arms  
**(RIFLES AND SIDE ARMS)**

and we have a unit of  
Nationalist troops dedicated  
to traveling with us...they, in





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

fact, worry me more than

## **THE BANDITS**

I told Claudie and Seine to  
hold my seat on the lorry  
just in case, the Japs decide  
to wait out

## **THE MONSOON**

before they take the city.  
There is a lot of crazy talk  
about the Americans and  
Germans to keep the  
International Community here  
in Nanking as a

**“FREE ZONE...”**

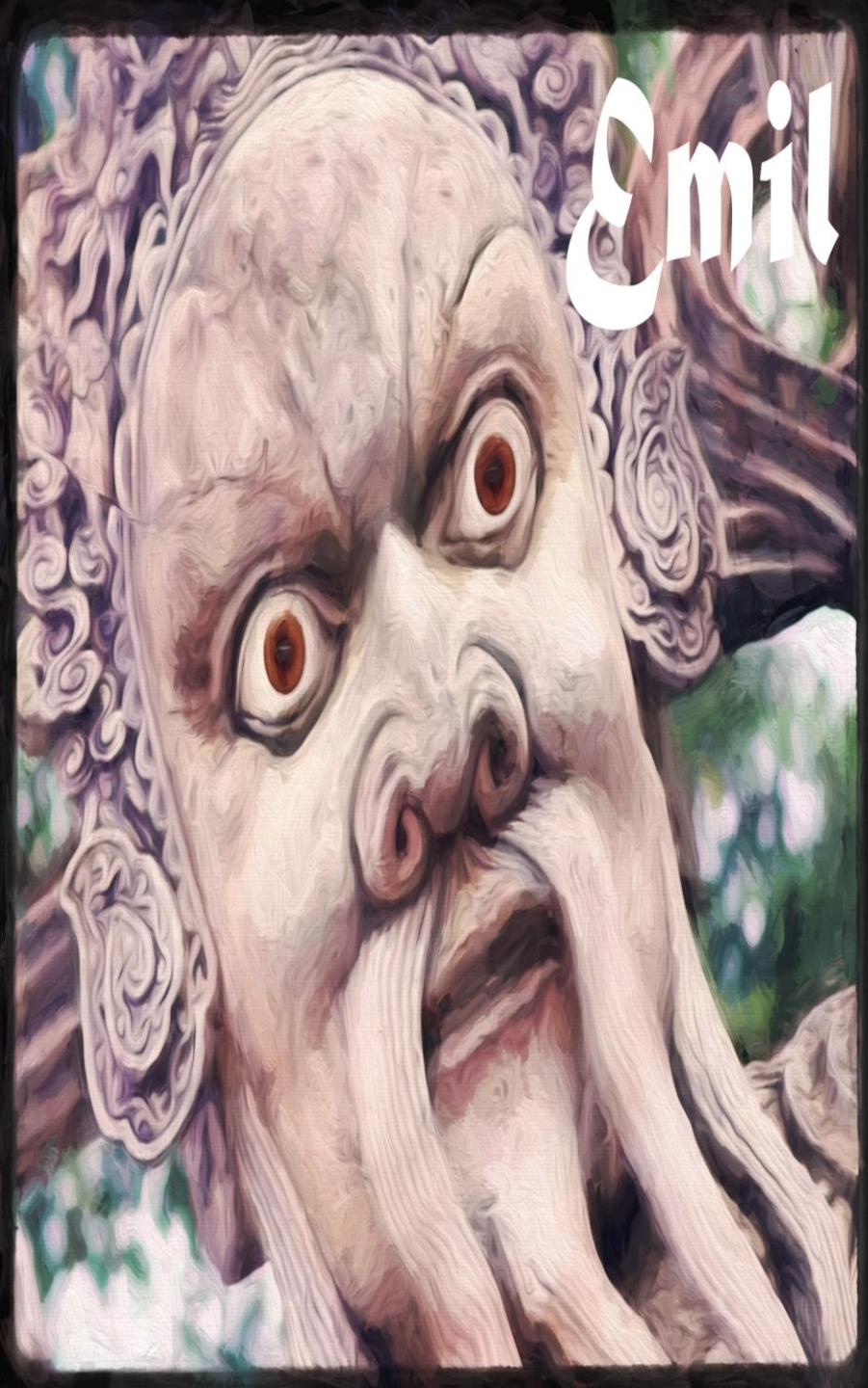
Free Zone, right? How well



Emil







**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

has that worked for shanghai?  
I'm excited as this is the  
real thing and having had  
some rather

**LONG CONVERSATIONS**

with the Tibetan Monks has  
taught me that everything we  
learned in school was

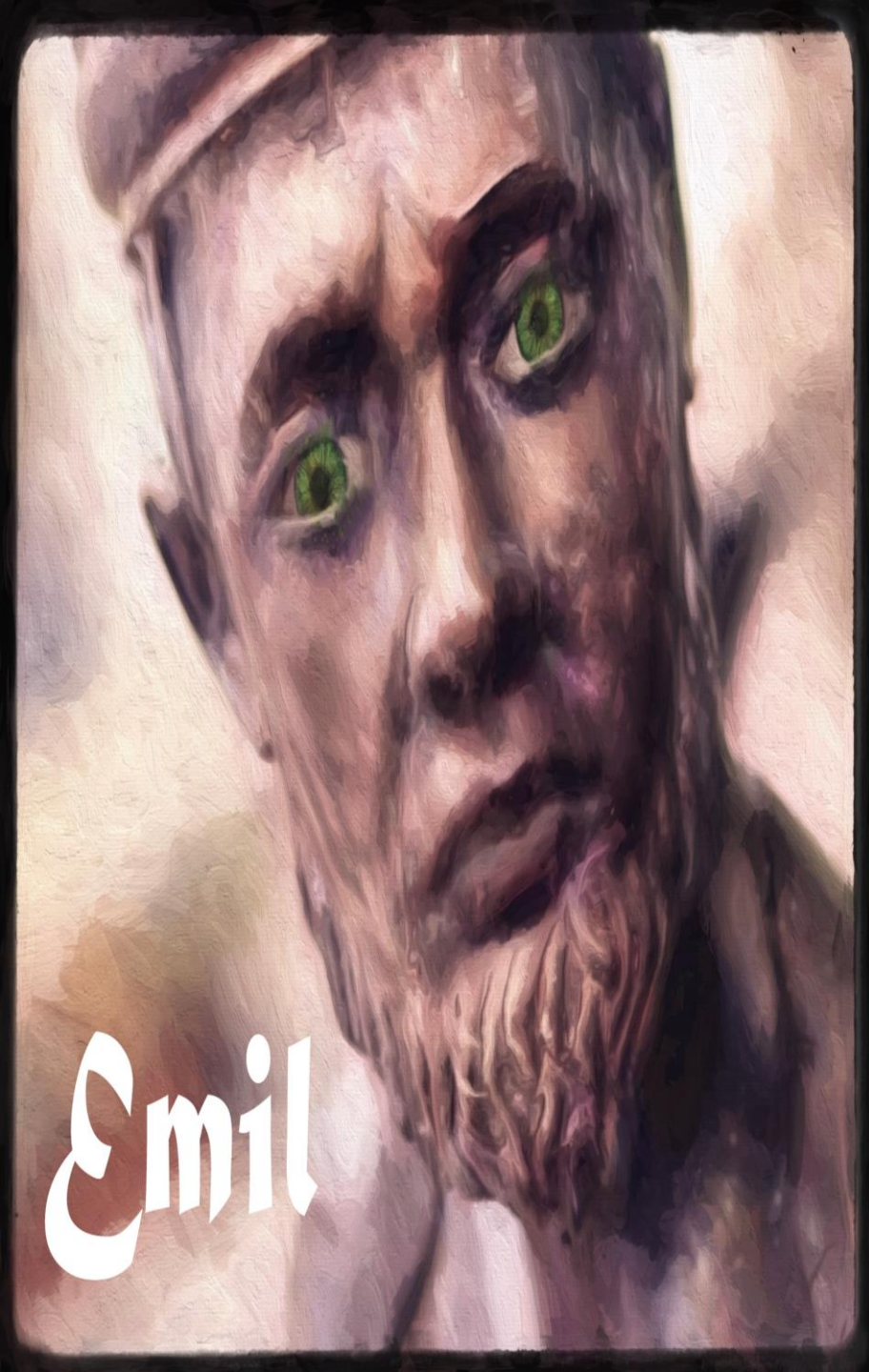
**FAKE OR DISTORTED**

about the early history of  
the world. They talked about  
the times of the Uyghurs as  
a golden age when the Gobi  
wasn't a great desert but a

**GARDEN OF LAKES**

rivers and great mountains of  
Ice Rivers.





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

I asked them as to why the Uyghurs were not in the history books and they explained that they were once in the true history of the creation of the world but

**THOSE RECORDS**

had been destroyed by the Yellow Emperor when he unified the Southern Provinces to form

**MODERN CHINA**

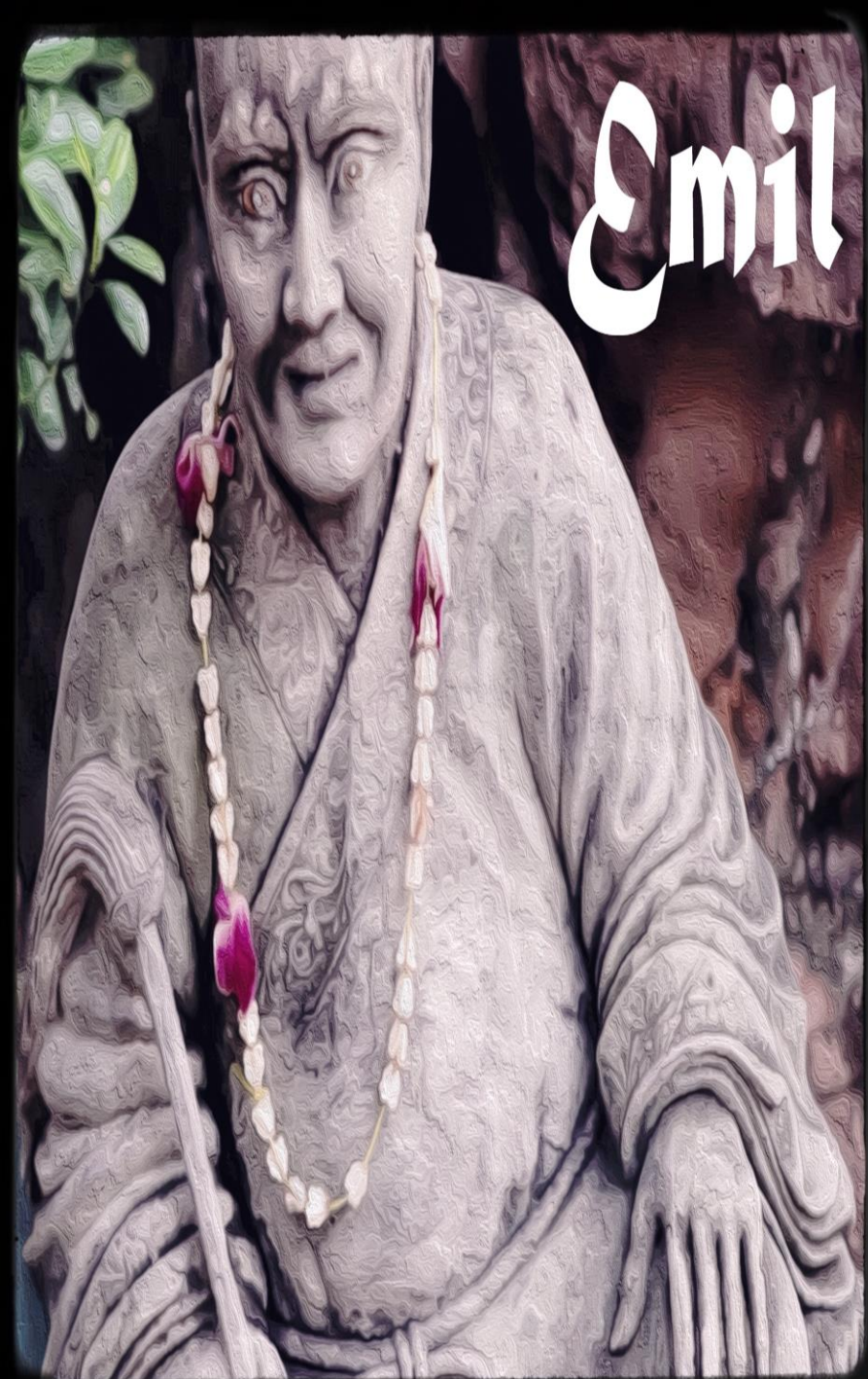
In fact, they told me that he so hated and feared the Uyghurs that he vowed to destroy every record or





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

reminder of their

# **CIVILIZATION**

His soldiers burned all of  
the libraries, put to sword  
both temples and sites of  
learning.

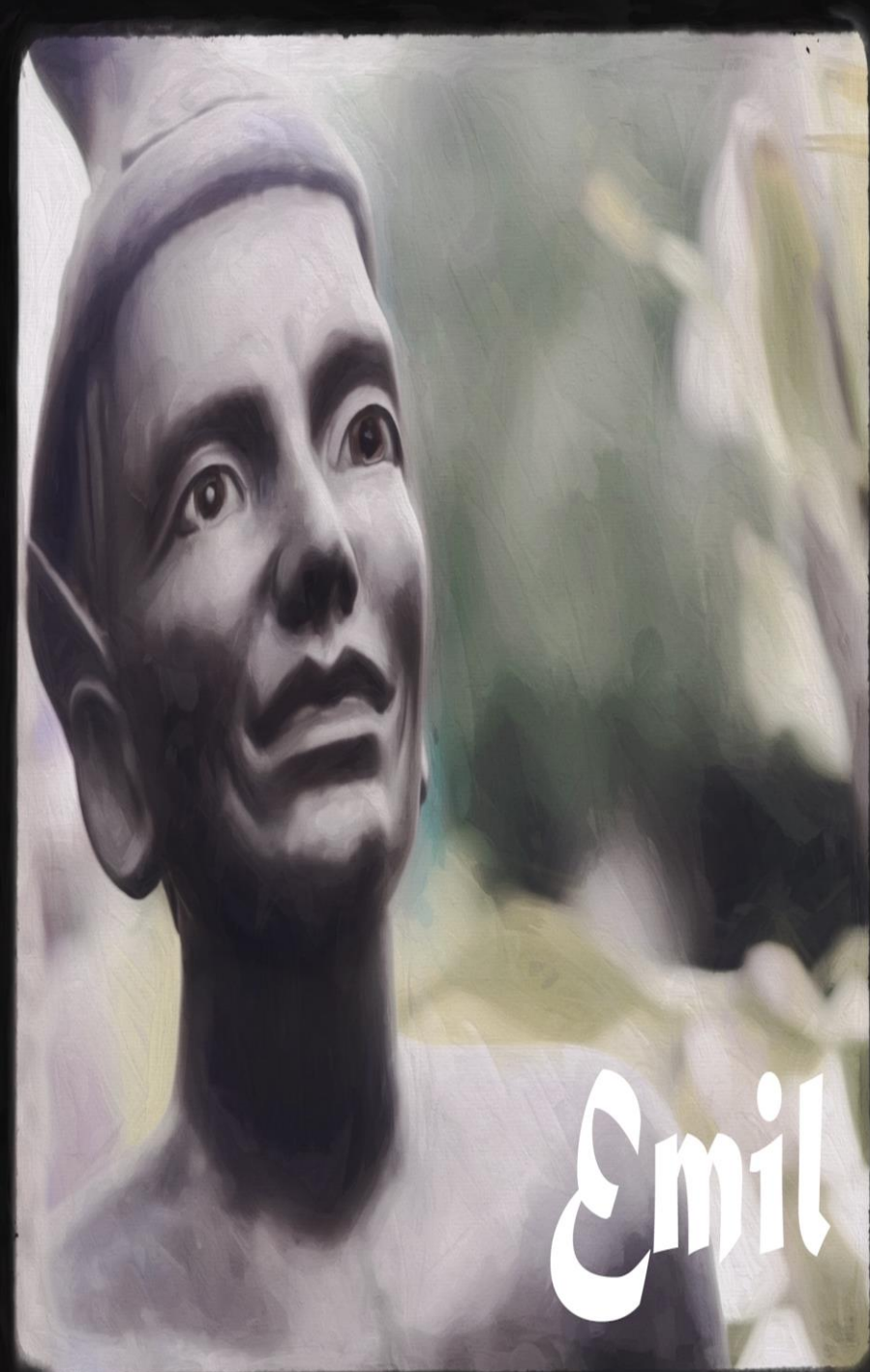
In a single sloop, he created

# **A GENERATION**

without a past...he vowed to  
destroy its every vestige and  
made it punishable by death  
to merely speak the ancient  
language or retell its many  
tales of greatness.

In that single stroke of his  
pen, he restarted history





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

with him alone as the founder  
and father of the greatness  
that had been China for

**THOUSANDS OF YEARS**

This part of the story made  
sense as wasn't it just the  
same as Caesar had tried to  
do with the destruction of  
the great library at

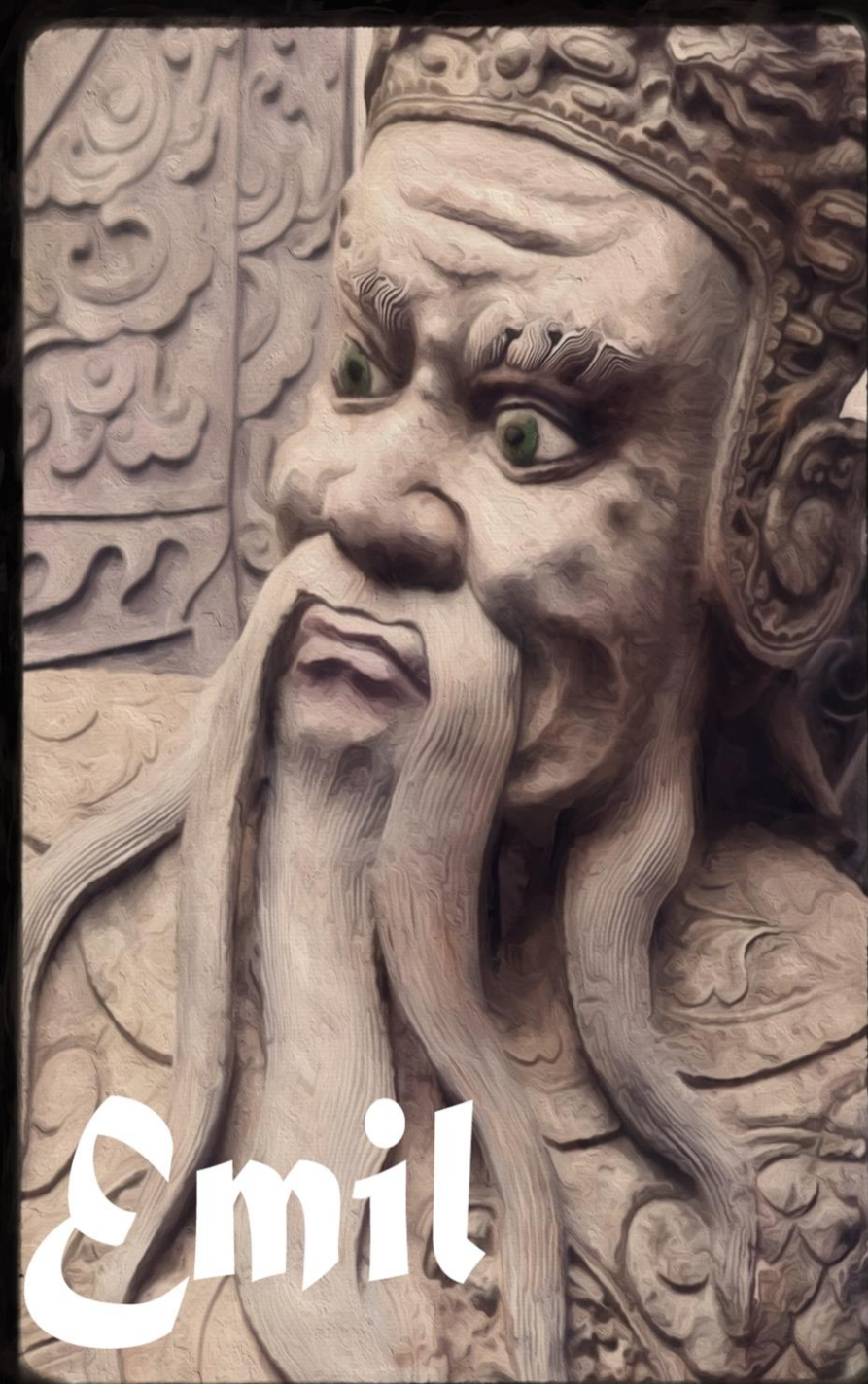
**ALEXANDRIA?**

Hadn't the Conquistadors  
destroyed the ancient  
libraries of the Aztec, Incas  
and Mayans to prevent their  
cultures from having a rally  
point and a chance to rise  
again against the  
Spanish Yoke?









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

How the Gobi, which next to the Sahara, is the greatest desert in the world...

How could it have been

**A GARDEN?**

That is going to take some convincing evidence to pass

**THE SMELL TEST**

But, then again, if the ruins are as massive and widespread out in the area as they claim, there must have had some great source of water to support such large populations.

I won't know until we get





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

there and I have a chance

**TO LOOK AROUND**

I offered Claudie a chance to come but, he just looked at me like I was crazy...

*"Leave a perfectly good hotel with indoor plumbing to go look at a bunch of rocks (ruins) out in the middle of the biggest desert in the world...and there isn't any treasure to loot...are you crazy or are you kidding?"*

We leave in the early morning as the professors want to be on the road before dawn so we can travel as far as we can





# Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

away from Nanking and the  
chance of a Jap air strike

## **ON OUR CONVOY**

I am leaving this letter with  
Chef Chiang. I hope he mails  
it as he is still rather  
upset with me for skipping  
town owing him two weeks of  
free portraits...but, then, I  
got him a piece of the action  
in outfitting the expedition,  
so, I figure we are square!

## **HAD A CONVERSATION**

with Herr Smith today here at  
the club as he was trying to  
sell his goods and services  
to the professors (not





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

knowing that I had already  
made a deal through Chef  
Chiang's connections).  
He is a rather odd but

**NICE GUY**

for a German. He had spent  
his own time on the other  
side of some of same trenches  
where Claudie and I were

**HUNKERED DOWN**

In many ways, we share a  
common story and I have to  
admit that there isn't any  
tension nor hard feelings  
that I normally would feel





Emil





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

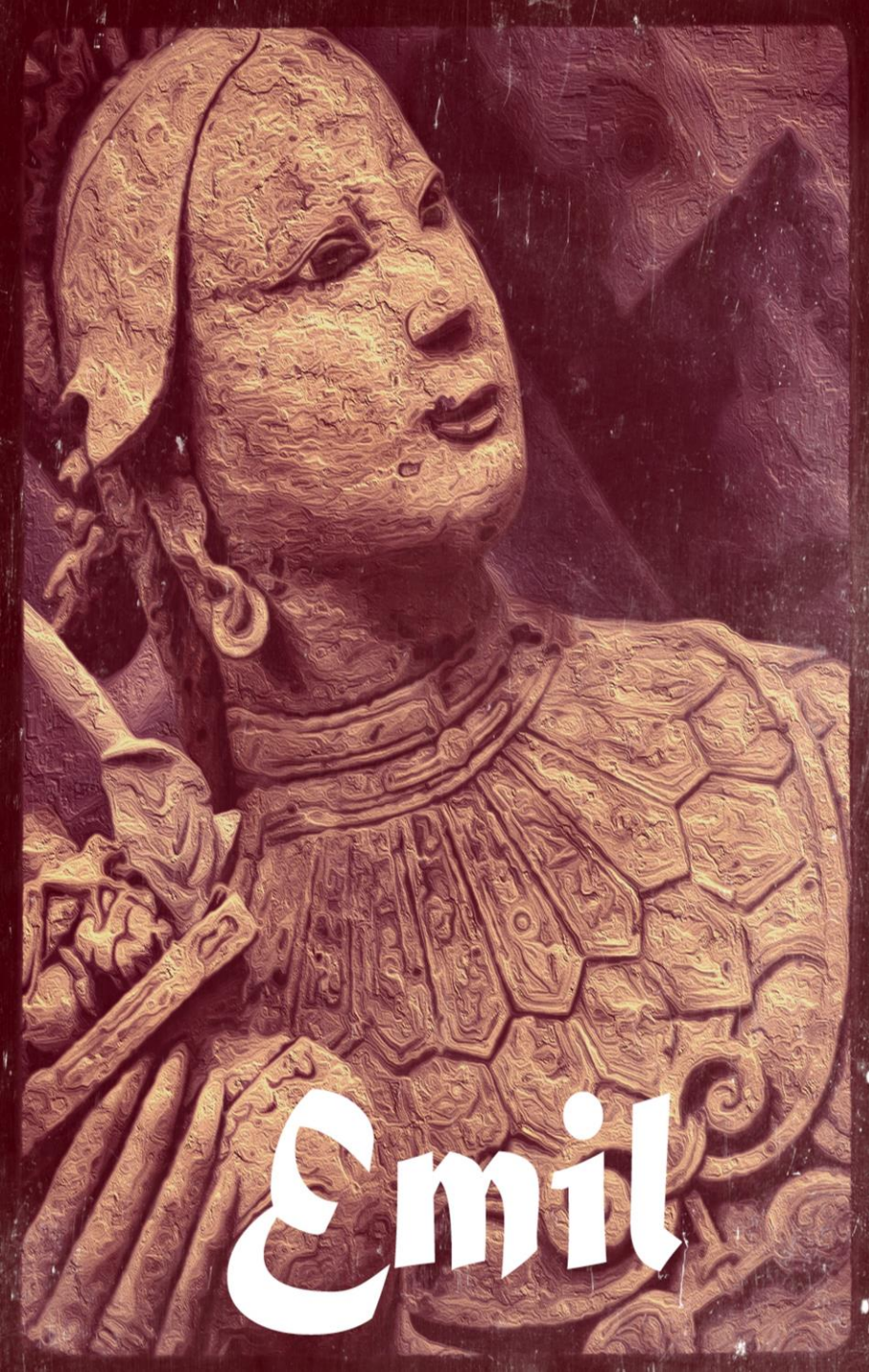
around just a regular German.  
How he ended up at the end of  
the world with the rest of us  
is a story worthy of

## ITS OWN BOOK

Maybe, he will live long  
enough to write it. He had  
been a somewhat successful  
German Business Man with a  
somewhat nasty, degenerate  
urge to chase young Chinese  
Flappers all through the  
club, every night, like some  
kind of lost puppy looking  
for a new owner/mistress.

Don't think he was ever  
successful in catching many  
as he was not an attractive





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

man with a rather large beer belly and graying, bushy mustache that the young Chinese Girls said was

***“LESBIAN”***

...the actual phrase doesn't translate very good but, I hope you get the reference.

He isn't worried about the Japs and I guess that makes some sense since the Germans and the Japanese seem such a great (but still odd) friends.

He is talking about closing up shop as the Nazis have stop filtering through





Emil





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Nanking on their way to and

**FROM TIBET**

He said that for the past ten years, this had been the most profitable part of his business dealings in outfitting their expeditions and they always paid top dollar...and paid in gold...who wouldn't love customers

**LIKE THAT?**

His biggest frustration was those damn Chinese Business Men who would set up factories right next to his





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and manufacture the very same things as he was and then, sell it at less than he did.

## HE WAS TIRED

of this and he said

*"To be truthful..."*

that the only reason why he was hanging around so long was to see the Japanese put his competition out of business...leaving him the

## ONLY GAME IN TOWN.

*"And if it doesn't work out..."*

he said that he and his son (now 17 years old and a student at the International School here in Nanking) would



Emil







**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

be returning to Germany to  
start a new business.

**“NEW BUSINESS?”**

I asked.

He told me that Germany has  
built the world's greatest  
and most modern

**AIR FLEET**

and that meant that they have  
a lot of pilots who will need  
fur lining for their flight  
suits (and something rather  
odd about space suits).

He said that as a child, he  
was raised on a rabbit farm  
and that rabbit fur was the





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

best natural fur for keeping

**ITS WARMTH**

So, in fact, he was going to  
restart the family's old  
business with a special  
contract to the

**GERMAN AIR FORCE**

Thanks to the connections he  
had made with some top Nazi  
who was pleased by his work

**HERE IN CHINA**

I didn't have the heart to  
tell him that I was in  
business with those crooked,  
Chinese Business Men and that









# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I had cut him out of yet another deal...little alone what my deal was with the expedition or what they

## WERE SEEKING

My great grand dad, who served on many a tramp steamer in the Caribbean before being pressed into service by the

## UNION NAVY

to service the blockade of Southern port cities during the Great War between the American States always said  
*"Loose lips sink ships!"*





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

And, I don't want to sink  
this ship...until I return...  
I am still missing you.

**DON'T WORRY...!**

I had hoped to keep a journal  
to record the daily travel to  
the expedition's site in the  
far reaches of the

**GOBI DESERT**

but, faith, the weather and  
a rather rude, young  
Nationalist Solider in urgent  
need of toilet paper did  
their best to put an end to  
any such silly a thought  
about doing a book about this  
adventure.





Emil





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

The Nationalist Soldiers were for the most part young recruits with dare I say,

**WITH VERY LITTLE**

or no formal military training. But, I was thankful that they made the journey with us. Not in regards to their ability to protect us...which I have my serious reserves about...

**A QUICK OVERVIEW**

of them as a group would help you understand why the Japanese were winning the war. They were a sorry lot of soldiers, mostly young but





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

there were a few that you could tell had grown up in the city's brutal Clans or worst out on the street without the protection of the Clans.

It would be hard to imagine

## THEIR ABILITY

to march or drill in a straight line little alone defend us in any practical way other than as a physical shield. You could wisely bet that at the very first sign of trouble they would disappear to the winds or worse yet, kills us all in our sleep and taking off with all our treasures.



Emil







Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

The only thing that (I truly believe) kept them trudging along with us was the fact that they had nowhere else to go that was as safe as

### THEY WERE WITH US

Should they go back, they would be the first killed in the battle of Nanking without the Tai Pan Generals even breaking a sweat.

They couldn't go north-east unless they wanted to get conscripted into the

### COMMUNIST GANGS

that controlled vast areas of the wasteland of that area.





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

They couldn't go west as they lacked funds or paperwork to get across the Soviet borders

**(SOUND FAMILIAR?)**

Their best hope was to stay with us as we had food, water and other than an occasional scavenger, we had yet to encounter the dreaded bands of bandits that

**COLONEL CHURCHWARD**

warned were just up ahead, around the next bend. He truly is a strange man. He is a military man of good upbringing in that classic English School of

*"A Gentleman's Duty"*



# Emil







Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

that I had so often seen in  
the Northern Death Trenches.  
Most of them actually gave  
their lives rather quickly

**FOR GOD-KING**

and the military, political  
industry that lead a  
generation of factory workers  
to their early deaths in the  
trenches of Northern France  
in the name of

**FREE TRADE!**

This is maybe the real reason  
as to why so many felt so  
unconvertable with the good  
Colonel and his style.





Emil

## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Most of our little group of Colonials never took the time nor the opportunity to spend any time in getting to know the Colonel maybe, because he didn't share a common thread with the rest of our expedition by his lack of service in the

## GREAT WAR

*(He never got to the war)*

This brought into question his true measure of real trustworthiness; regardless that he had served with distinction with the Colonial Army Command and rose up from



A painting of a man in traditional Malay attire, including a purple long-sleeved shirt, a green vest with pink and blue circular patterns, a red sash, and a gold belt buckle. He wears a gold and blue headband and a small earring. He is standing in a park-like setting with a large tree on the left and a traditional building in the background. The name 'Emil' is written in white cursive in the bottom left corner.

Emil





Emil

**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

the enlisted ranks to the  
rank of a

**FULL COLONEL**

(and that he did so without  
any patronage – which could  
never have happened in  
England Proper).

**NONE OF THAT REGISTERED**

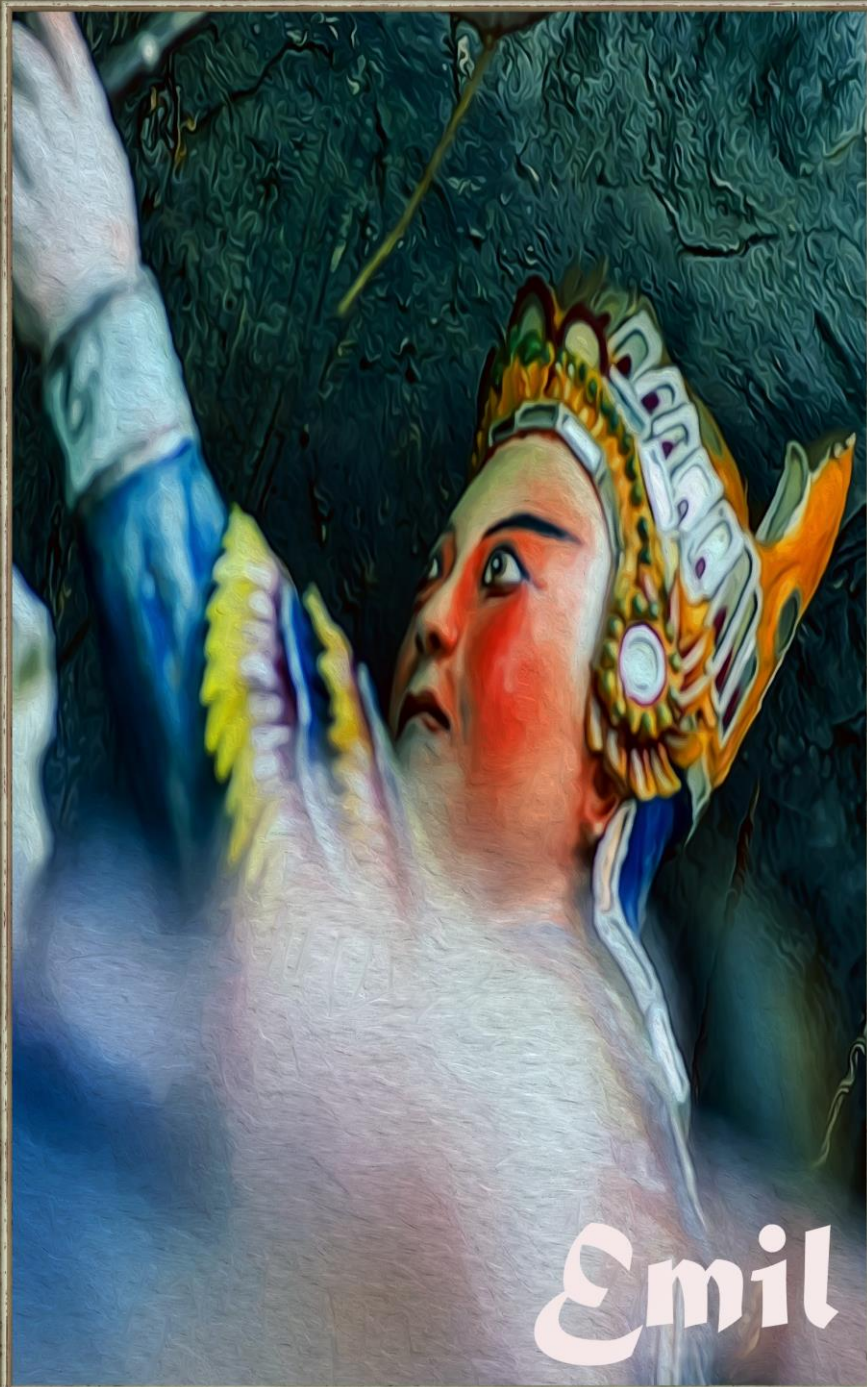
as he has not been tested by  
the blood of our battle.

**WOULD HE STAND**

tall or buckle and run when  
faced with any serious threat  
from bandits or rouge  
military units.

This uncertainty made us feel





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

uneasy in his company or to  
trust his declarations about  
how to deal with threats to

**OUR SECURITY**

I may now be a failed,  
**STARVING ARTIST**

from a hooch club in Nanking  
but, there was a time, when  
I was tested and I stood true  
to Claudie, Seine and my  
fellow comrades unlike

**OUR COLONEL**

Although, I did reserve any  
mention of our separate peace  
treaty with the Germans and  
that there might still be





Emil





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

arrest warrants awaiting if we ever returned. Otherwise, the group felt me to be a rather solid and trustable asset.

The first real challenges were yet to come and as we travelled for two more days through this

## WILDERNESS KINGDOM

everywhere was total poverty and it didn't take much to see the true wretchedness of its scattered inhabitants which seemed rather odd given the fact that the professors tell me that this part of the country is naturally endowed





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

with astonishing wealth,  
especially in gold and

## **SILVER MINES**

My question back was to the  
effect, if this area is so  
rich then why are the people  
so desperately poor?

Who controls the mines?

Who controls the wealth?

*"There is not a clean answer  
and it depends upon which day  
of the week that you ask..."*

was their answer back to me.

This was their first

## **AREA OF CONCERN**

as the area had occasioned  
many of its worst calamities









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

from warlords or the  
government.

**NOTWITHSTANDING**

the rigorous government  
prohibition to work these  
mines, they explained to us  
that it was not out of the  
question that we would find  
large bands of

**CHINESE OUTLAWS**

assembled together, and  
marching, sword in hand,  
to dig into them.

We were told that these  
outlaws professed to be  
endowed with a peculiar  
capacity for discovering the





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

precious metals, guided,  
according to their own  
account, by the conformation  
of mountains, and the sorts  
of plants they produce.

## IT WAS SAID THAT:

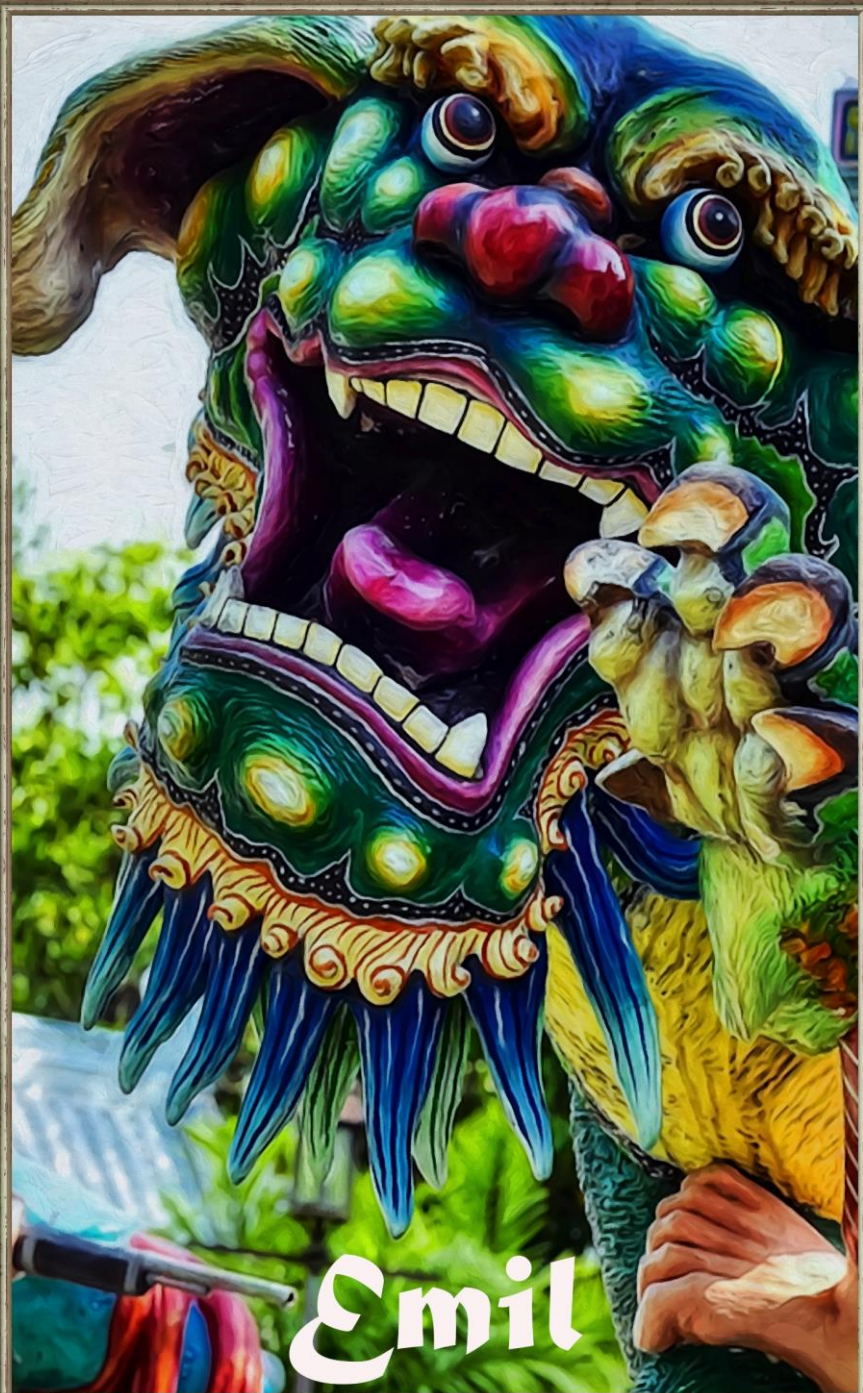
*"One single man, possessed of  
this fatal gift, will suffice  
to spread desolation over a  
whole district. He speedily  
finds himself at the head of  
thousands and thousands of  
outcasts, who overspread the  
country, and render it the  
theatre of every crime."*

While some bandits are  
occupied in working the mines  
others pillage the









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

surrounding districts,  
sparing neither persons nor  
property, and committing  
excesses which the

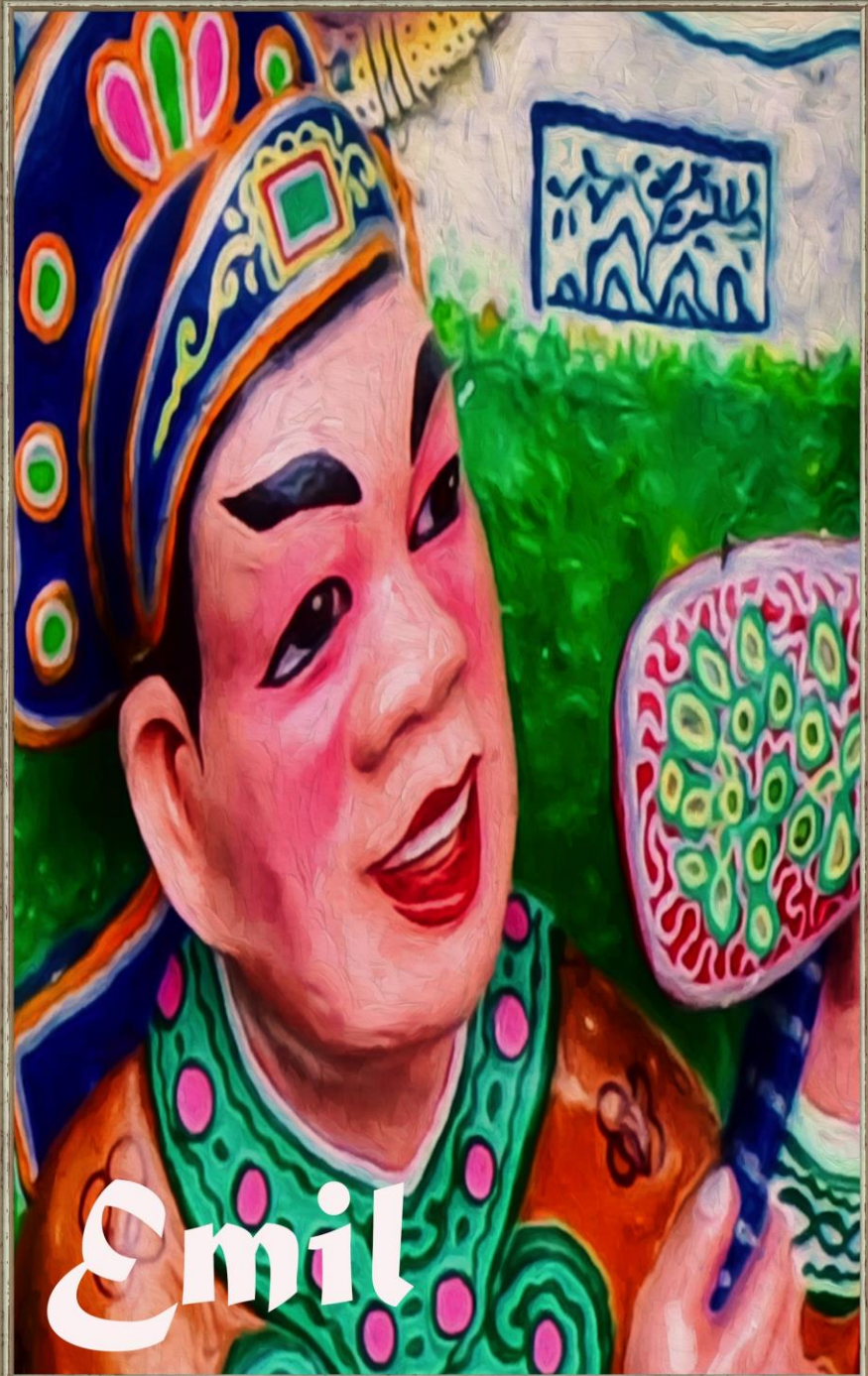
**IMAGINATION**

could not conceive, and which  
continue until some Tai Pan,  
powerful and courageous  
enough (that seems unlikely  
given the current state of  
the government) to

**SUPPRESS THEM**

is brought within their  
operation, and takes measures  
against them accordingly.  
We were lucky to have the





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

brother of one the area's worst warlords traveling in our company at this point of time and location and it did offer us a great deal of

# SECURITY

as we traveled under his brother's banners and most bandits were not interested in picking a fight because of that.

Our greatest fear is that we would lose a greater part of our young, Nationals Soldiers – who now had a better option than us and this did prove to









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

be the case, as the next morning at the break of camp we discovered that we had lost eight of the guard.

In fact, this may prove to

**BE A BLESSING**

as the ones that left were those young clan and street kids that I wrote to you about earlier.

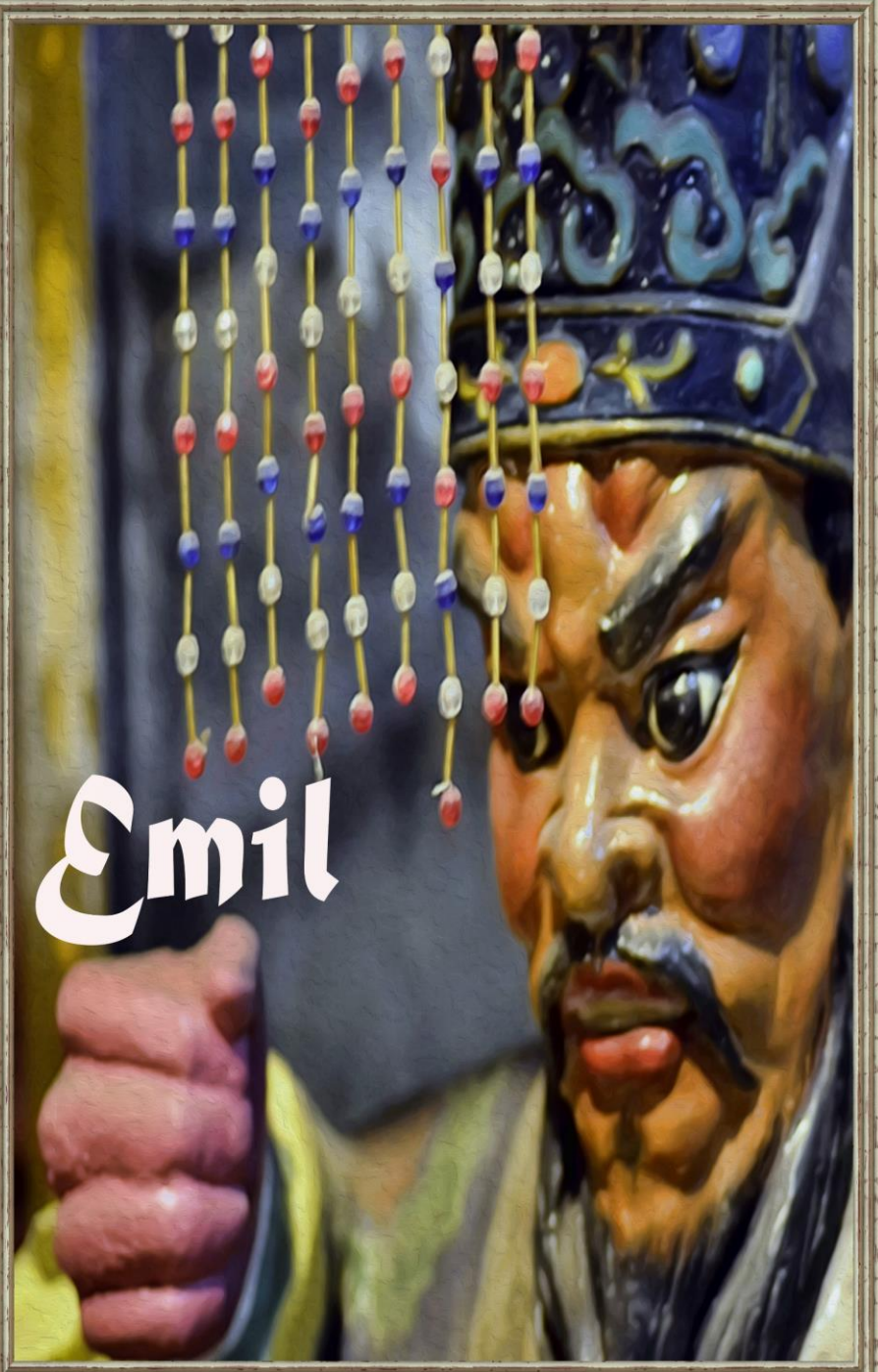
I was rather happy to

**SEE THEM LEAVE**

and I knew that they would be welcomed into this new world of banditry, out here in the wilderness.

So far, we have transited





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

towards the site without  
difficulty other than the  
deepening sands that cover  
**THE OLD PILGRIM ROADS**

that we traveled now.  
Later...unless it becomes  
toilet paper...

Today we had to deal with an  
outpost, a residual of the  
Kuomintang and the professors  
spent (what seemed to be  
hours) in intense  
negotiations with the

**LOCAL KUOMINTANG**

authority for transit visas  
to move the supplies and  
equipment across their  
district.









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Although most imagine the

**KUOMINTANG**

as being the ruling party  
here in China, rather they  
are more like a country club  
or fraternity where  
Kuomintang membership carried

**PRIVILEGES**

rather than obligations.  
I will never understand why  
many distinguished and active  
citizens either refused to  
join, or let their purely  
nominal membership ride along  
in the baggage car of the  
Kuomintang's rail car.





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Membership was for life  
unless you pissed off the  
wrong Tai Pan then, it became  
blood in...blood out...quick and

## RIGHTEOUS JUSTICE

swiftly delivered in truest  
warlord fashion as the  
dropping of a sharp blade  
crashing down on your

## EXPOSED NECKLINE

Maybe, the idea of blood in  
and blood out was a hindrance  
for many of the freedom  
loving people that sacrificed  
so much in the

## BOXER REVOLT

to make China free but, in





林佳

山居幽靜強混濁





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

fact, only allowed the Tai Pans and the very rich to seize the very fabric of the nation for their sole benefit and reward...turning the

## POLITICAL EQUATION

into mere

*"you are either with us or you are against us..."*

# SOLUTION

The Party seemed to have been saved from complete decline mostly because it included most of the government personnel, and new recruits to government service gave it





## **GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

some freshness, vigor and its ability to correct completely and utterly...become a good old boy or die is a simple solution to any internal critics.

## **THIS GOVERNMENT**

was in fact, well-designed, functioning de facto and able to meet most of the specialized problems that arose due to

## **MODERN ADMINISTRATION**

even if it was seen to be nothing more than part of

## **A SOMEWHAT CRUDE**

gangster hierarchy of









## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

soldiers and tax gatherers...  
someone must pay for the  
unlimited life styles of  
the rich and connect and  
here we were in the middle  
of nowhere having to  
negotiate with the local  
Kuomintang wanted  
to collect a

## ROAD USAGE TAX

for a central government  
that was some 800 miles from  
where we were at and that (in  
fact) may no longer existed.  
That was the official concern  
although, it was clear that  
these guys where Kuomintang  
Bandits...bandits with uniforms





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

and rank...They were in this for anything that they could extort from us and probably,

**THEN SOME...**

The presence of the warlord's brother was our trump card that we held in reserve...just in the case that the officials would become totally unreasonable and that was the deal with

**THE WARLORD**

It was expected that the professors would handle the daily operations and the greasing of Kuomintang palms









## **GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

– which was a normal, everyday part of doing business here in China. Only if the negotiations turned to the pulling of weapons or a few shots fired in anger would the

### **WARLORD'S BROTHER**

step in and unfold his brother's banner and thus, resolve the issues in our favor.

It was a hell of service for which the expedition paid handsomely for.

### **WHAT WAS THE COST?**

That seems way above my pay





## **GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

grade in this organization  
and those who knew selected  
not to share.

## **AFTER A WHILE**

you learn when to push and  
when to just shut your mouth  
and walk away. Several hours  
later, everything was  
resolved and we were again on  
the road to our destination  
without a shot being fired.

## **WANG CH'ING-WEI**

is a name that if spoken is  
accompanied by a spit on the  
ground for his great betrayal  
of China (last year) in going  
over to the Japs.









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Chinese negligence,

**CORRUPTION**

and a little treachery worked  
in his favor...as it was said  
that he looked into the  
future and it was said that  
he saw a brighter future, the

**RISING SUN**

I understand Marshal  
Ch'ing...as I see the same  
thing and it looks that he  
might just be proven to have  
been the greatest of prophets  
and made the smart choice.

*"At this point, it isn't  
my fight"*





# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and that was my answer to the young Nationalist soldier that came snooping around... maybe, trying to find more

## TOILET PAPER

For over three years, Generalissimo Chiang and his Tai Pan Generals were locked in this fool's errand to *"...A period of counter-attack in which the Chinese, having prepared themselves technologically during the stalemate and having weakened the enemy by a test of endurance, should drive the Japanese back into the sea..."*









# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I remember reading this quote  
from the

## CHINESE POLITICAL

Department of the Military  
Affairs Commission and  
thinking how stupid it was in  
effectively dealing with the  
Japs and their ever  
increasing adventurism in  
making this a

## GLOBAL WAR

Maybe, they thought that  
China is a very large country  
and at a certain point, the  
Japs will over extent  
themselves and discover like





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

Napoleon did with Russia...

**A CENTURY AGO**

that he had bitten off more  
than he could chew.

But, the foolish part of this  
was that China was not

**1800'S RUSSIA**

and obviously this plan was  
better suited to a country  
rich in territory and  
population, but poor in  
materials and resources...

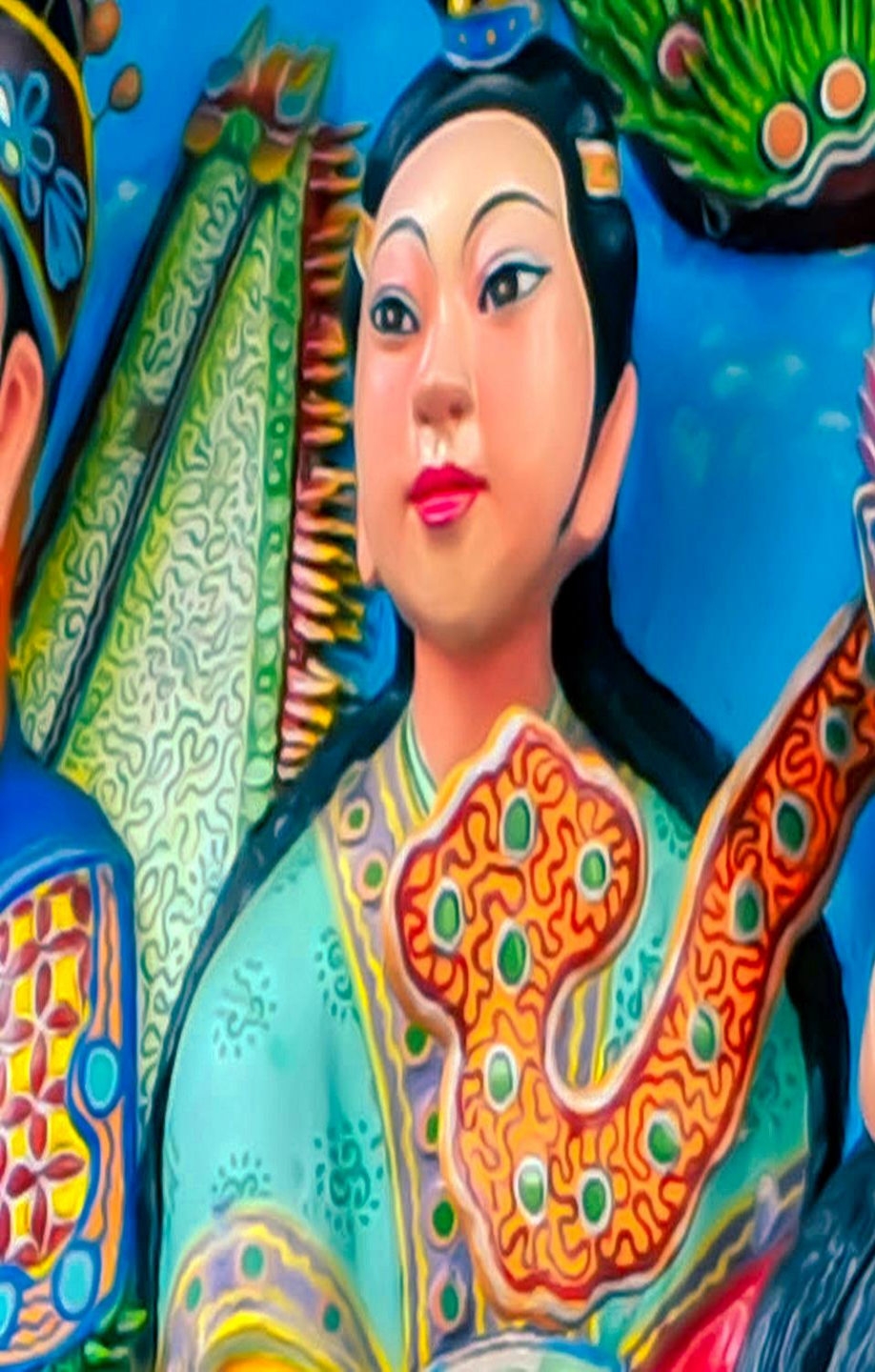
**NOT CHINA**

in which to yield intact









**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

cities, factories,  
communications, mines, docks,  
warehouses and the other

**GOODS OF BUSINESS**

such a plan would only profit  
Japan unless you destroyed  
everything as you withdrew  
in a Russianist scorched

**EARTH POLICY**

This destruction was not  
to be as even the most  
patriotic, loyal Tai Pan  
could not come to put torch  
to their property and  
businesses.

This was what Marshal Ch'ing  
had warned as early as 1937.





## GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

It is little surprise that as  
he saw the great cities fall  
one by one...

## ESPECIALLY CANTON

- which fell without (almost)  
a shot being fired.

The Japs just walked in and  
the greatest action that day  
was from the local Kuomintang  
ward leaders and local

## TAI PANS

rushing to cut a deal or  
court favor with their

## NEW JAP OVERLORDS

By last year, he truly felt









# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that he was on the wrong  
side of history and

## SWITCHED SIDES

The reason that I shared  
Marshal Ch'ing's story was  
that it is the most important  
dilemma facing the average  
person here in China.

## WHAT PRICE

do you put on freedom...???  
Was it only a fake joke sense  
of freedom that you never  
really had unless you were  
rich and connected through  
the party of select





**GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!**

membership (and to the  
benefit of the few) in the

**KUOMINTANG**

After we wasted a day with  
these greedy fools and

**THINKING ABOUT**

my conversation with the  
young soldier about his  
inability to process

**MARSHAL CH'ING**

and his decision to join the  
Japanese against China.

I wish that I could have  
explained better that Marshal  
Ch'ing's actions were not

.









# GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

a betrayal of China but, was  
his personal rejection of  
Generalissimo Chiang's Tai  
Pan Management of the war and  
frustration to

*"How the clowns seem to be  
running the all circus..."*

That is the closest

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION

that makes sense from the  
Marshal's statement as he  
departed for the Japanese

## IMPERIAL COMMAND

Headquarters.









# DAY TEN

It has been a long haul over what seems to be truly, a

## DESERT HELL

of little or no hope.

The dust and sand has crept into everything and everywhere...personally and

## EQUIPMENT WISE

The last several days were more or less uneventful as even bandits stay out of this section of the wastelands of the Gobi...

Thinking back to my conversation with the Tibetan





# DAY TEN

Yogi about how the Gobi had  
once been a garden...

I just can't see it.

Granted there are an  
extensive number of dried  
river beds that would make  
one ponder that there had  
not been a much different  
climate here in

## SOME DISTANT TIME

and there is the occasional  
oasis where (without failure)  
we always deal with a massive  
sea of beggars or some  
faction of the remains of the  
reactionary Kuomintang crooks  
that once held this area in  
check.









# DAY TEN

For the most part, we have fared this adventure more or less in one piece. This is a

## STRANGE LAND

with many wonders.

On day seven, we first ran into what looked to be a massive sea of green glass.

The whole of the actual desert was covered with a

## STRANGE MEGALITHIC

metallically colored green glass like rocks.

Literally, as far off into the horizon, all you could





# DAY TEN

see where these strange rocks  
littering the

## ENTIRE LANDSCAPE

I took a couple of samples  
which I had planned to bring  
back but, the professors made  
me put them back as they said  
that the rocks had a strange  
property that had made  
workers on the last trip sick  
after a constant exposure to  
them. So much for my

## UNUSUAL SOUVENIRS

SORRY!

I asked Professor Steiner  
about these rocks. I asked









# DAY TEN

what they were and how they came to be out here in the

**MIDDLE OF NOWHERE**

He took a few minutes to explain that he wasn't sure what they were...he said that he wasn't a geologist but, they might be part of some

**ANCIENT COMET**

as they had a metal quality to them. He said that they were not volcanic and how they came to be was indeed

**RATHER ODD**

He did mention (in passing)





# DAY TEN

that they have run into similar outcroppings of this glass (to more or less extent) elsewhere in their travels in the Gobi and even stranger, they have been found them in associate with many of the

## UYGHURS' RUINS

*"I don't know what the actual connection(s) are..."*

was our parting comment as he was called back to his duties of managing the convey.

## THE DAYS ARE HOT

but, at night the









# DAY TEN

temperatures drop to the extent that we need to light fires to stay warm.

The weird temperature swings play havoc on your health and I have found myself not up to my normal

## SPUNK AND VIGOR

As I said that we need a fire at night but, here in the desert, wood is rare and what little vegetation is so limited that it is almost impossible to keep any fire burning properly for the endurance of the night hours.





# DAY TEN

Luckily, the expedition had some plans for this but, we have now taken to scavenge

**ODD PIECES OF WOOD**

off the trucks and crates...

**HOPEFULLY**

and it will only be a few more days until we reach their base camp and their more permanent accommodations









# BASE CAMP

After a full ten days we are finally here and I must say that I am impressed by the

## SIZE AND SCOPE

of their facilities and can also, better understand the need of the Warlord and his brother's presence with us.

## THIS LOCATION...

the camp...would be rich picking for any bandits, Kuomintang tug or some variation of rouge military units...and maybe, some day when the Japs finally arrive, they will want a piece of the





# BASE CAMP

action (but knowing how greedy they are...they will just take it all)

So, to have the meanest, the most feared warlord in the area in your back pocket was well worth the price...

## WHATEVER IT WAS

Having observed the parade for the past ten days,

## IT IS CLEAR

that the price that the professors were willing to pay was to make the warlord a full partner and that would explain the presence of his



金山寺







# BASE CAMP

most trusted adviser...the  
person who he trusted the  
most...that's why

## HIS ONLY BROTHER

travels with us.

Finally, a proper shower and  
shave...I no long have the look  
of some vagabond,

## NUBIAN WONDERER

It is nice to set down to  
a proper meal and share a  
drink or two in celebration  
of the completion of

## OUR TRAVELS

although the professors broke





# BASE CAMP

off the evening as tomorrow, early, was a work day and they need to be brought up to pace with the current digging as they have been gone...

## OFF TO NANKING

for rather an extended time and much had been discovered. Looking around...there were

**NO GREAT PYRAMID(S)**

and the ruins at the base camp seemed to follow Claudie's echoing prediction about a pile of rocks...

I was becoming rather melancholy and was secretly,









# BASE CAMP

reconsidering my choices when

## BY CHANCE

I ran into one of the archeologists that had been working here at the camp for what he said was the past three digging seasons and that conversation did a great deal to bring cheer back to my spirit by explaining that

## THE MAIN RUINS

where still about ten kilometers up the valley... up near the surrounding mountains.





# BASE CAMP

The old feelings have

## SHANGHAIED

my mind and I can hardly  
outwait the remaining hours  
of night and anxiously await  
the arrival of the

## BHAGWAN BOB

(the sunrise)

and the fulfillment of my  
long, exhausting journey out  
into the lawless, badlands  
of the waste of the Gobi.  
I will update you, hopefully,  
this coming evening...

I found that they are rather  
well connected to the outside









# BASE CAMP

world by wireless and a bi-weekly flight (by bi-plane)  
...I discovered this by chance,  
as I heard static-laced,  
music that floated over the  
empty and normally

## QUITE DESERT

and went to discover the  
source of the sound.  
Four cups of coffee and it  
is still more hours left  
until the

## BHAGWAN BOB

revisits and we will be off  
for my first visit to the





# BASE CAMP

lost city of the Uyghurs.  
Will stop here as my candle  
is on its

# LAST WICK

and my hands are shaking too  
heavily to continue written  
tonight. Ado!









# INTERCALATED BEDS

The archeologist... aka...digger... explained that when the clay, building stones and a wide scattering of shattered, pottery sherds were deposited amongst this crushed, burnt and pounded layer of rocks, they seem to have picked up

## THE DETRITUS

of some great mass or force, and were whirled wildly in among their own material, and deposited back it in what he called

## INTERCALATED BEDS

He said that the artifacts from this level seem all mangled as if some super,





# INTERCALATED BEDS

cyclonic wind had been at work among the mass.

While the "*till*" above this layer is devoid of remains, "*the intercalated beds*" often should contain them, but,

## NOTHING?

Whatever was in or on the soil was seized upon, was carried up into the air, then cast down, and mingled among

## THE TILL

He only knew that whatever had cause this utter









# INTERCALATED BEDS

destruction was unknown to

## THE SCIENCES

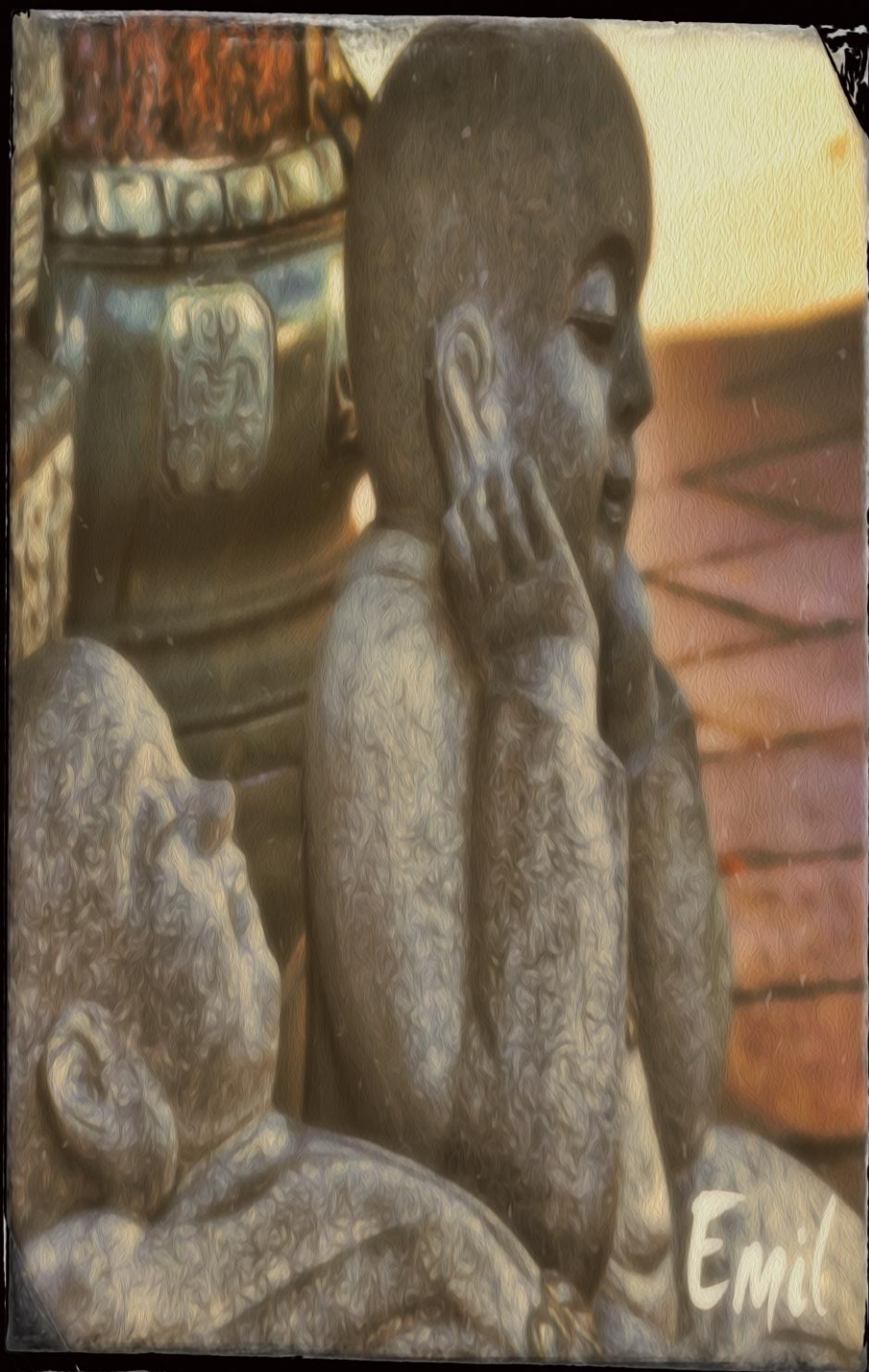
as he knew it but, what  
is clear is that  
no one or nothing has existed  
here since then.

That was my introduction to  
the primary dig site that  
they have invested the past

## THREE DIG SEASONS

to exploring and what has  
been unearth created more  
questions than it gave  
answers primality because  
there seems to have been  
a massive geology upheaval  
that defiled modern





# INTERCALATED BEDS

science's ability to  
successfully explain

***"WHAT HAPPENED HERE?"***

The main dig is about 10  
kilometers further up the  
dried river valley from the

## BASE CAMP

The area is rather fragile  
and the use of the lorries  
were forbidden as the whole  
of the valley was filled with  
potential dig sites and the  
ground was so unstable that  
even the vibrations of

## PASSING LORRIES

has (in the past) rendered.









# INTERCALATED BEDS

the actual ruins to dust.

Due to this very factor,  
every access and even walking  
off the established pathways

## IS CAUSE

to send even a the most  
seasoned digger off the site  
and banish them for the  
season.

## I DON'T IMAGINE

what I had truly thought  
that I would see...maybe  
I was expecting the

## GIZA PLATEAU

or the Valley of the Kings...





# INTERCALATED BEDS

I don't know but, that was  
the tourist in me thinking.

When I verbalized my

## DISAPPOINTMENT

my guide to me to the high  
clearing that overlooked most  
of the valley and I felt

## RATHER STUPID

as he started pointing out  
visages of what must have  
been a city the size of  
1900's London (but somewhat  
more advanced, laid out and  
planned city) in its heyday.

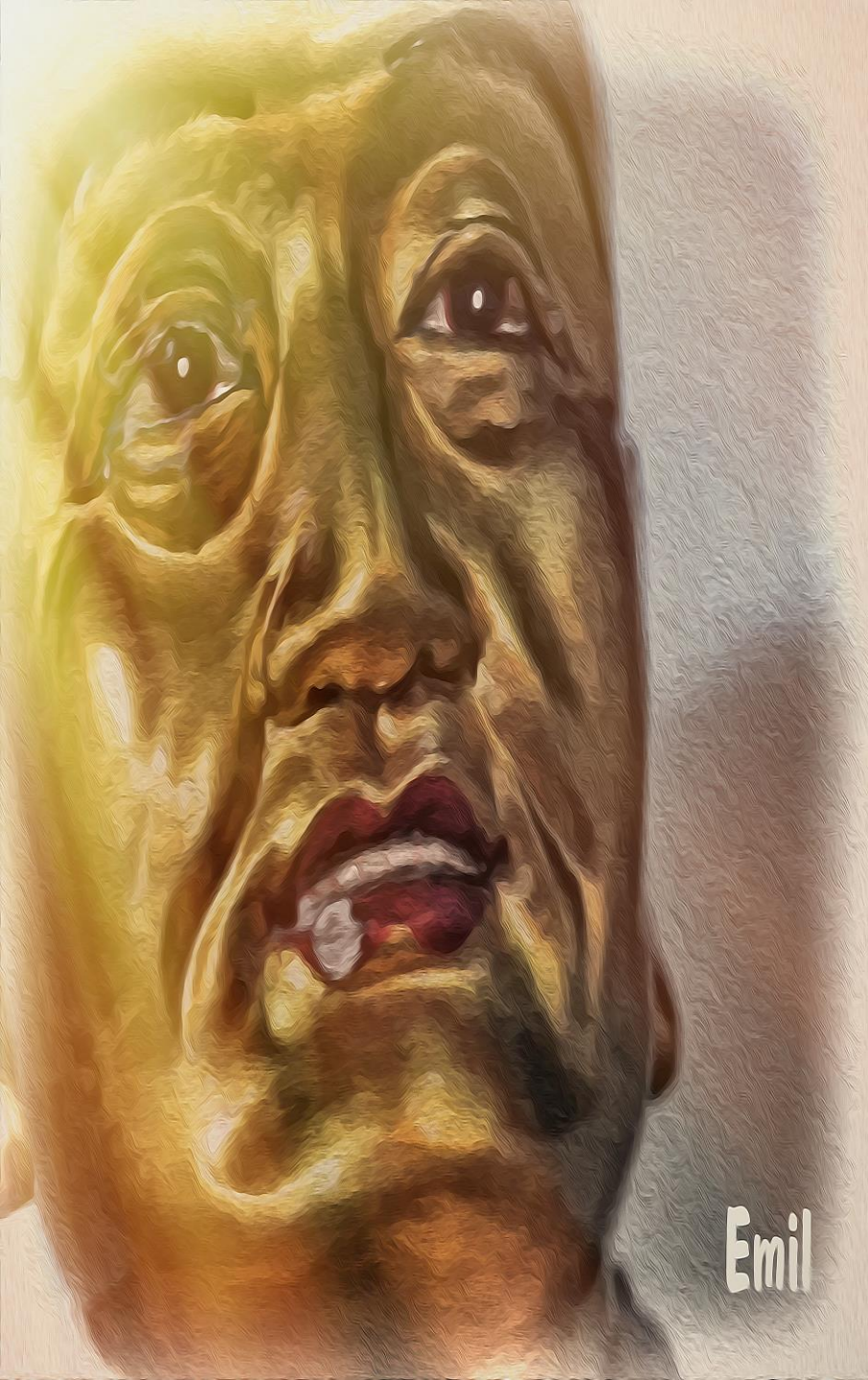
We then turned around and  
looked directly at the  
massive hill that rose over





Emil





Emil

# INTERCALATED BEDS

a thousand feet or so  
directly above our heads  
and this is when he  
introduced me to the Uyghurs'

## GIANT PYRAMID

He took kindness on my  
impatience by making a joke  
that I should come back in  
fifty years and I might feel  
more impressed by what is  
without a doubt

*"the greatest, pre-historic  
city to yet be discovered."*

From this

## HILLSIDE VISTA

and now knowing what to look





# INTERCALATED BEDS

for, I began to see how vast this city had been as it stretched out to cover the entire valley floor as far as

## I COULD SEE

back towards the base camp. It will take many years and forever to uncover the full of the city and that was sad, as I had hoped that I could walk through actual ruins like Claudie and I had in

## ANGKOR WAT

hidden in the vast jungles of the North-Western part of French Indo-China.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Then again, those ruins are historical and while still ancient, they do not come close to this discovery of a

## MASSIVE CITY

that existed long before history (as we know it) actually started.

*“There might be the cause of explaining the city’s demise to some dramatic, geological instead of to human cause by taking a look at those mighty excavations, hundreds of feet deep that we have discovered, in which are now the south-western section of the great*

Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*city, and from which, as we have seen, great cracks radiate out in all directions, like the fractures in a pane of glass where a stone has struck it. All surrounded by that strange, metallic green glass that we spoke of earlier..."*

Looking from our

## VANTAGE POINT

overlooking most of the buried city, you could make out the depressions, cracks in the bedrock and the uniformed direction plastering of slimmer, green

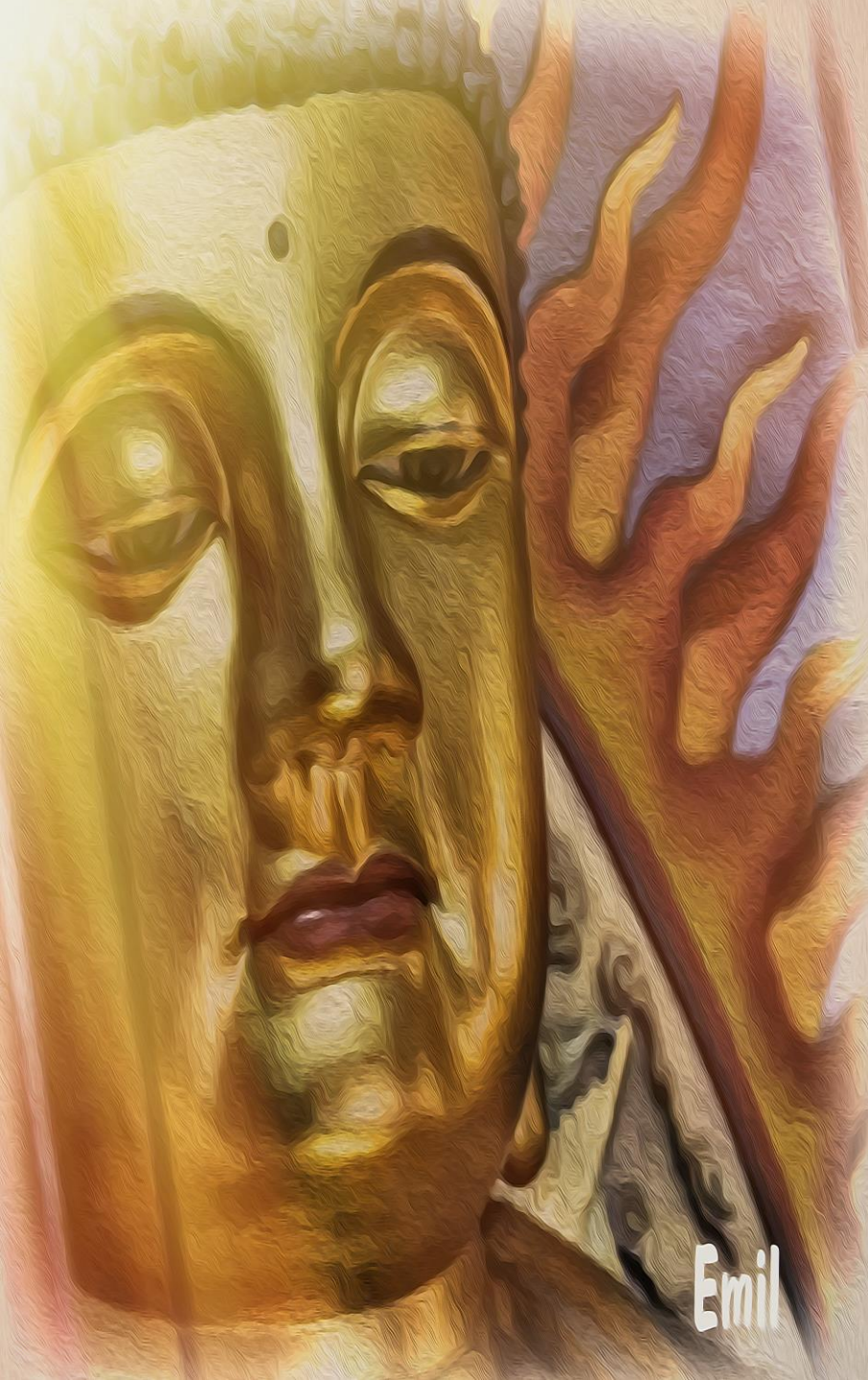
Emil





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

glass like rocks.  
Digger didn't have anything  
to add or speculated as to  
what the depressions were or  
what had created them other  
than he had seen

# METEOR CRATERS

that he had seen in a place  
in Northern Arizona's

# HIGH DESERT

(that's far out in the  
American South-West).

*"Maybe, the city was  
destroyed by a meteor?"*

was the only opinion that he  
would cause to venture in  
terms modern science.





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Outside of science, he mentioned the story from the bible about Sodom and how the

## POWER OF GOD

had destroyed the whole city in a blink of the eye and its story as recorded within the pages of the bible seem to mirror what he says that they have found here in the destruction of this

## GREAT CITY

Funny...we have found no human remains? Whatever happened here, the people we assume were for the most part





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

departed – as if they  
knew something was going  
to happen.

**“IT IS JUST STRANGE!”**

The only area where we have  
found human remains or proof  
that there were people here  
after the city’s destruction  
were in the caverns,

**TUNNELS AND CAVES**

that honeycomb the entire  
length of the surrounding  
mountain-sides... and that is  
where we are mounting our

**RENEWED EFFORTS**

to learn more about the  
civilization that lived here





# INTERCALATED BEDS

because, here in the caverns  
*"We have found many amazing  
artifacts and documents...  
all written in some unknown  
language or languages..."*  
was the Digger's

## PARTING ADVISE

as the professor called him  
to come help with something.  
It was a real hike to get to  
the entrance to the cravens  
that Digger had shared with  
me but once there, I saw the  
familiar faces of

## COLONEL CHURCHWARD

and several of the yogis lost  
in a heated conversation over  
something that the Colonel





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

had just found gathering dust  
in one of the crates resting  
near the entrance.

# I STOOD

and watched the conversation  
peter out and a round smiles  
returned to their faces as  
they seemed to finally come  
to agreement on.

The rest of my day was spent  
with them in the

# CAVERNS

and much like that bratty,





# INTERCALATED BEDS

six-year old, I quizzed them on what everything meant and what must have been an endless series of

**“WHAT’S THIS?”**

I inquired with the yogi as to what the argument was about and what had been the

**CONCLUSIONS?**

He stared at me and gave me a long look, I think trying to determine whether or not he should waste his energy on me. Then he showed me and read from what looked like a thick, fabric like paper fragment written in some





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

script

## UNKNOWN TO ME

*"A sudden flash and pulsation of light which vibrated for several seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."*

Then, he looked at me and  
after a pause to

## READ MY ATTENTION

*"What does this mean?"*

I thought carefully and then  
it struck me that it was what  
Digger had been explaining





# INTERCALATED BEDS

about the geology of the end  
of the city and how it might  
have been destroyed by a  
meteor or by God.

I told the yogi that

## I THOUGHT

that it was an eyewitness  
report about the destruction  
of this great city.

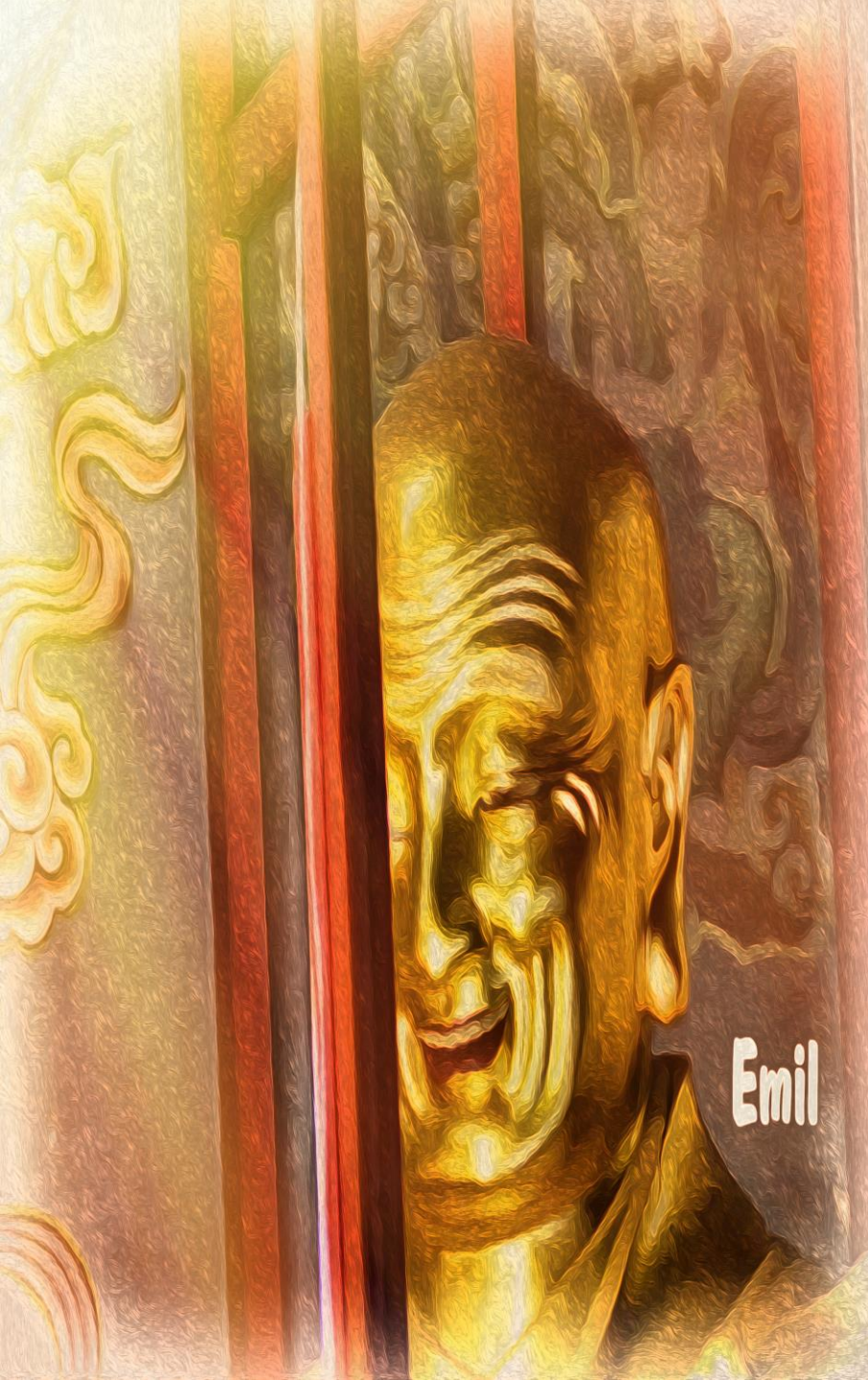
## HE STOPPED

and turned back to me and  
said what makes you say this?  
Before he thought that I was  
some genius, I explained my  
conversation with Digger and









# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"These cravens must hold a record of these people and their history?"*

was my question to the yogi in return. Not a real

## TALKATIVE GUY

to say the least... but, he did say afterwards *"You are a very smart man..."* The rest is the story that he told me.

It is not meant to be

## TOTALLY CORRECT

as this was his opinion and the reason that he had traveled so far from his ministry in Tibet was to





# INTERCALATED BEDS

discover the truth.

**SO, HE SAID:**

*"The truth of all may not come within my lifetime but, at least we have found the temple of records that have talked about in the most ancient of the surviving texts and we must work fast before the powers of evil descend upon us and utterly erase this last glimpse at the truth..."*

I had earned the right now to follow him for the remainder of the day and then back at the base camp...I spent several hours in conversation with





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

the yogi about things that  
I could have never

# EVEN DREAMED

Seems that most of the truths  
that I held from my semi-  
classical, western education  
were fake and some where even

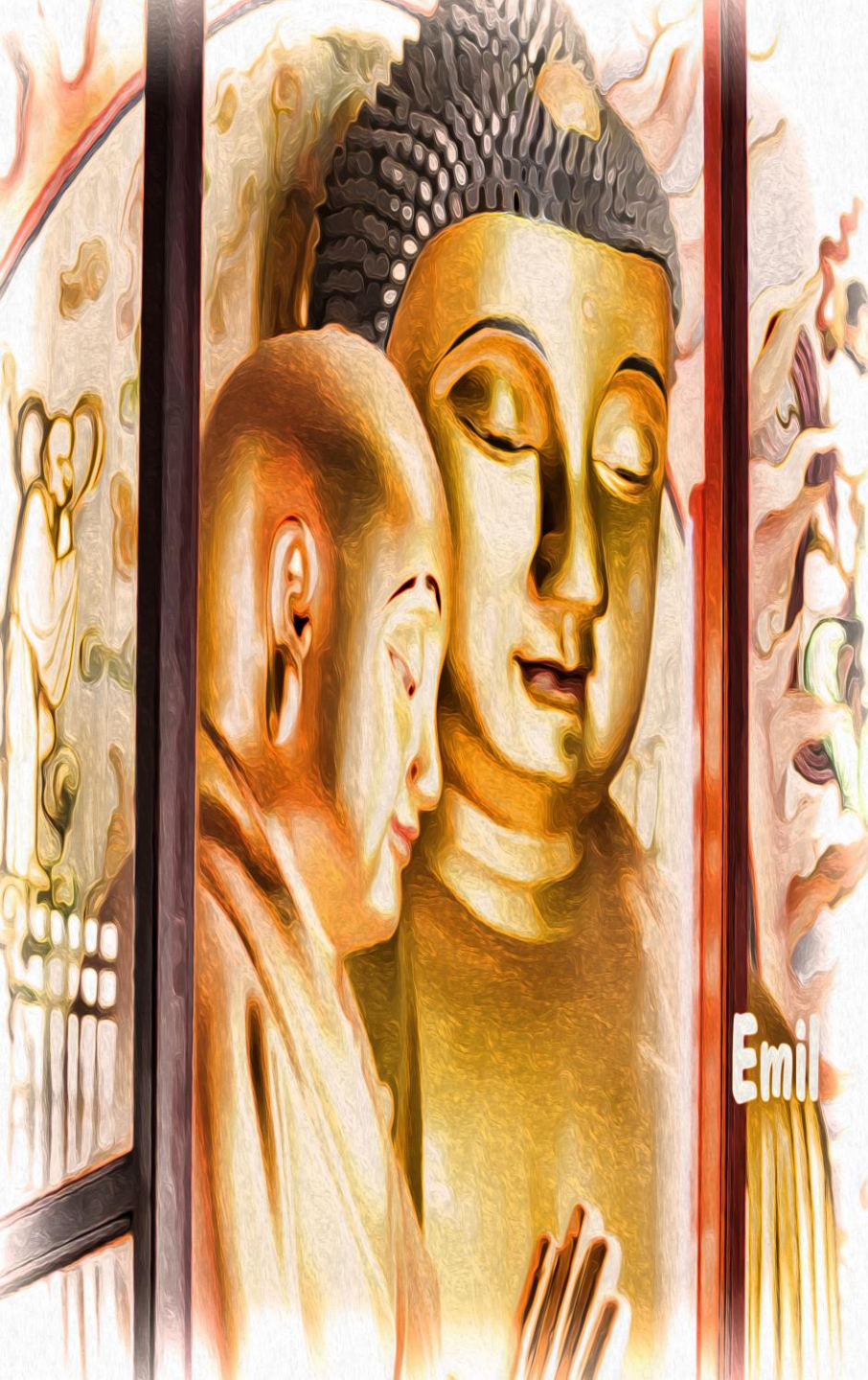
# OUTRIGHT LIES

Given another place, in  
another place; I would have  
written it all off as just a

# WILD STORY

being told by some wild guy  
from deep in the mountains of





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Tibet looking for a

**FREE DRINK OR TWO**

I wouldn't have been in a place nor in the right state of mind to have taken the

**TIME TO LISTEN**

*"There was a time before the history as we know it...it was a time when the world was already ancient and mankind had rose and fallen several times before..."*

Here in what is now desert

**WAS ONCE**

He continued to weave a





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

complex story of a history that was totally alien and seemed a fantasy, at best.

Without worry of my acceptance of his tale's

## HISTORICAL TRUTHS

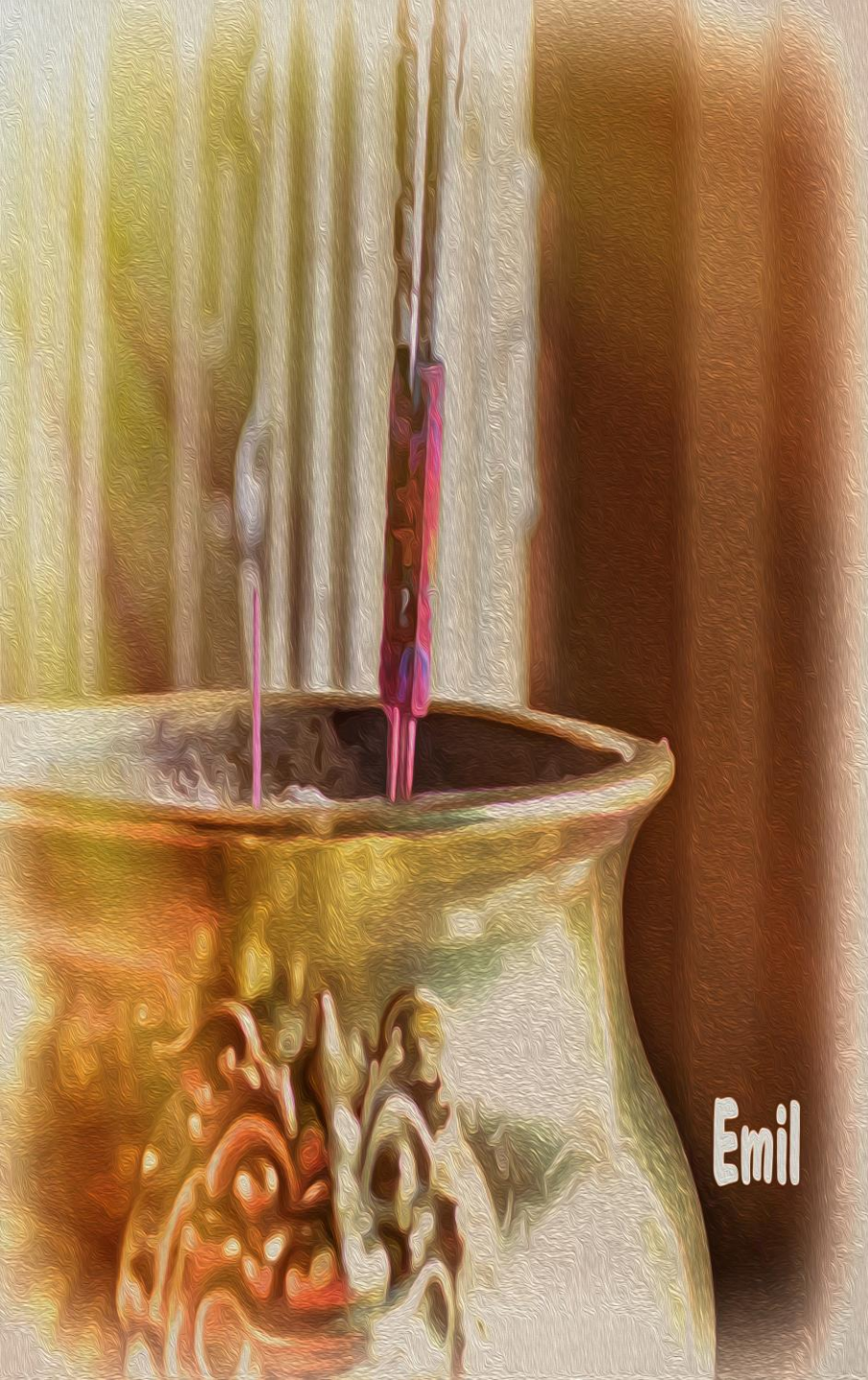
*"This was a rich land...it was...what do you Christians call...Yes! It was Eden!"*

He said that from his studies of the scrolls that they had

## DISCOVERED

and found scattered about in the back reaches of the cave complex; he painted a colorful picture of a time when this desert had been a





# INTERCALATED BEDS

beautiful garden and the land  
was rich in grains, rivers  
and lakes full of fish and  
the fields were alive with  
animals that no longer live.  
He showed me where in the  
scrolls that it talked of  
a time when

## MAN LIVED HERE

in several great cities that  
for the most part lived in  
peace and everything was in  
harmony with nature.

## AS THE SCROLLS

make no mention of major  
conflict, no tales great,  
grand armies or even, there





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

were no brags of conquest; we both agreed that the concept of war was rarely known and seemed that it was rarely if ever used even as the last resort and its only mentions were presented as a need to

## PROTECT THE PEOPLE

From artifacts and wall murals that decorated the inner levels of the cravens; made a strong case for the fact that they had mastered

## THE SECRETS POWERS

of the universe, had technologies that allowed them to travel to the most distant parts of this planet





# INTERCALATED BEDS

within a blink of an eye and they were just and faithful to the ways of God. You could sense the depth of anguish the Yogi felt, the sadness in his voice registered his angered acceptance that many (most of the scientific community) would never allow themselves to accept what they have spent three (plus) years in collecting here.

*“Given the extreme level of their expressed or illustrated knowledge...it will be hard for those without years of meditational enlightenment to grasp or more importantly...accept...”*





Emil





Emil

# INTERCALATED BEDS

History is well decorated by  
the passage of civilizations

**THAT HAVE RISEN**

and then have fallen more  
than once in the long history  
of our planet and it was so

**WITH THESE PEOPLE**

Their souls grew weak, they  
no longer held to the old  
traditions nor believes and  
the end, they even chose  
to revolt again

**GOD HIMSELF**

With their fall came wars and  
the invasion of other peoples  
who now wanted the riches of





# INTERCALATED BEDS

their cities...since, they were

**NO LONGER PROTECTED**

by the sheer will of God.

Late into the day, we devoted  
our full day's effort into  
the further reading of the

**DUSTY SCROLLS**

They chronicled the fall from  
their grace and the decline  
of their once grand,

**BRILLIANT CIVILIZATION**

They spoke of long years  
of war which took a great  
toll on the people within  
the great cities and told us  
that it was in this age that  
the people were for the  
first!





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

time in their memory...truly  
understood suffering the

**and even death**

Technology that had so be  
such a useful and beneficial  
tool that they initially  
thought had given them  
enlightenment but, it was  
clear (at the end) they  
realized that it had been  
a demon that stole their soul  
and robbed them...fractured  
their open connection to God.  
In their later days, they  
felt that greatest folly,  
greatest sin was they had  
turned away from the





# INTERCALATED BEDS

righteous and the path of  
God's Will and this lead them  
down a path of a cruel hunger  
for power and comfort.

They recorded generations of  
**ENDLESS STRUGGLE**

and in the end, it was  
themselves that brought about  
their final collapse.

To make matters worse, they  
wrote that what they most  
wished to impart to

**FUTURE READERS**

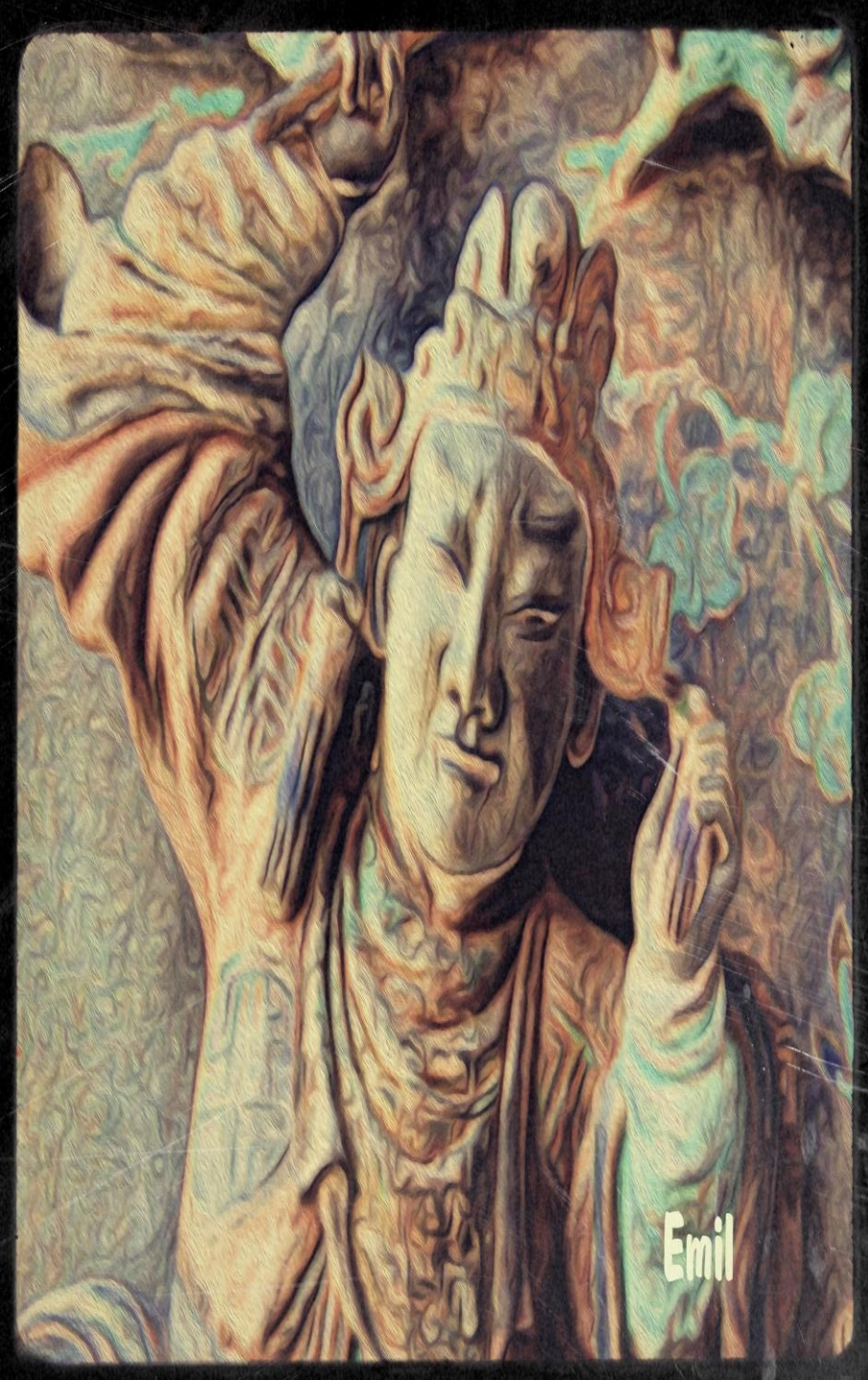
was that God was and most  
likely vindictive  
(I learn as much in my Sunday  
School Youth)





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

and their final warning of  
**GOD'S PUNISHMENT:**

*"God had blinded our minds  
and each generation seemed  
to understand less and less..."*

Much as with our

## WORLD TODAY!

At the sunset, there stood  
only a few who had been  
deemed worthy to care on the  
legacy and to safe guard  
their great secrets until  
there arose a new...a wiser  
civilization that will see  
the mistakes made by their  
ancients and use the  
knowledge to live in harmony  
with God.





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Within this small brotherhood  
were those who had sworn  
faith to the old believes and  
they were the called the

## “TRUE KEEPERS”

of technology...all of which  
they hid in the catacombs of  
the scared mountains that  
surrounded their

## GREATEST CITY

Civilization had fallen and  
men no longer had the means  
to travel to distant parts  
of the earth with their

## TECHNOLOGY GONE

Man traveled by foot or





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

horseback and had been reduced to a scavenger life as they were no longer worthy of the mantle, the treasures of “Eden” where they had been

# CAST OUT

Their lives were grew shorter with every extended generation and they lived on by killing, pillaging the meager belongs of their neighbors and friends.

# TO THEM

friend or foe where all the





# INTERCALATED BEDS

same in a world that had collapsed into Horrible and brutal death. The cult of death, the demon's whispers and encouragement became the core part of their everyday lives and nearly ended all of

## HUMANITY'S FRAGMENTS

The few remaining cities now rose great walls and tried to protect their people from the vast armies of all of "Eden" refugees and stragglers who amassed in the east and south

## OF THE FRONTIERS

By the dawn of the last generation, all but the greatest of the remaining





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Of the old world's cities had fallen into ruin and what was left of the people and the remains of the scared technology that each city possessed fell into the open hands of these cursed,

## DEMON HORDES

The few remaining cities urgently pleaded with...they called upon the brotherhood and finally offered prayers for them to come out of their

**SCARED MOUNTAINS** ride to their rescue and help to overcome the massive demon hordes that rested not far





# INTERCALATED BEDS

from their cities walls.  
The brotherhood had sworn to  
safeguard the old ways and  
they kindly explained that  
**THE SCARED TECHNOLOGY**  
could not be used to smite  
the enemies of the people but  
could only be used for the  
protection of the people.  
There were long debates and  
pleas that to smite their  
enemies was the protection  
of the people.

## BUT BY THE END

the brotherhood was not  
convinced even as the  
southern army besieged the  
very gates of the great city.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

The brotherhood feared that if the city fell that technologies long lost to mankind would be left to the pickings of the victors. From the fine noted quickly scripted at the bottom of the

## FINAL SCROLL

the records spoke has to how it was with the heaviest of hearts they needed to act.

## SAVING HUMANITY

meant that they understood the city must be destroy.

The brotherhood told the people that they had very





# INTERCALATED BEDS

little time and that they  
must all flee...must escape...

## FLY THE CITY

out through the uncontested  
mountain paths that lead to  
the east out of the garden  
paradise.

*“They were told to take only  
what they could carry and  
that all technologies must  
be left or that death would  
surely befall those who  
dared...like in your bible...turn  
to salt or was it ash or was  
it carbon soot?”*

## TWELVE HOURS LATER

A sudden flash and pulsation





WORSHIP THE LIGHT

Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

of light which vibrated for several seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."

## IN A WINK...

the garden of mankind had become a wasteland...dead and

## DESERTED OF ALL LIFE

In fact, it was many generations before explorers could again travel in what was now the Gobi Desert.

*"Now you know what we know and I hope you sense our sense of urgency?"*





# INTERCALATED BEDS

The Yogi could see that this was a lot for me to absorb and as that I was even more than likely lost in

## FOLLOWING THE PROCESS

*“I thought that the brotherhood was committed to not killing...how they could destroy the city and kill the army at the gates...but, Digger said, they found no human remains within the city...where are the bodies of that army???”*

*“Yes...my son...you have listened...”*

the yogi said with a smile. It seems as the yogi has pieced together that the





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

brotherhood keeping true to the belief and codes of their order but still the brotherhood sent a messenger to the Southern King of the seize army and

## WARNED HIM

that they would destroy the city and that they must withdraw their army as quickly as they could.

***“TIME IS SHORT!”***

The Brothers argued and warned the southern king...

In order to prove their point, they destroyed (with





# INTERCALATED BEDS

their magic boxes) the other valley cities that had been deserted and abandon after

## BEING OVERRUN

Within minutes the ground shook in a mighty quake, fire, ash and smoke rose in

## GREAT COLUMNS

from the distant horizon...there then came a mighty roar directly from heaven and warhorses and elephants broke in panic and ran amok in the ranks of the amassed army.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

The Brother's Messenger

**THEN REPEATED:**

*“Your time is limited! You must vacate the field or die with this great city!”*

**IT WAS WRITTEN**

that the southern king trembled with fear and without awaiting his word, his army dropped their weapons and fled back to the safety of the south.

**“THUS”**

said the yogi





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"There were no bodies to find...the brotherhood had done their part in accordance to their codes...twelve hours later, the great city was no more...anymore questions?"*

## LEGENDS TELL

us that, as the ancient technology approached the city, as it entered the

## LOCAL ATMOSPHERE

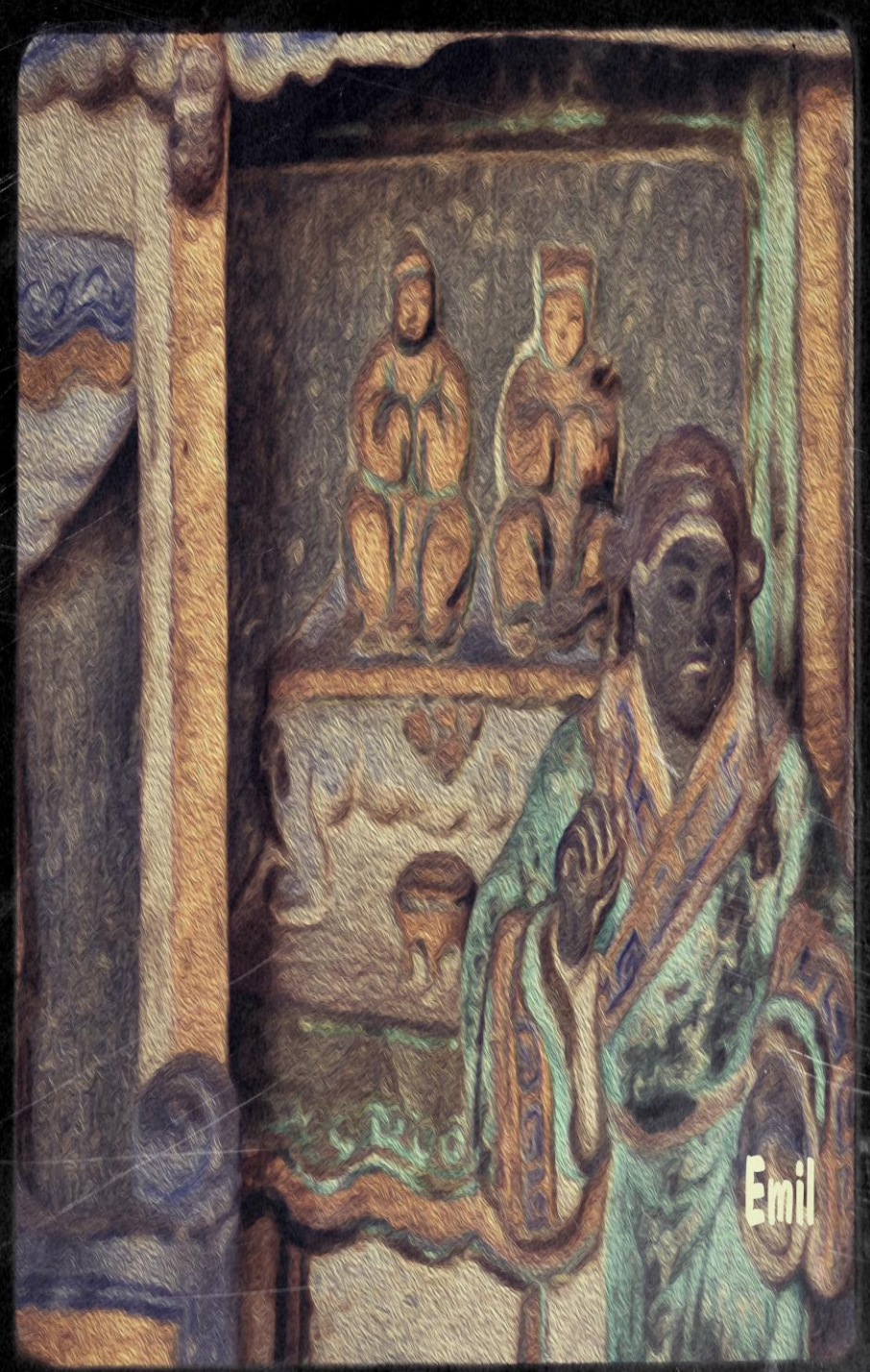
and combined with it.  
As it did, there came forth a world-appalling noise of thunder beyond all earthly known thunders.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

There was horrible roaring,  
howling, and hissing noise as  
it shook the entire valley  
and then, anyone who was

# FOOL-HEARTED

enough to attempt looking  
directly at what was  
unfolding: they immediately  
fell stone, cold blind

# OR FAR WORSE

...if they were too close.  
If you were close, as the  
Southern King's rear guard  
were, they blistered and had  
their skin rot away in blood





# INTERCALATED BEDS

blisters that over took their entire bodies without warning over the following days.

As I am both well known in polite society for my disposure to both

## EXTREME RUDENESS

and my God given talent to anger even a Yogi;

I interrupted the master

## IN MID-SENTENCE:

*“Yes, I do. I understand now about the city and some about its end but, why did the Yellow Emperor hate these people so that he would destroy all written records*





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*and teachings of the time  
before he rose and united the  
southern kingdoms?"*

*"That is a brilliant  
question, youngster!"*

the yogi said with a nod.

**I WAS MOST TOUCHED**

to have such a learned  
and knowledgeable man pay  
me such respect comment.

**I SMILED SECRETLY**

and awaited his answer.

This was a complicated and  
long story that would be  
a book in itself but, the  
shortened version was that  
the Yellow Emperor was the





# INTERCALATED BEDS

great, great grandson of that southern king and as the story goes, that king was slow to withdraw his personal guard as his greed still called and pleaded with him to seize the great city and was caught in the great fireball that laid total, shattered and charred remains of the garden homelands of the ancients who still remain and who we know as the Gobi's

## GREAT UYGHURS PEOPLE

He survived as did the majority of his army but, unknown to them, they had paid a terrible price.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Coming home, they were a mere remembrance of the great warriors that marched on

## THE GATES OF EDEN

The returned soldiers and their commanders were often ill without any known cause or notion other than they had been cursed.

## INTO FUTURE

generations, this proved to have been true as their offspring's were runted or defective when they just didn't die at birth.

They blamed the king and made revolt against him and the





# INTERCALATED BEDS

country fell into a long  
period of lawlessness.

For hundreds of years the  
world fell into total chaos  
and barbarism where death was  
much preferred over life.

The former Uyghurs never  
regained their direct

## KINSHIP WITH GOD

as they had been cast out of  
Eden...naked and without means  
of survival.

They fell prey to the

## WOLVES OF THE GRASS

plains and the few that  
lived, settled in the land  
between the great rivers and  
spent their wealth, fortune





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

and souls trying to regain

## THE EAR OF GOD

The great garden was now an unpassable land of waste and deserts grew much as the wheat and grains use to.

These were said to be a land that was protected by the

## DEMONS OF THE DARK

and offered death to any traveler who dared to enter.

There were always those who would try as the

## TALES OF THE UYGHURS

and their scared technologies lived long after they were gone. There were stories passed from generation to the!”





# INTERCALATED BEDS

next and there was the tale  
of a brotherhood...angels who  
safeguarded the ancient  
technologies...that they had

## A SECRET FORTRESS

in which they kept all of the  
ancient technology to prevent  
man from ever again

## DESTROYING HIS WORLD

It was said that if you could  
find the fortress, you would  
gain the powers of the  
ancients and would

## RULE THE WORLD

"This is what those Nazis had  
come to my ministry seeking"  
said the yogi.





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"It was then that my master introduced me to this young English soldier who had learned the ancient Uyghurs Language and had been instructed in the manner of their magic. We have spent the past ten years to reach this point and prevent the Nazis from gaining the power of the ancients!"*

## THERE WERE ALWAYS

those who would try as the tales of the Uyghurs and their scared technologies lived long after they were gone.

There were stories passed from generation to the next





# INTERCALATED BEDS

and there was the tale of  
a brotherhood...angels who  
safeguarded the

## ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES

that they had a secret  
fortress in which they kept  
all of the ancient technology  
to prevent man from ever  
again destroying his world.  
It was said that if you could  
find the fortress, you would  
gain the powers of the  
ancients and would

## RULE THE WORLD

"This is what those Nazis had  
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Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"It was then that my master introduced me to this young English soldier who had learned the ancient Uyghurs Language and had been instructed in the manner of their magic. We have spent the past ten years to reach this point and prevent the Nazis from gaining the power of the ancients!"*

*"Was it Colonel Churchward?" I asked and the yogi nodded. "We must take this knowledge and safeguard it as mankind is not yet ready to have such great powers...power without understanding is destined for ruination..."*





# INTERCALATED BEDS

the yogi seemed to

## PLEA WITH ME

*“Come with me in the morning,  
there is one greater secret  
that you must know...”*

and I told the Yogi that  
I would be awaiting him as

**“THE BHAGWAN BOB”**

He chuckled.

*“In all people...the master  
teaches us that the mind  
of one generation precisely  
repeats the minds of all  
former generations; that  
the very construction of  
our intellectual nature  
varies no more, from age*





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*Passed on to the next age  
more so than the form  
of the body or the color  
of the skin; each generation  
feel the same mixture  
emotions...the same thoughts,  
and uses much the same  
Expressions...*

*The master says that this  
is to be expected, for  
the brain is as much a part  
of the inheritable, material  
organization as is the color  
of the eyes or even the shape  
of the nose."*

This was how the yogi greeted  
me and we started the day  
with him taking me by the





# INTERCALATED BEDS

hand as we walked deeper  
within the darkened catacombs  
of the caverns of the

## SCARED MOUNTAIN

With that type of  
introduction and the long  
walk down the silent, empty  
hallways gave me much time  
to mill over what the Yogi  
had asked.

Did he expect an answer?

Was this a test or was  
it merely a

## CONVERSATION STARTER

used in Tibet?

*“Yogi? I am at a lost in how  
to respond to your morning  
greeting?”*





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

Speaking freely is both a western person's cruse and blessing as I fear not that my words and phrases would be seen as rude – that played no part in mind as I (unlike the eastern man) was born with the God given right to speak my mind...Many of my ancient have pay a heavy price in both treasure and even gave up their lives to secure for me the ability to use this right and it would be disrespectful of them not to use it freely – although there are many in my culture who disagree with this. So...as I had grown uneasy by





# INTERCALATED BEDS

his continued silence while we walked down what seemed like a maze or the welcoming web of the hungry spider; it was only fitting that I speak out and seek enlightenment.

*“What I want you to understand is that what was...is still and that still will always be. Does that make sense to you that times change but, the realities of the human being does not evolve nor does it change?”*

The Yogi said finally breaking his long silence.

*“So Darwin and those scientists have gotten it wrong?”*





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*“What does your  
heart tell you?”*

This was the return challenge  
of a Yogi that was

**GROWING IMPATIENT**

with a slow student.

While focusing in on the  
conversation with the Yogi,  
I had lost track of how far

**WE HAD TRAVEL**

which directions that we had  
gone, how many times we  
turned...was it left?

**WAS IT RIGHT?**

We had arrived in a giant  
records room with the walls





# INTERCALATED BEDS

covered with historical  
craving that told an  
ancient history of

## THE UYGHURS

*"This is the Hall of the  
People...there is another hall  
of technology and yet several  
others which we haven't  
determined if there is a  
theme like here...I cannot show  
you the Hall of Technology as  
it would put you in danger as  
there are those who have been  
killed by those greedy for  
the ancient technologies...  
even now, I fear that I have  
put your life in jeopardy  
but, it is the missing piece  
that you will quickly see."*





Emil





# **INTERCALATED BEDS**

The large hall was wired with lighting from the distant generators that hummed up on the surface but, which seemed silent in the large hall.

## **THE YOGI'S WORDS**

were true..looking at the many panels and the most striking feature was the main characters, warriors, priests and madams were

## **ALL DARK SKINNED**

This was unusual as I have been to many ancient temple and have never seen, dark skinned Chinese portrayed anywhere.





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*“Let me introduce you  
to the Ancient Uyghurs.”*

The Yogi then continued to  
explain what I was missing  
in my education of

## EARTHS PREHISTORY

The story was one that took  
us back almost a million  
years ago and to what the  
Yogi explained was the

## ORIGINAL BIRTHPLACE

of mankind and that all  
peoples were dark skin and  
as they marched out of the  
ancestral home towards the

## VALLEYS OF EDEN

we all were still dark  
skinned and thus so were the





Emil



A close-up photograph of an ancient terracotta head, likely of an Uyghur. The head is dark brown with a prominent, light-colored beard and mustache. The eyes are closed, and the mouth is slightly open, showing some teeth. The texture of the terracotta is visible, and the lighting highlights the facial features.

# INTERCALATED BEDS

original Ancient Uyghurs who

## SETTLED IN EDEN

They settled and God saw that they were true of heart and God made a covenant with them to follow the true path of his righteousness and for this promise, God gave the

## UYGHURS KNOWLEDGE

and use of his sacred technologies and for endless ages they served as faithful caregivers of its usage...

## UP UNTIL THE FALL

Other groups wandered out to different parts of the world and there they were not given





# INTERCALATED BEDS

direct presence to God and  
it is said, in the ancient  
books that the further  
that man fell from Eden  
the weaker his heart grew  
and the lessor his color...

*"Maybe, so God could identify  
you at a distance?"*

I injected as my

**SMARTASS NATURE**

took its movement to  
present itself.

**“MAYBE?”**

the Yogi saw the humor in  
my comment...or so, I hope that  
he took it has such?





**Emil**





# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"But, this is said (in the ancient writings) to be the true representation of the different shades of people around the world, in our days especially!"*

## AFTER A WHILE

the Yogi put his hand on my shoulder and told me that it

## WAS TIME TO LEAVE

*"You now know the truth and this may be a curse as there are those who will never understand nor want this truth."*

Was the warning that the Yogi left me with as he returned





# INTERCALATED BEDS

to the caverns...leaving me  
a long walk across the  
pathway to see if I could  
catch up with Digger.

Been here for over a week now  
and I have seen all that  
I am going to be allowed  
to see and to push it...  
out here in the middle of

**ACTUALLY, NOWHERE...**

I am coasting upon the  
professors' kindness and  
appreciation for my  
assistance back in Nanking  
but, that was wearing

**RATHER THIN**

As an enlightened but still





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

starving artist from a hooch  
club in downtown

## NANKING

I brought nothing that they  
needed to the table...nothing  
to bargain with or swap for

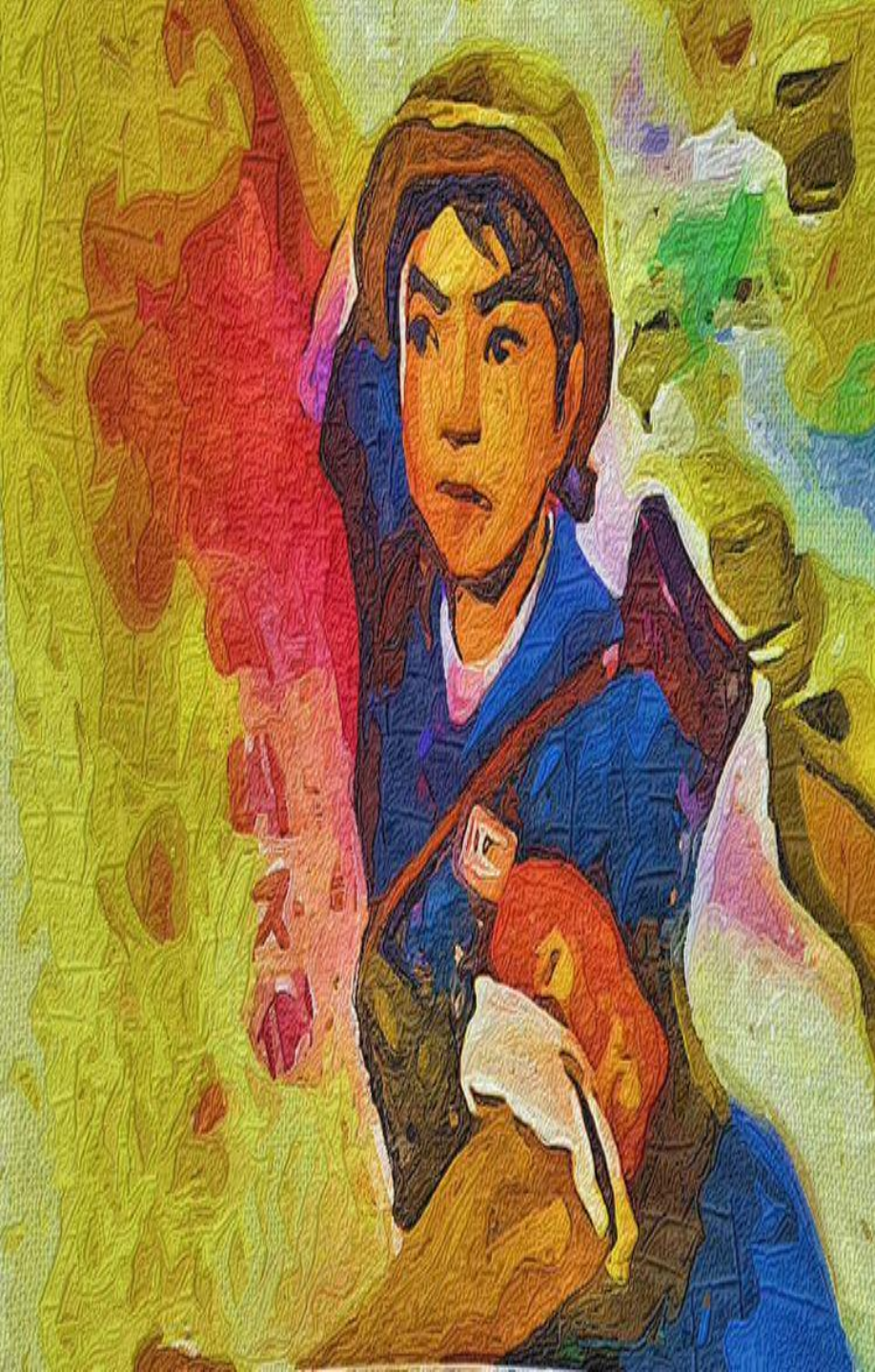
### MEMBERSHIP HERE

Besides, the wireless spoke  
that the Japs were now  
encamped a mere twenty miles  
from the main gates of  
Nanking and my mind now  
turned to those that

### I HAD LEFT BEHIND

Claudie was the most





# INTERCALATED BEDS

troubling, he couldn't  
(normally) find his way out  
of the bar...little-a-lone,  
find his way to the  
**BURMESE BORDER CROSSING**  
and even less so if he tried  
for French Indo-China.  
I didn't worry so much for  
Seine as he has so many  
connections and more  
importantly, he was one of  
those with the purest

## AURA OF LUCK

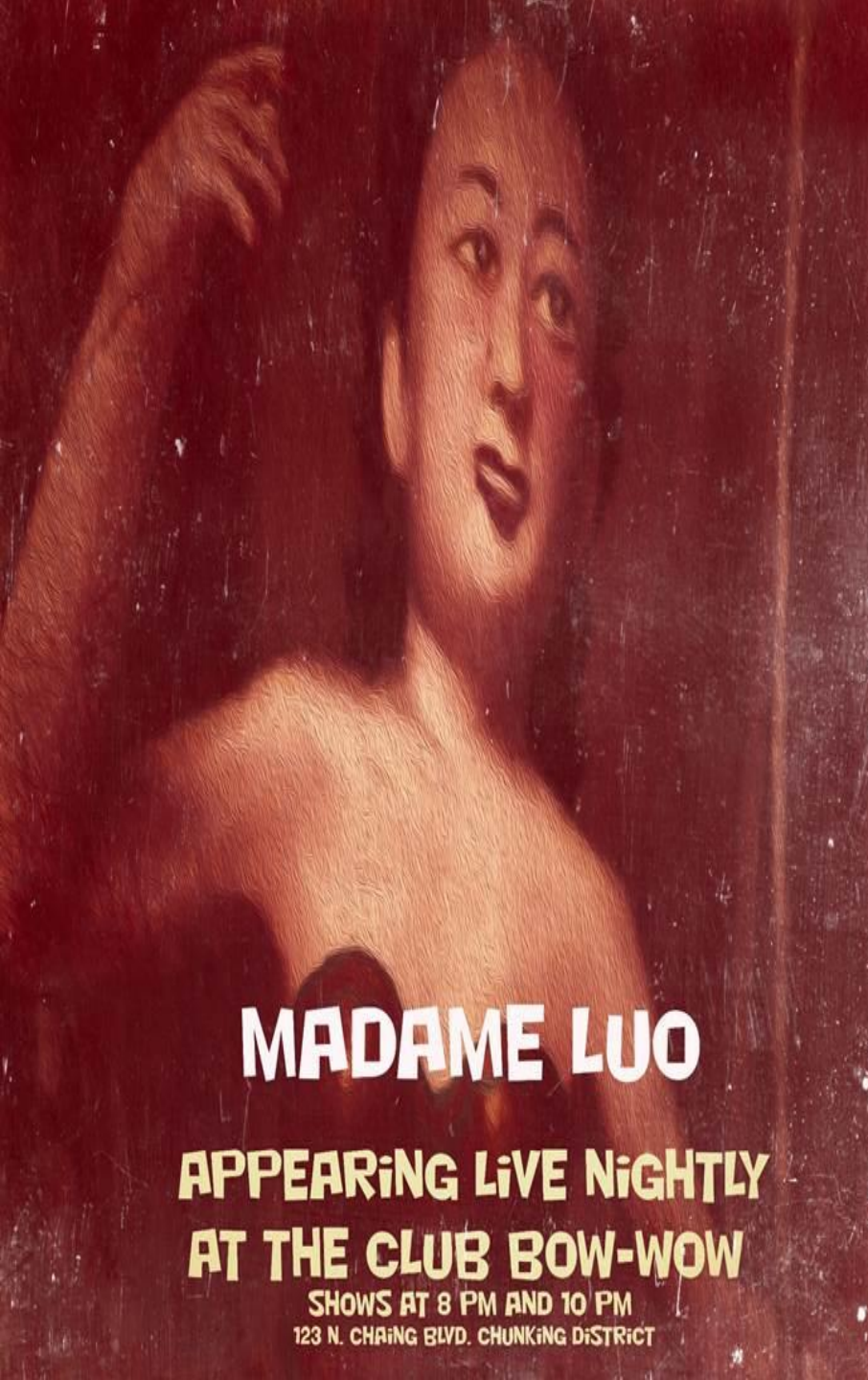
that I had ever sensed...saw  
that when we first meet back  
in 1916...but, I owe him as we  
tugged on his aura of luck





Emil





**MADAME LUO**

**APPEARING LIVE NIGHTLY  
AT THE CLUB BOW-WOW**

SHOWS AT 8 PM AND 10 PM  
123 N. CHANG BLVD. CHUNGKING DISTRICT

# INTERCALATED BEDS

greatly over the next  
years...in fact, we are here  
(I believe) as he got us  
a sick passes to stay two  
extra weeks in Paris just  
as our units were cut to  
shreds in the third battle  
of Verdun with our crazy  
French and English Colonels'  
mad charge across No-Man's  
Land and into the direct line  
of fire from the

**GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS**

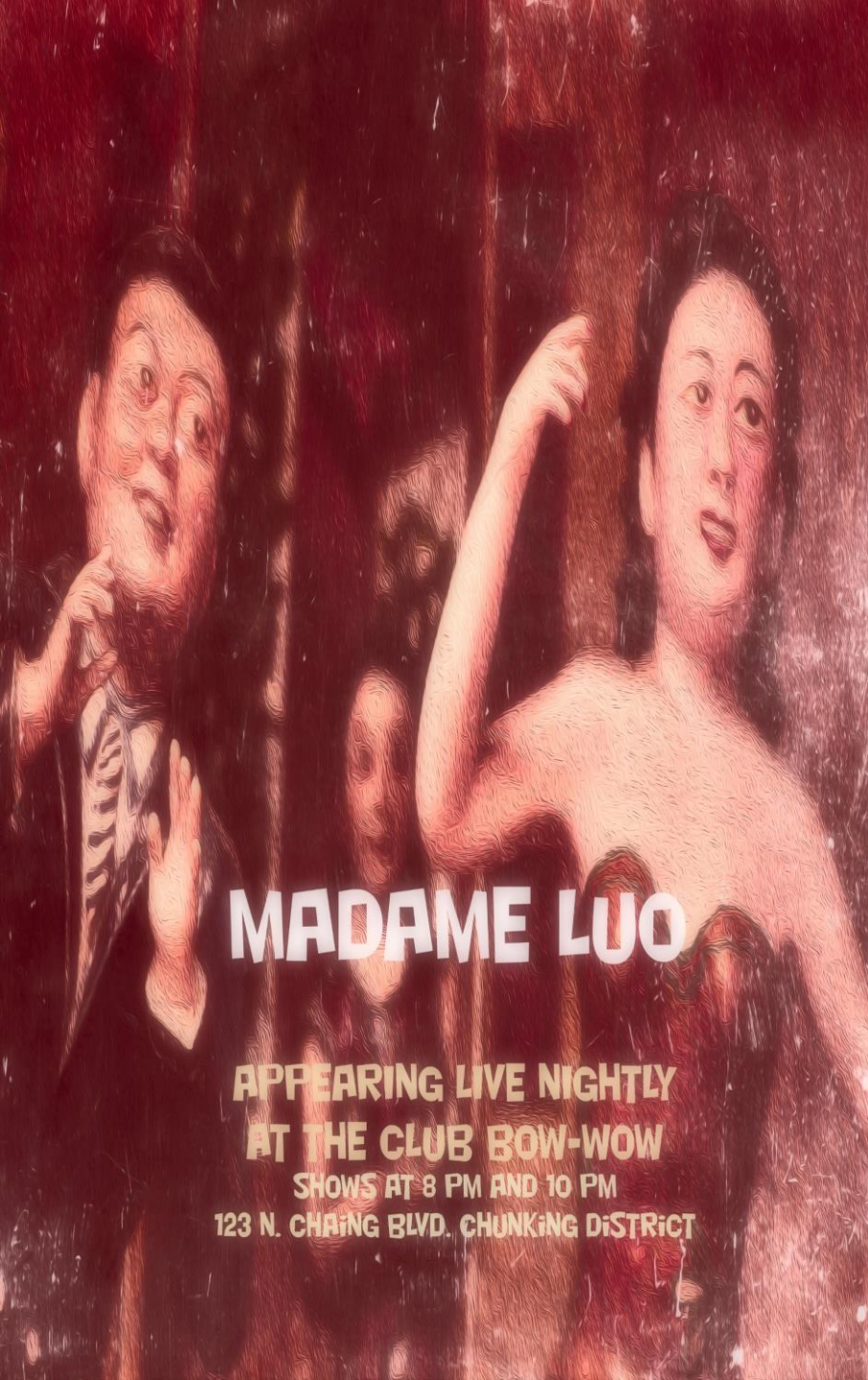
"For God...King and Country!"

They are all dead and

**THANKS TO SEINE**

Claudie and I are still  
kicking and above ground.





**MADAME LUO**

**APPEARING LIVE NIGHTLY  
AT THE CLUB BOW-WOW**

**SHOWS AT 8 PM AND 10 PM  
123 N. CHANG BLVD. CHUNGKING DISTRICT**

# INTERCALATED BEDS

*"It's time to go back!"*

I told Professor Steiner  
and they booked me on the  
bi-weekly biplane and the  
next day, we were flow back  
to Nanking by the kind  
courtesy of the

## FLYING TIGER'S

Bomber Unit flight into  
the main airport in Nanking.  
Maybe, just maybe, someday  
I will go back and seek  
my entrance into the  
brotherhood... maybe, myself to  
become a keeper of

## ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES

Now, to make my peace with  
Chef Chiang and get back to





Emil





# INTERCALATED BEDS

real work.

I will write more after we land and I have some time to collect my thoughts about the past several weeks.

**THE YOGI WAS RIGHT...**

no one will believe what I saw and according to the Yogi, that will be an actual blessing and

**KEEP ME ALIVE...**

Still missing you!

ADO!



PORTAL TO EMIL LAND...PLZ TELEX AHEAD OF  
ARRIVAL



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## EMIL WEST

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### About EMIL WEST

The new founder of The Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom. You too can become a part of the Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom to be able to afford a decent meal or pay the overdue water bill by buying my books...Indeed, you can Comrade Book Buyer!

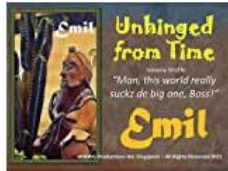
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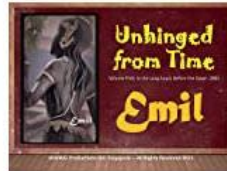
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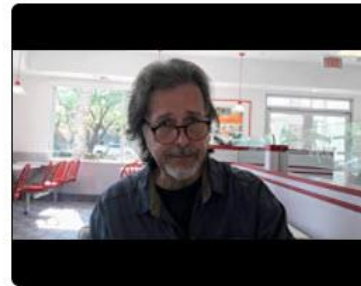
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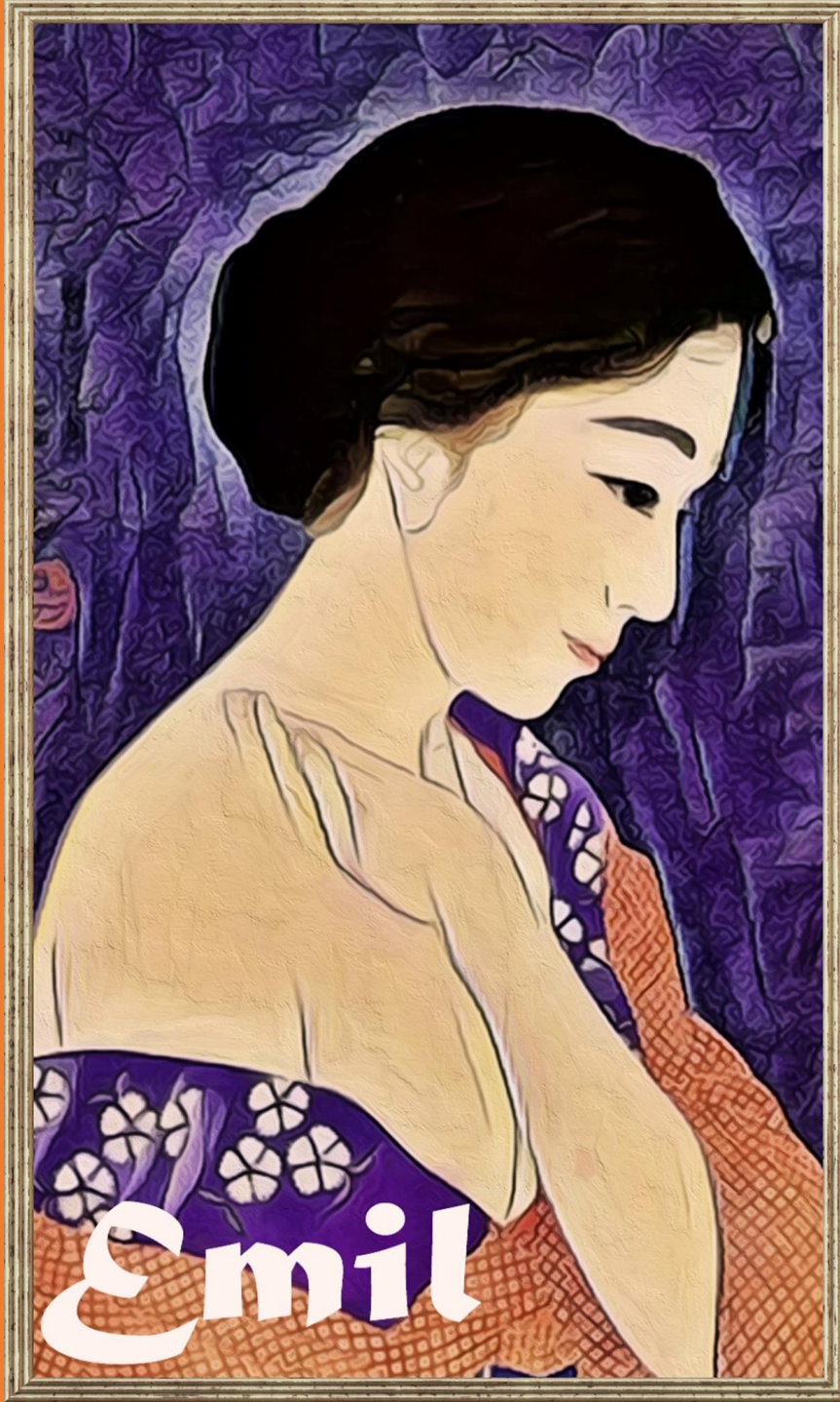
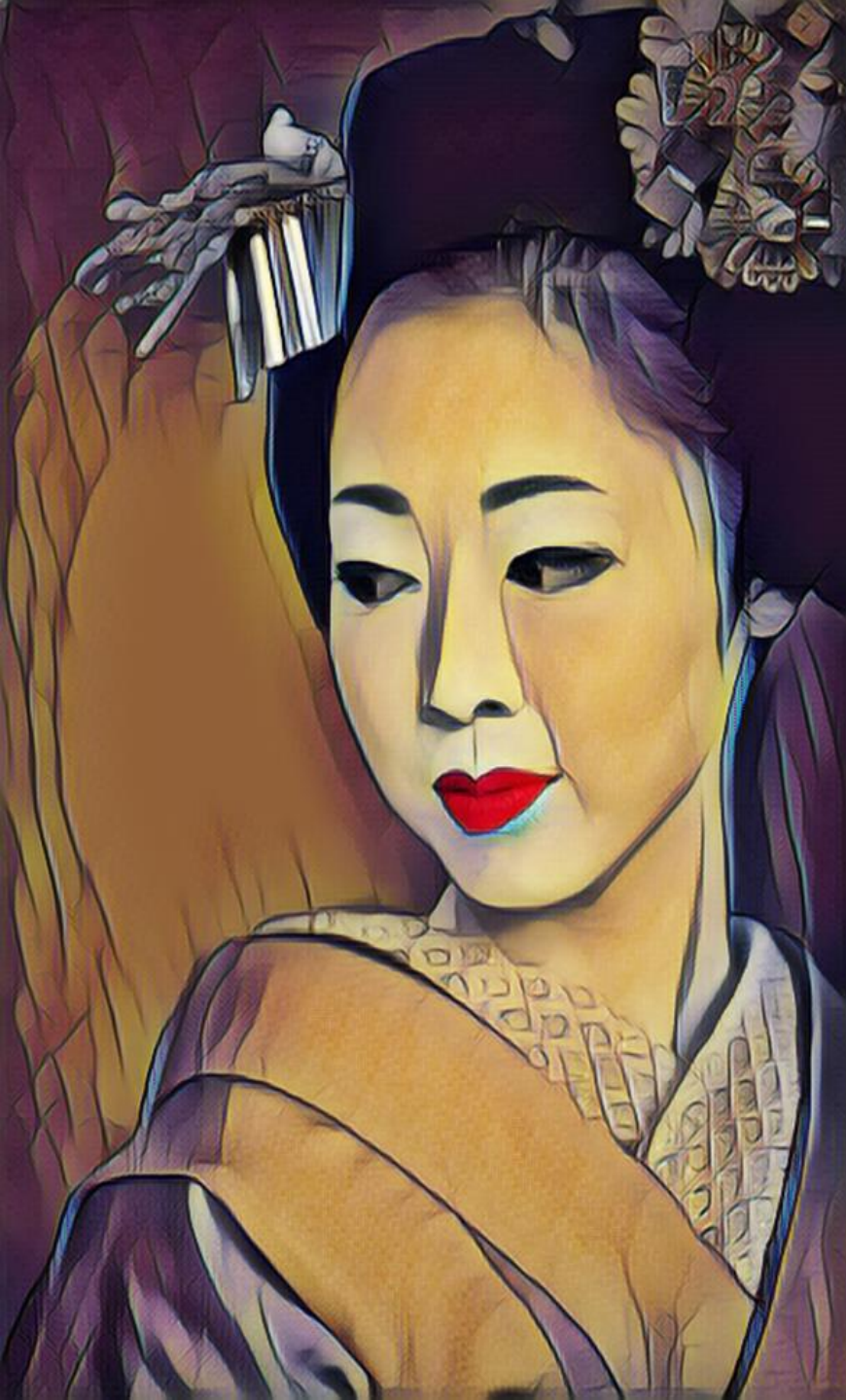
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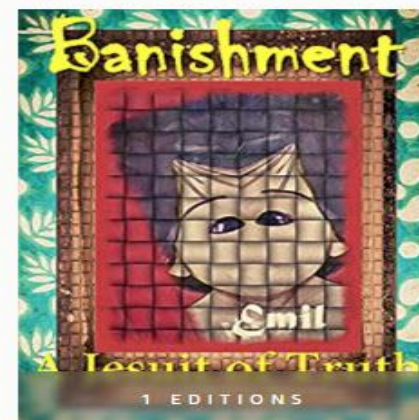
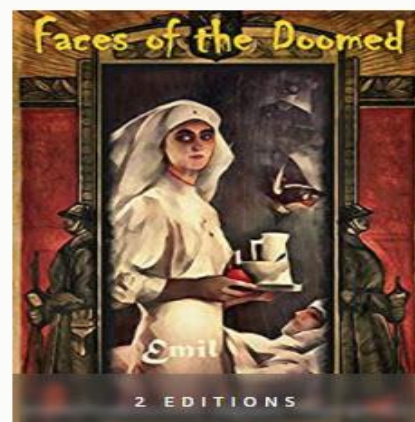
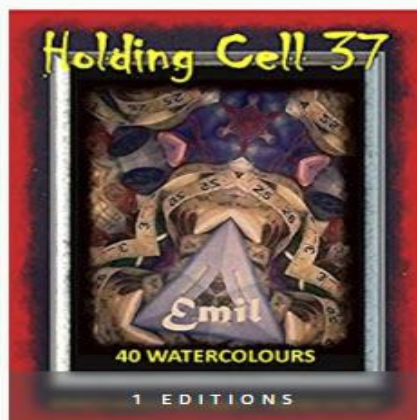
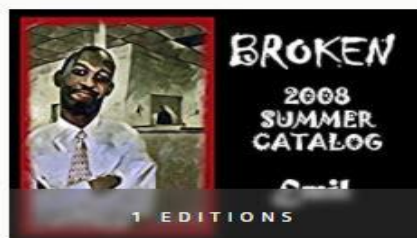
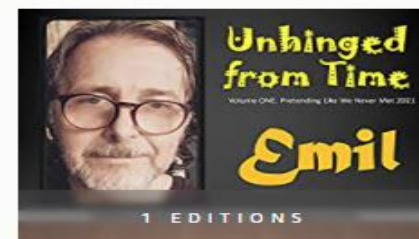
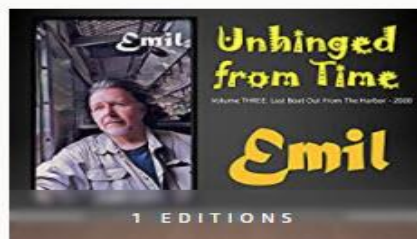
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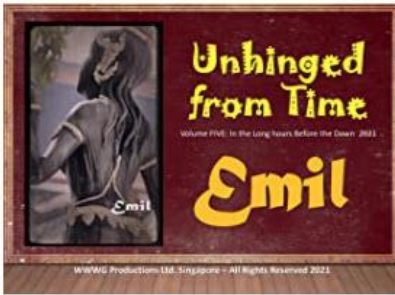


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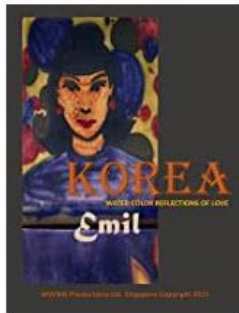
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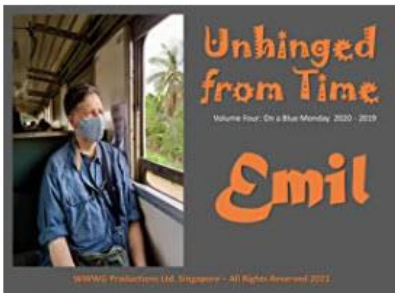
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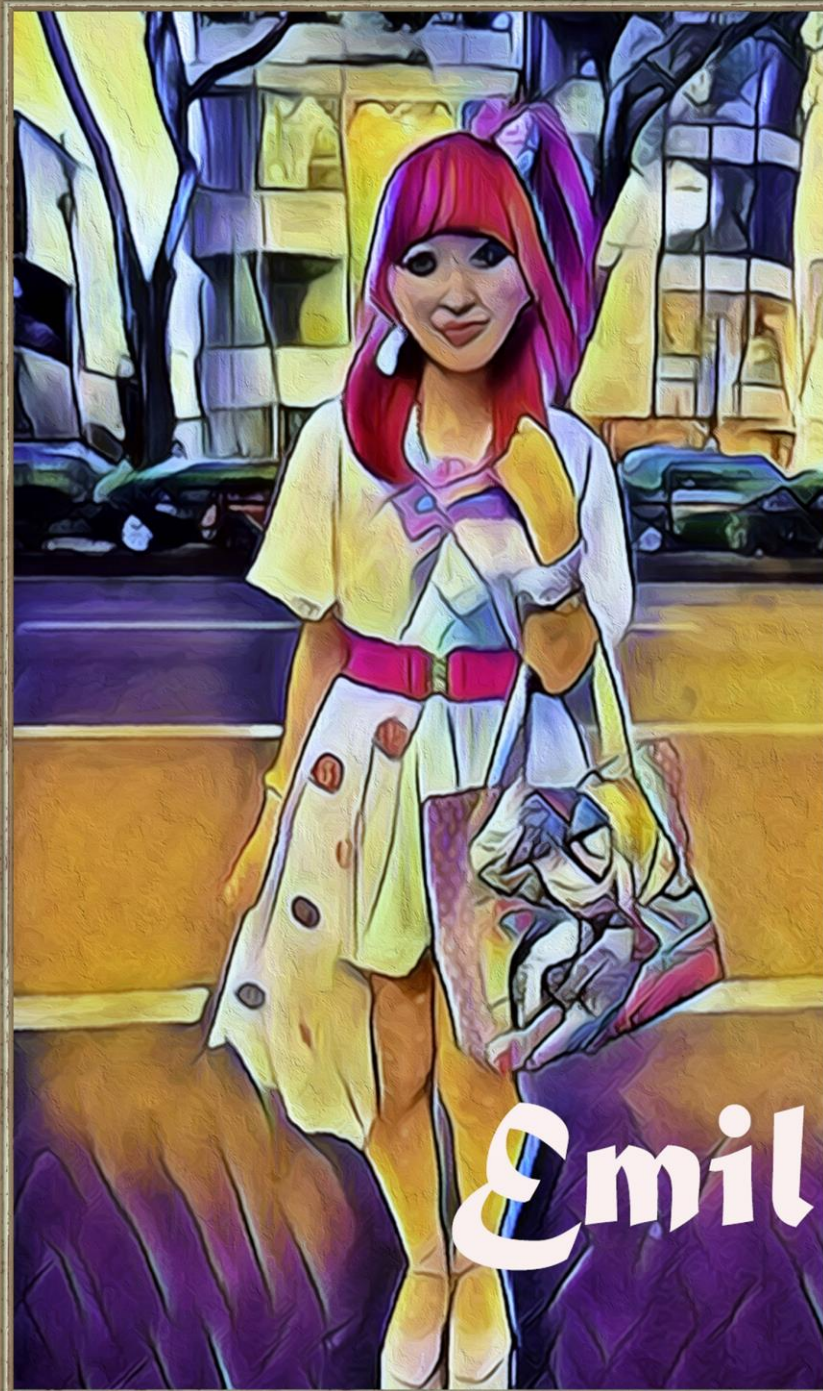
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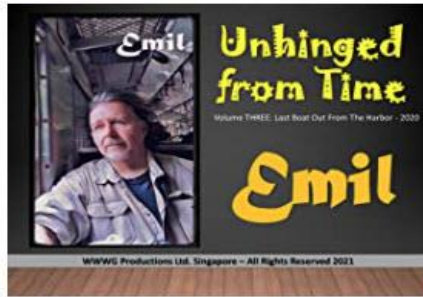
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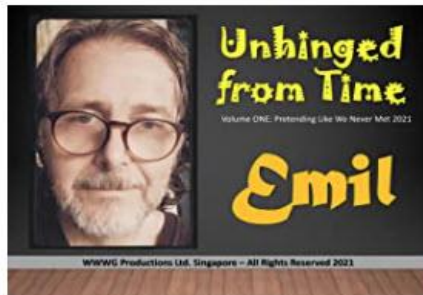
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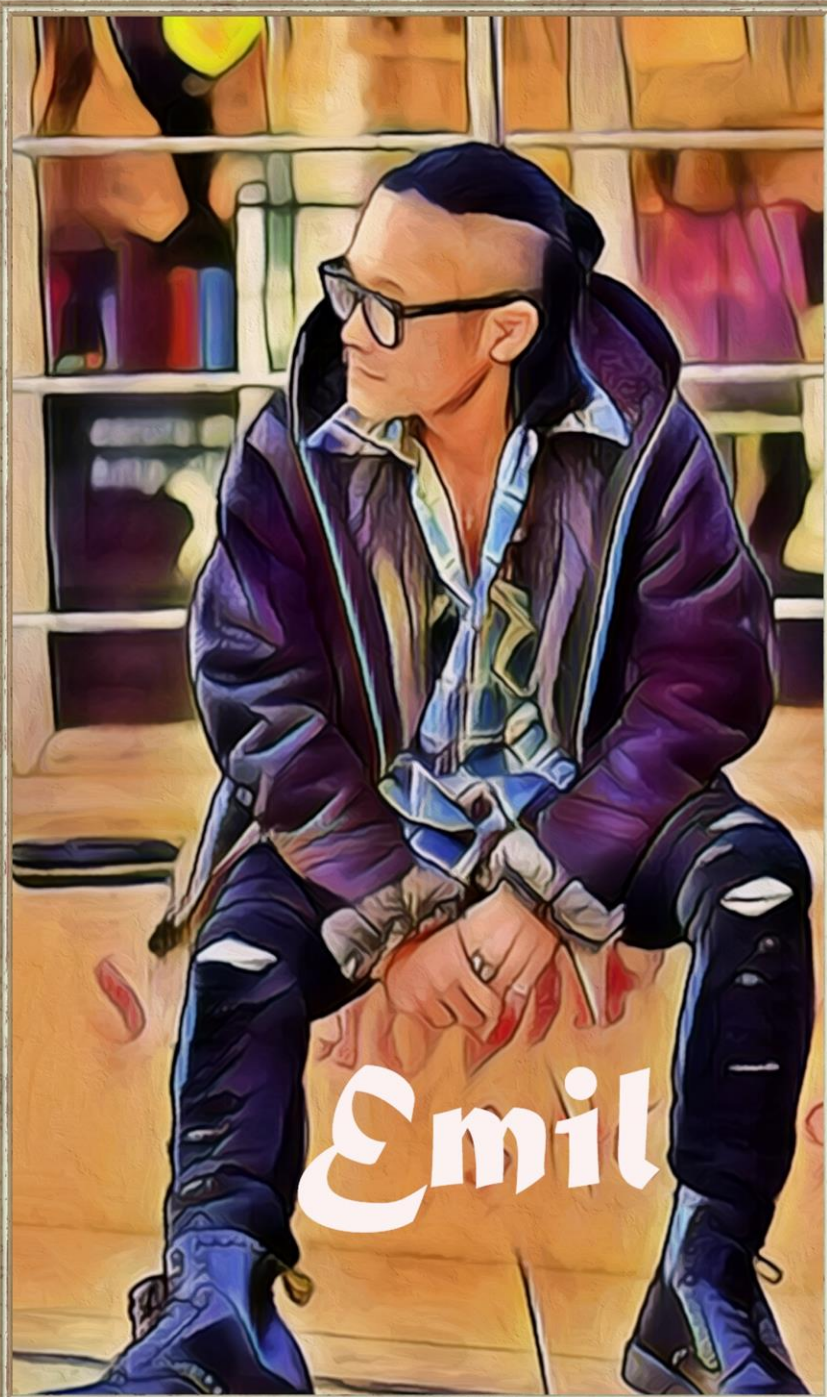
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